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New Shakspeare Society
Publications

Originals and Analogues.

PART I.

ROMEUS AND IULIET.

ARTHUR BROOKE.

RHOMEON AND IULIETTA.

WILLIAM PAINTER.

EDITED BY

P. A DANIEL.

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INTRODUCTION.

WHETHER the story of the loves and deaths of Romeo and Juliet, rendered so famous by Shakespeare's Tragedy, had any foundation in actual fact is a matter which will probably ever remain in doubt ; it has been much and learnedly discussed, and in no works, with which I am acquainted, so exhaustively as in the excellent volume edited by Alessandro Torri (Pisa, 1831) in which are collected, and annotated, the tales of Da Porto, Clitia, and Bandello, together with Historical and Biographical notices, and other documents connected with the fate of our ‘paire of starre-crost lovers,’ whose actual existence the learned editor stoutly maintains. This volume is supplemented with the ‘Lettore Critiche, etc.’ of Filippo Scolari (also a firm believer in the authenticity of the Tragedy of Verona) published at Livorno in the same year : to them both I am indebted for many of the particulars set forth in these pages ; and I strongly commend their works to those who would wish to investigate the question.

With the truthful or fabulous origin of the story, however, I have here nought to do, my object being merely to give in as succinct a form as possible—as a kind of preface to the two reprints included in this volume—some account of the several Novels, Poems, etc. from which it is possible that Shakespeare may have derived hints for his Tragedy. But first it should be mentioned that Douce, in his ‘Illustrations of Shakespeare,’ has suggested that one of the material incidents of the story may have been taken by Da Porto, its first narrator, from the love adventures of Abrocomas and Anthia as set forth in the *Ephesiaca* of Xenophon of Ephesus, one of the old Greek romance writers. “The heroine of this romance, separated by a series of misfortunes from her husband, falls into the hands of robbers, from whom she is rescued by a young nobleman called Perilaus. He becomes enamoured of her ; and she, fearing violence, affects to consent to marry him ; but on the arrival of the appointed time, swallows a poisonous draught [as she believes] which she had procured from Eudoxus, an old physician and the friend of Perilaus, to whom she had communicated the secret of her history. Much lamentation is made for her death, and she is conveyed with great pomp to a sepulchre. As she had only taken a sleeping potion, she soon awakes in the tomb, which, on account of the riches it contained,

is plundered by some thieves, who also carry her off." (See Douce, p. 436, ed. 1839, and Dunlop, 'History of Fiction,' ed. 1845, p. 35, col. 1; p. 187, col. 2; p. 255, col. 2. An English version of the romance appeared in London, 1727, by Rooke.) On this Boswell, in his preliminary remarks to Brooke's poem (Shakspeare ed. 1821, vol. vi. p. 265), observes, that if the whole story of Romeo and Juliet is to be considered as a fiction, it may possibly have had its origin in the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe; and Karl Simrock ("Plots of Shakespeare's Plays," ed. Halliwell, Shak. Soc., 1850) finds that in all essential points, the three most noted love-tales of all times: those of Hero and Leander, Pyramus and Thisbe, and Tristan and Isolde, are identical with the story of Romeo and Juliet. A more immediate and probable origin of Da Porto's story was pointed out by Dunlop in his 'History of Fiction' (first ed. 1814) in the novellino, by Massuccio of Salerno, first published at Naples in 1476, in a collection of tales ('Le Cinquante Novelle, etc.'), the one in question narrating the adventures of Mariotto Mignanelli and Gianozza Saraceni of Siena.

Mariotto and Gianozza smitten with mutual love, and for some reason not stated desiring to keep their union a secret from the world, bribe an Augustine Friar to perform for them the marriage ceremony. Shortly after Mariotto quarrels with another honourable citizen, and, from words coming to blows, strikes him on the head with a stick, and so wounds him that in the course of a few days he dies. For this deed Mariotto is sentenced to perpetual banishment, and flies to Alexandria in Egypt, where he takes up his abode with his uncle, a rich merchant, leaving to his brother, to whom he confides the secret of his marriage, the care of informing him of the course of events in Siena. The uncle sets himself to work by means of his correspondents to obtain the pardon of his nephew; but in the mean time Gianozza, who, apparently without cause, has refused several advantageous offers of marriage, incurs the anger of her father, who insists at last on her consenting to a match he has arranged for her. To escape this danger she conceives the idea of feigning herself dead, and again has recourse to the Friar, who, though at first he hesitates to engage himself in such a perilous design, is at last, by the "virtu et incantesmo di Messer San Giovanni bocca d'oro," persuaded to lend his assistance, and, being skilled in the preparation of drugs, himself supplies the needed sleeping potion, which has the power of suspending animation for the space of three days. Gianozza swallows the draught, which takes immediate effect, and, being by all judged dead, she is buried in the church of the Augustines. From the tomb the Friar, with the aid of a trusty companion, removes her to his cell, and with him, when she has recovered from the effects of the potion, she sets out, disguised as a Friar, to join her husband in Alexandria. Previous to this, however, she has despatched letters to Mariotto acquainting him with her design; but the ship which bears her messenger is taken by corsairs, he himself is slain, and Mariotto hears of her supposed death,

and that of her father who does not long survive his daughter's loss, from his brother. In his despair he resolves not to outlive his wife, and returns in disguise to Siena to rejoin her in the tomb. At night he conceals himself in the church, and is there taken in an attempt to open the vault. Being recognized and submitted to the rack he confesses his whole story, and notwithstanding the universal pity his fate excites he is condemned to lose his head, a sentence which is soon after carried into effect.

In the mean time Gianozza arrives in Alexandria, makes herself known to the uncle, learns from him the departure of her husband, and with him in haste also returns to Siena, but only to find that three days before their arrival Mariotto has been beheaded. Whereupon with the aid of the uncle she obtains admission to a convent and there in a very short time dies of grief. "Con intenso dolore & sanguinose lagrime, con poco cibo & niente dormire, il suo Mariotto di continouo chiamando in brevissimo tempo fini li suvi miserimi giorni."

So the novel; but in the 'Argomento' prefixed to it Gianozza is said to die of grief on the dead body of her lover,—"la donna . . . trova l'amante decollato, e lei supra al suo corpo per dolore se more." From this circumstance Torri (whose work I have already referred to) ingeniously argues that Massuccio's story (of the facts of which no memory remained in Siena) was founded on a traditional account spread throughout Italy of the Verona tragedy, Massuccio varying, according to his fancy, the names, the place, and some circumstances of the case.¹

Whether we agree with Torri, or whether we are to suppose, with Dunlop, that Da Porto founded his tale of Romeo and Giulietta on that of Mariotto and Gianozza, certain it is that we have no direct mention of the immortal deaths of our unhappy pair till some time about 1530 (according to Italian Bibliographers) when, at Venice, without date, Luigi Da Porto's "Historia novellamente ritrovata di due nobili Amante : con la loro pictosa morte intervenuta già nella città di Verona nel tempo [1301-04] del signor Bartholomeo dalla Scala," first saw the light. Da Porto died 10 May, 1529: this first edition of his novel was therefore posthumous; but from a letter dated 9 June, 1524, addressed to him by the celebrated Bembo, in which mention is made of "la bella vostra Novella," it is inferred that his story of Romeo and Juliet was completed at some time previous to that date. It was reprinted, 1535; and again with certain variations (by whom made is uncertain) in a collection of his Poems and Prose pieces, published by Marcolini, Venice, 1539. A fourth edition, by G. Griffio, appeared, Venice, 1553.

Da Porto relates how, when in his youth he followed the profession of arms, on one occasion while on a journey, the story of Romeo and

¹ It is perhaps worth noting here that a similar discrepancy exists in Boastua's French paraphrase of Bandello, in which (followed by his English translator Painter) in the title to the tale, Juliet is said to die of grief, while in the tale itself she stabs herself with Romeo's dagger. See p. 95, and note 4, p. 96.

Introduction.

Giulietta was told to him by one of his guard, a Veronese named Peregrino. The event, he said, happened during the time that Bartolomeo dalla Scala reigned in Verona, at which time, though there was still enmity between the Capelletti and Montecchi, open acts of violence had ceased. To a great festival held by Antonio Capelletti, the head of that house, Romeo, a young man of the Montecchi family, masked and disguised as a nymph, follows his cruel and hard-hearted mistress and there for the first time meets with Giulietta. Their sudden and mutual love extinguishes his old flame, and after some nocturnal meetings under Giulietta's window, the lovers resolve on a secret marriage. Friar Lorenzo, a learned and much-esteemed monk, is prevailed on to join their hands, as much from dread of losing Romeo's friendship and protection as in the hope that the marriage may lead to the reconciliation of the two families and thereby to his own honour. Not long after a street brawl occurs between two parties of the opposed factions. Romeo, being among the combatants yet bearing his wife in mind, at first avoids striking any of her house; but at last, many on his side being wounded, and nearly all driven from the street, overcome with anger he attacks and slays Tebaldo Capelletti, the fiercest of his opponents, and for this deed is sentenced to perpetual banishment. In concealment in the Friar's cell, Romeo, before his departure, has a last interview with his wife, who wishes to accompany him disguised as a page; prudence, however, forbids this arrangement, and Romeo sets out for Mantua alone, leaving to the Friar and to Pietro (a servant of Giulietta, who has acted as their go-between) the care of informing him of all events that may occur in Verona, till his repeal from banishment can be obtained and he can find occasion to blazon his marriage to the world. Giulietta's excessive and, to her parents, unaccountable grief, induces them to think of marriage as the only remedy, she having now completed her eighteenth year. Messer Antonio accordingly enters into negotiations with a Count of Lodrone as her bridegroom. Giulietta by means of Pietro communicates this intelligence to Romeo, who still urges her to concealment of their marriage in the hope that he may shortly be able to take her from her father's house. She, however, is hard pushed by her parents to consent, and threatened by her father in the event of her disobedience. In her despair she has recourse to the Friar, who, dreading lest his part in the secret marriage should become known, fearful likewise of incurring the enmity of Romeo, and moved with the anguish of Giulietta, who avows her determination to put an end to her life unless he can devise some means for her relief, gives her a powder which shall cause her to appear as dead for about forty-eight hours, and in the meantime promises to send a letter, which she is to write, to Romeo acquainting him with their position. The design of the Friar being to take her from the tomb and keep her in concealment in his cell till she can go with him disguised in the habit of his order to Mantua, on the occasion of the next meeting of their Chapter at that town. On her return home

she makes her submission to her father, and the preparations for the marriage are proceeded with. At night Giulietta, complaining of thirst, asks one of her handmaidens for water, and putting into it the powder, drinks it off declaring that she will never be married against her will. In the morning she is found apparently dead on her bed, and, the maids now recollecting the powder she had mixed with the water, she is believed to have poisoned herself. With great lamentations she is conveyed to the tomb of the Capellets, and Pietro, who is not acquainted with the true facts of the case, and cannot meet with the Friar, who is for some cause absent from the town, sets off to Mantua with the news of her death. In the mean time the letter written by her has been sent to Mantua by the Friar, but not delivered to Romeo, the messenger having made several fruitless attempts to see him, and Romeo unprepared hears first from Pietro the sad intelligence. He at first attempts to kill himself, but being restrained he dismisses Pietro with a present of a brown garment which he wore, and taking with him some poison which he happens to have by him, and disguised as a peasant, he sets off for Verona alone : arriving there in the night, he enters and shuts himself in the tomb, having with him a dark lanthorn, by the aid of which he contemplates the body of his wife, then swallowing the poison and taking Juliet in his arms he awaits the approach of death. By this time Giulietta begins to recover from the effects of the sleeping potion, and wakes to find herself in the arms of her expiring lover. She at first imagines that she has been betrayed by the Friar, but recognizing her husband, and learning that he has poisoned himself they mutually lament their fate. And now the Friar, accompanied with a trusty companion, makes his appearance, and is aghast at the result of his scheme. Romeo dies, and Juliet refusing to leave him casts herself on his body, and holding her breath for some time, at last with a great cry expires. In the mean time the watch, who have been pursuing a thief, hear the lamentations, and perceiving the light in the tomb come to see the cause. The Friar, however, extinguishes the light, and refusing to answer their questions, closes the tomb, and with his companion takes refuge in the church. Some of the watch acquaint the Capelletti with the suspicious circumstances, and urged by them the Prince proceeds to inquire into the case ; from the Friar, however, he only obtains equivocatory answers, until some of his fellow monks, who bore him no good will, impelled by curiosity open the tomb. All is now disclosed, and the Friar now avows that his attempts at concealment were prompted by his wish to fulfil the last request of the lovers that they should not be separated in death. The tragical event leads to the reconciliation of the two families ; the funeral obsequies of the lovers are performed with great pomp, and their bodies buried in the same tomb.

Some account of the story seems to have penetrated at an early date into France. Adrian Sevin, the translator of Boccaccio's 'Philocopo,' in his Epistle dedicatory to the "Haulte, excellente & illustre dame,

Ma dame Claude de Rohan, Contesse de Sainct Aignan," narrates the following story as "vne moderne nouvelle aduenue puisnaguieres en ma presence & au sceu de plusieurs."

In a town of the Morea called Courron dwelt two noblemen, the one named Karilio Humdrum, the other Malchipo. The former had two children, a son and daughter named Bruhachin and Burglipha; the latter an only son named Halquadrich. The fathers being on very friendly terms brought up their children together; but both dying at the same time of the pest, they left the charge of their children to their wives, Kalzandra and Harriaquach. As a matter of course as the children grow up Halquadrich and Burglipha fall in love. Burglipha's brother, Bruhachin, disapproves of his sister's attachment, and requests Halquadrich to discontinue his visits; the result is a quarrel, in which Bruhachin is slain, and Halquadrich saves himself from justice by flight. From his place of exile he communicates with Burglipha by letters, and, aided by the good offices of his servant, Bostruch, he at last obtains her forgiveness of the slaughter of her brother and a renewal of her love. Thinking to promote her union with Halquadrich, Burglipha has recourse to an old priest, to whom she declares that she will kill herself unless he affords her his assistance. The priest remonstrates with her, but ultimately consents, and gives her a powder which, being drunk in white wine, will cause her to appear as dead for twenty-four hours; his design being, when she is brought to him for burial (as was the custom in that country), to remove her to his chamber, and, when she has recovered from the sleeping draught, to ship her off in disguise to the place of Halquadrich's exile. She takes the draught, is supposed dead, and is laid out for burial. While this is doing, Bostruch arrives with a message from Halquadrich, and finding, as he supposes, Burglipha dead, he returns in haste to his master with the news. Halquadrich resolves not to outlive his mistress, and applies to an apothecary, from whom he obtains a stick of poison; then, in spite of the advice of his servant and of the danger he incurs by his return home, he sets out for the place where Burglipha is laid out for burial. There, after cursing the Heavens, sun, moon, stars, and elements, and lamenting his unhappy lot, he eats one half of the poison. Burglipha now awakes, and learning what has happened, after some love-making, she begs the other half of the poison and eats it so that they may die together, and, in the presence of the priest and others who arrive on the scene of the catastrophe, "in dis-coursing of and praising their friendship, returning thanks to God for the same, and imploring his beatitude to conduct them to his kingdom, they gave up their souls in great contentment, joy, and gladness, and their two bodies were placed and buried together in a very fine and rich tomb."

The exclusive right of publication of Sevin's translation of 'Philocopo' is dated 23 Jan., 1541, and the book itself is dated 24 Feb., 1542.

Dunlop, in his 'History of Fiction' (p. 256, ed. 1845), mentions Sevin's work. In his short notice of the story of which I have given an

abstract, he appears to have mixed up with it a portion of some other tale.

In the same year, 1553, in which the fourth edition of Da Porto's story appeared, Gabriel Giolito published in Venice a poem entitled "L'Infelice Amore dei due Fedelissimi Amanti Giulia e Romeo, scritto in Ottava Rima da Clitia, nobile Veronese, ad Ardeo suo."

This is accompanied with the "Rime di Ardeo in morte di Clitia sua."

Who Clitia and her Ardeo were, or whether any such persons actually existed, is unknown. The publisher's somewhat enigmatical dedication of the poem has led to the conjecture that its author was Gherardo Bolderi.

At the commencement of the poem 'Clitia' states that one hundred and fifty years now are passed since in Verona, while under the government of the Princes of La Scala, were two families, the Capelletti and Montecchi, between whom a fierce feud had existed in times gone by, but who then were less at enmity. Da Porto and Bandello state that the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet occurred during the government of Bartolommeo della Scala, *i.e.* between 1301-04; the historian Della Corte fixes the precise date at 1303. Clitia's statement therefore would seem to fix the date of the composition of her poem, or at any rate the date at which the author wished it to be supposed that it was written, about 1453, a date of course much earlier than could be claimed for Da Porto's, or even Massuccio's, story. Scolari, however (*Lettere Critiche*, note, p. 37), explains that by this statement is only to be understood that at the time 'Clitia' wrote (which he supposes to correspond pretty closely with the date of publication; the language and style moreover forbidding the supposition of an earlier date), one hundred and fifty years had passed since these two families of the Capelletti and Montecchi existed in Verona. I do not care to examine this argument too closely, nor perhaps is it necessary to do so, since a comparison of the two compositions seems to make it more than probable that the poem was founded on Da Porto's story. All the main incidents in both, and many of the minor details, are similar. Some variations may, however, be pointed out:—Clitia first mentions Tibalt's death as being supposed by Lady Capulet the cause of Juliet's grief; Romeo is not made to attempt his life when he hears of Juliet's supposed death; he dismisses Pietro with a present of a gold chain he wore about his neck, telling him to return to Verona, and to call on the Friar and say that he, Romeo, would be with him that same night. He does not, however, do so, nor is anything more heard of Pietro. Romeo dies in Juliet's arms before the arrival of the Friar, who comes alone to the tomb, and the poem ends abruptly with the death of Juliet. Clitia also gives the name of Battista Tricastro to the Friar, and names the Count Lodrone, Francesco.

Some account of Clitia's poem, with extracts from it, will be found in vol. iv. of the 'Shakespeare Society's Papers,' published in 1849. It is, as I have before mentioned, given in full in Torri's work.

Introduction.

In 1554 Matteo Bandello, in his collection of Novels published at Lucca, gives his story of 'Romeo e Giulietta.'—"La sfortunata morte di dui infelicissimi amanti, che l'uno di veleno, e l'altro di dolore morirono, con varii accidenti."

Bandello while following the main incidents of Da Porto's story, varies from it in many minor details : in some he appears to have followed Clitia, he amplifies others, not always in the best taste. Romeo's first unsuccessful passion, which is merely mentioned in the former story, is here dwelt upon, and his motive for attending Capulet's feast is not to see his hard-hearted mistress, but, acting on the advice of a friend, by examining other beauties to endeavour to destroy her image in his heart. He enters masked ; but not dressed as a woman, as in Da Porto's story. At the breaking up of the party, Juliet learns from her Nurse, who is now first introduced, that Romeo is of the house of the Montecchi, and this old lady acts the part of go-between to the lovers, while the Pietro of Da Porto becomes the servant of Romeo himself. The Conte di Lodrone to whom Capulet resolves to marry Juliet is now first named Paris. Juliet takes the sleeping potion in secret, and is supposed to have died of grief. The Messenger sent by Friar Lorenzo to acquaint Romeo with their design is one of his own order named Anselmo. Entering the convent of their order in Mantua, Anselmo is there detained (one of the brotherhood having recently died, it was supposed, of the plague), and is thus prevented from delivering his message, and Pietro, Romeo's servant, brings the news to his master. Instead of simply dismissing him, as in Da Porto's story, Romeo sends him back to Verona, ordering him to provide the instruments needed for opening the tomb, and to await his coming. He then writes letters and settles his affairs in Mantua and at night joins Pietro, bringing with him the poison. Together they repair to the cemetery ; Romeo enters the tomb, and by the light of a lanthorn contemplates the body of his wife ; he then swallows the poison, and calling Pietro tells him what he has done, and how he had obtained the poison of a certain Spolentino in Mantua ; he gives him a letter to his father ; bids him close the tomb, and then taking Juliet in his arms awaits his death. Juliet now awakes, and, as in Da Porto, at first supposes herself betrayed by the Friar. Romeo now first asks forgiveness of the dead Tibalt. The Friar arrives alone, and meeting Pietro enters the tomb with him in time to receive the last breath of Romeo ; he urges Juliet to quit the tomb, but she refuses and dies on the body of her husband. While the Friar and Pietro, thinking that she has but fainted, are endeavouring to restore her, the watch, attracted by the light, make their appearance, and being told what has happened, arrest the Friar and carry Pietro before the Prince, who, having inquired into the circumstances of the case, and morning being now come, repairs to the sepulchre, whither also all Verona flocks. The Friar and Pietro are pardoned ; and the bodies of the lovers are buried with great pomp in the same tomb. Peace is made between the two families, though it lasted not

long. Romeo's father fulfils the last requests of his son as conveyed in his letter, and the story concludes with the epitaph engraved on the tomb of the lovers.

Bandello's stories soon made their way across the Alps, and in 1559 we find Pierre Boastua or Boistea, surnamed Launay, publishing his 'Histoires Tragiques extraictes des Œuvres de Bandel,' in the third tale of which he narrates the "Histoire de deux amans dont l'un mourut de venin, l'autre de tristesse." Boastua does not profess to adhere closely to his original; disliking Bandello's style he accepts only the subject of his stories, and recasts and produces them in a new form, and we find accordingly in his version of Romeo and Juliet considerable variations from the Italian.¹

As Painter's translation of Boastua forms a portion of this volume it is unnecessary here to do more than point out the chief of these variations. He first introduces the scene with the poor Apothecary from whom Romeo purchases the poison. When the Friar and Pietro enter the tomb they find Romeo already dead and Juliet still sleeping: she awakes, and finding her husband dead refuses to quit the tomb, whereupon the Friar and Pietro, alarmed by some noise, depart, and she then stabs herself with Romeo's dagger. The watch arrive, see what has happened, and discover and carry off to prison the Friar and Pietro. The Prince and other inhabitants of the town being apprised of the occurrence proceed to view the dead bodies, which are then placed in view of all on a lofty stage, while the Friar narrates at length the whole story. He and Pietro are pardoned; the Nurse banished for her part in the affair, and the Apothecary being taken is rackt and hanged. The bodies of the unhappy lovers are enclosed in the tomb in which they ended their lives, and this is erected on a high marble column, and honoured with an infinity of excellent epitaphs.

These 'Histoires Tragiques,' etc. were published in Paris in 1559 in two vols. 8vo, the first containing six tales by Boastua, the second containing twelve additional tales by François de Belle-Forest, Commingeois. Boastua acknowledges much assistance from Belle-Forest

¹ "Sa phrase m'a semblé tant rude, ses termes improprez, ses propos tant mal liez, & ses sentences tant maigres, que j'ay eu plus cher la refondre tout de neuf, et la remettre en nouvelle forme, que me rendre si superstitieux imitateur; n'ayat seulement pris de luy que le sujet de l'histoire, comme tu pourras aisément descouvrir, si tu es curieux de conferer mon stile avec le sien."—Boastua. *Preface.*

As I have given here Boastua's opinion of Bandello, an opinion in which Belle-Forest entirely concurs, it is, perhaps, only fair to the Italian novelist to add the following note on the 'Histoires Tragiques,' which I have extracted from Brunet's 'Manuel du Libraire':

"Voici le jugement que porte de cette traduction l'abbé de Saint-Léger, dans une de ses notes sur Du Verdier: 'Belleforest a gâté le Bandel par les additions et les changements qu'il a fait à ses nouvelles italiennes; aussi la traduction française est-elle très ennuyeuse et très dégoûtante, tandis que l'original italien est fort agréable à lire.'"

in his portion of the work. By 'Privilege du Roi,' dated 17 Jan., 1558, Vincent Sertenas was granted exclusive right of publication for six years 'à compter du jour & date qu'ils serontacheuez d'imprimer,' and a note in the 2nd vol. states that the printing was finished on the 28th of August, 1559. This is, according to Brunet, the earliest edition; there were many subsequent reprints.

From Boaistuau's novel Arthur Brooke now produced his long metrical version of the story, first published by Richard Tottill in 1562, as "The Tragical Historye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and now in Englishe by Ar. Br."

Brooke takes in the whole of Boaistuau's novel and amplifies and adds to the details. The Nurse's character is especially developed; the incident of her receiving a present of money from Romeus is introduced, and when Paris is proposed to Juliet for her husband, the Nurse counsels her to accept him. Brooke also introduces the scene of Romco's despair in the Friar's cell after the fatal affray in which Tibalt is slain, and he changes the name of the Friar who is charged with the letter for Romeo from Anselmo to John. In short, Brooke's poem contains whole scenes, and many details and forms of expression, adopted by Shakespeare, not found in any other known version of the story, and on these grounds must, according to Malone, be accepted as the *basis* on which the play was built.

In his variorum edition of Shakspeare's Works, 1821, Malone has noted many points of resemblance between the poem and the play; Skottowe, in his "Life of Shakspeare; enquiries into the originality of his dramatic plots, etc.," 1824, has also to some extent gone over the same ground, and many editors have followed suit: the poem which is here reprinted in full will best enable the reader to satisfy his curiosity on the subject; and to facilitate its study, I have, taking Malone's notes as my basis, drawn up a rough list of the passages which invite comparison, arranging them in the order of the acts and scenes of Shakespeare's Play.

SHAKESPEARE — BROOKE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lines 59-67. Benvolio endeavours to part the combatants. Compare, in Brooke, Romeo's interference, 999-1014.

Lines 76-98. The interference of the Prince to part the fray. Brooke, 41-48, 1045, 1049-50.

Line 97. "To old Free-towne, our common judgement place." *Freetown* is Brooke's translation of *Villa franca*. In Brooke, as in the other narrators of the story, Villa-franca or Free-town is the country seat of the Capulets. Shakespeare alone makes it the "judgment place of the Prince." Brooke, 1974, 2258.

Lines 113-150. Romeo's melancholy humour. Compare, in Brooke,

Romeo in banishment at Mantua, 1743-80, and Lady Capulet's account of Juliet, 1823-34.

Lines 155-233, and, in SCENE 2, lines 44-55, 82-101. Romeo's love for Rosaline and Benvolio's advice to him. Compare, in Brooke, lines 53-150, 207-208, 1338, 195.

SCENE 2.

Capulet's interview with Paris. Shakespeare introduces Paris as a suitor for the hand of Juliet thus early in the play; in the poem no mention is made of him till after the banishment of Romeo, when Juliet's parents seek him out as a husband for their daughter. Brooke, 1857-86.

Lines 20-33. Capulet's advice to Paris. Brooke, 148-50, 160-61, 163-64.

Lines 34-36. Capulet's invitation of guests. Brooke, 159-62. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper is found only in the poem and in the play.

SCENE 3.

Lady Capulet, Juliet and the Nurse. The hint for the Nurse's portion of this scene would seem to have been derived from lines 652-3, 659-60 of Brooke's Poem.

Lines 81-94. Lady Capulet's praise of Paris. Brooke, 1893-97.

SCENE 5.

Capulet's assembly. Compare in Brooke, lines 165-364.

Lines 40, 41. "What Ladies that, which doth enrich the hand | Of yonder knight?" Brooke, 246.

Lines 116-17. "Is she a Capulet? | O deare account! my life is my foes debt." Brooke, 323-5.

Lines 128-37. Juliet inquires of the Nurse the names of the guests. Brooke, 344-54.

CHORUS.

Line 3. "That faire, for which loue gronde for and would die." Brooke, line 204.

Line 8. "And she steale loues sweete bait from fearful hookes." Brooke, 219, 388.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

Romeo's interview with Juliet—the balcony scene. Brooke, 467-564.

Line 23. "See, now she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand!" Brooke, 467-68, 518.

Lines 64-65. "And the place death, considering who thou art, | If any of my kinsmen find thee here." Brooke, 491-93.

Line 66. "With loues light wings did I orepearch these walls." Brooke, 829-31.

Lines 125-6. "O, wilt thou leaue me so, unsatisfied," etc. Brooke, 563-4.

Lines 143-151. "If that thy bent of loue be honourable," etc. Brooke, 535-44.

SCENE 3.

At Friar Lawrence cell. Brooke, 565-616. The character of the Friar is here represented much as in Shakespeare. For special lines of this scene we must search elsewhere in the poem.

Line 16. "In Plants, hearbes, stones," etc. Brooke, 2109-11.

Lines 75-6. "Lo, here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit | Of an old teare that is not washt off yet." Brooke, 2557-58.

Lines 92-3. "For this alliance," etc. Brooke, 608-10.

SCENE 4.

Benuolio and Mercutio; then Romeo, and subsequently the Nurse and her man Peter. For the first part of this scene there is no corresponding passage in Brooke; if we except perhaps Mercutio's character of Tibalt, lines 19-24; Brooke, 963-66. For the Nurse's chat with Romeo, compare in Brooke lines 631-673.

Lines 157-162. "Bid her devise," etc. Brooke, 631-34, 667-68. The incident of the present of money to the Nurse is found in Brooke only.

Line 166. "And bring thee cordes made like a tacked stayre." Brooke, 774-5.

Line 177. "When 'twas a little prating thing." Brooke, 653-4.

SCENE 5.

The Nurse returns to Juliet after her interview with Romeo. Brooke, 673-692, 703-4.

Line 46. "What says he of our marriage." Brooke, 684.

SCENE 6.

At the Friar's cell. Romeo and Juliet meet to be married. Brooke, 719-778.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

The fatal Affray in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain. Brooke, 955-1050.

Line 158. "Hold friends," etc. Brooke, 999.

Line 165. "And toote they go like lightning." Brooke, 1031-33.

SCENE 2.

Juliet hears from the Nurse of Romeo's banishment. For this scene compare in Brooke, lines 1075-1256.

Lines 1-4. "Gallop apace," etc. Malone notes that Shakespeare "probably remembered Marlowe's *King Edward II.*, which was performed before 1593 :

' Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky ;
And, dusky Night, in rusty iron car,

Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desired day.'"

This passage occurs p. 208, Dyce's one-volume ed. of Marlowe, 2nd col. Dyce in his Introduction, remarks:—

"Warton (Hist. of Engl. Poet. iii. 438, ed. 4to) incidentally mentions that Marlowe's *Edward the Second* was 'written in the year 1590'; and, for all we know, he may have made the assertion on sufficient grounds, though he has neglected to specify them. Mr Collier, who regards it (and, no doubt, rightly) as one of our author's latest pieces, has not attempted to fix its date. It was entered in the Stationers' Books, 6th July, 1593, and first printed in 1598."

Malone also notes the following passage:—"The day to his seeming passed away so slowly that he had thought the stately steeds had bin tired that drawe the chariot of the Sunne, . . . and wished that Phaeton had beene there with a whippe." This passage occurs in the 'Historie of Apolonius and Silla,' the story on which Shakespeare is supposed to have founded 'Twelfth Night.' It is in Barnabie Riche 'his Farewell to Military profession,' first printed in 1583, and reprinted in Preliminary remarks to 'Twelfth Night,' vol. xi. Variorum ed., 1821, and in Collier's 'Shakespeare's Library.'

Line 92. "Upon his brow shame is ashame to sit." On this Steevens notes:—"So, in Painter's Palace of Pleasure [p. 104, l. 2-4] :—'Is it possible that under such beautie and rare comelinesse, disloyaltie and treason may have their siedge and lodging?' The image of shame *sitting* on the brow is not in the poem." Boswell remarks (justly I think) that in this passage "there is no very striking resemblance to Shakspeare."

Lines 98-9. "Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name," etc. Brooke, 1145-54.

SCENE 3.

Romeo in concealment at the Friar's cell. This scene has no counterpart except in Brooke, 1257-1511.

Line 68. —"then mightst thou teare thy hayre," etc. Brooke, 1291-2, 1295-6.

Line 109. "Art thou a man?" etc. Brooke, 1353-58.

Line 119. "Why raylst thou on thy birth," etc. Brooke, 1325-28, 1343, 1429-30. Malone points out that in the Play "Romeo has not railled on his birth, etc., though in his interview with the Friar as described in the Poem, he is made to do so. Shakspeare copied the remonstrance of the Friar; without reviewing the former part of his scene. He has in other places fallen into a similar inaccuracy, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original."

SCENE 5.

The parting of Romeo and Juliet. Brooke, 1527-1720.

Lines 7-10. —"looke, loue, what eniuish streaks," etc. Brooke, 1703-14.

Lines 68-206. The Entry of Capulet and his wife to propose the marriage of Juliet with Paris. Brooke, 1887-1994.

Lines 70-72. "Euermore weeping," etc. Brooke, 1211-12, 1794-98.

Line 130. "How now! a Conduit, girle?" etc. Brooke, 1482, 1805-6.

Lines 181-98. —"still my care hath bene | To haue her matcht," etc. Brooke, 1961-84.

Lines 207-245. The Nurse counsels Juliet to marry Paris. Brooke, 2288-2312. This incident is found in Brooke only.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

At the Friar's cell. The Friar and Countie Paris; then Juliet. For the first part of this scene down to the departure of Paris there is no corresponding passage in Brooke or any of the other narrators of the story. The substance of the subsequent portion of the scene is found in all. In Brooke, see lines 2005-2192.

Line 105. "Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres." Brooke does not mention the time which the sleeping draught is to hold Juliet. Steevens notes as proof that Shakespeare consulted Painter, that in Painter it is said to be "forty houres at the least." On this Boswell remarks, "although the number of hours . . . are not specified in the poem, yet enough is said to make it easily inferred, when we are told that two nights after, the Friar and Romeo were to repair to the sepulchre." Da Porto has *forty-eight hours*; Clitia, *two days*; Bandello and Boaistuau *about forty hours*; Grotto, in 'La Hadriana,' *about sixteen hours*.

Line 110. "In thy best robes vncouerd on the Beere." For this incident Brooke is the only authority, 2523-25.

SCENE 2.

Capulet gives directions for the marriage feast. Juliet returned from the Friar makes her submission.

Line 2, —"go hire me twentie cunning Cookes." "*Twenty cooks for half-a-dozen guests!*" Either Capulet has altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us (Act III. Sc. iv. 23-28).—Ritson. "This arose from his sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. The scene referred to, was his own invention, but he has here recollectcd the poem."—Malone. Brooke, 2255-58.

Line 15 to end. Enter Juliet. Brooke, 2191-2256.

Line 24. "Ile haue this knot knit up." Brooke, 2276

SCENE 3.

Juliet's chamber. Juliet and the Nurse; then Lady Capulet. Juliet requests to be left alone. Brooke, 2313-36.

Lines 14 to end. Juliet alone. She takes the sleeping draught. Brooke, 2337-2402.

SCENE 5.

Juliet discovered apparently dead. Lines 1-96. Brooke, 2403-72.
Lines 32-3. "Death, that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake."

"Our author has here followed the poem closely, without recollecting that he has made Capulet, in this scene, clamorous in his grief. In the Poem Juliet's mother makes a long speech, but the old man utters not a word."—Malone. Brooke, 2451-54.

Line 42. "Haue I thought long," etc. Brooke, 2274.

Line 66. The Friar offers consolations. The Friar takes no part in this scene in the Poem. Walker in his notice of Groto's 'Hadriana' has pointed out the coincidence in this scene of the two tragedies.

Lines 81-2. —"and, as the custome is, | And in her best array, beare her to Church." Brooke, 2523-25 (as in Act IV. Sc. 1, l. 110).

Lines 85-91. "All things that we ordained festiuall," etc. Brooke, 2507-14. In Brooke only, of all the narrators of the story.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

Romeo at Mantua. Balthazer brings the news of Juliet's death. Romeo purchases poison of the Apothecary. Brooke, 2515-88.

Line 18. "Her body sleepes in *Capels* monument." "Shakspeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* used indiscriminately in the poem which was the groundwork of this tragedy."—Malone. *Capels* once, line 157, elsewhere *Capilet* and *Capelot*: *Capulet* only in Shakespeare.

Lines 25-6. —"get me ink and paper, | And hire post horses." Brooke, 2604, 2612.

SCENE 2.

Friar John returns the letter to Friar Lawrence and accounts for its non-delivery. Brooke, 2473-2503, 2955-57. The name of Friar *John* is only found in Brooke and Shakespeare: in the other tales, where he is named, it is *Anselmo* or *Anselme*. In the poem and other tales, originating with Bandello, the messenger (*Anselmo*) is shut up in the convent of his order at Mantua. The letter with which he is charged is not returned to Friar Lawrence. I have pointed out in my account of Groto's 'Hadriana' the coincidence in this respect between the two plays.

SCENE 3.

In the Churchyard, before the tomb of the Capulets. Brooke, 2614 to end. The introduction of Paris in this scene and his death by Romeo's hand are circumstances found only in Shakespeare; in other respects it will be seen that the incidents of the poem are pretty closely followed in the play.

Lines 92-3. "Death, that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie."

RHOMEQ.

So in Daniel's 'Complaint of Rosamond' :—

"Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks
Do yet retain some notes of former grace,
And ugly death sits faire within her face."

Noted by Malone.

Lines 94-6. ——"bewties ensigne yet

Is crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there."

So in 'Complaint of Rosamond' :—

"And nought respecting death (the last of paines)
Plac'd his *pale colours* (th'ensign of his might)
Upon his new-got spoil," etc. Noted by Steevens.

Lines 102-3. "Why art thou yet so faire? shall I beleuee
That vnsubstantiall death is amorous ;" etc.

So in 'Complaint of Rosamond' :—

"Ah, now methinks, I see *death dallying seeks*
To entertain it selfe in love's sweete place."

Noted by Malone.

Lines 112-15. ——"Eyes, looke your last !

Armes, take your last embrace ! And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A dateless bargaine to ingrossing death !"

"So in 'Complaint of Rosamond' :—

'Pitiful mouth, said he, that living gavest
The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish
O, be it lawful now, that dead, thou hastest
The sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss !
And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliss,
Motives of love, born to be matched never,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever !'

I think there can be little doubt, from the foregoing lines and the other passages already quoted from this poem, that our author had read it recently before he wrote the last Act of the present tragedy."—Malone.

These passages from Daniel's poem are quoted by Malone and Steevens from the ed. 1594. Malone, in his *Essay on the Chronological Order of the Plays* (p. 348, vol. ii. Variorum Shakspeare, 1821), repeats the opinion given above, and states his belief that the 'Complaint of Rosamond' was printed in 1592 : "'A booke called Delia, containynge diverse sonates, with the *Complainte of Rosamonde*,' was entered at Stationers' Hall by Simon Waterson, in Feb. 1591-2, and the latter piece is commended by Nashe in a tract entitled *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplcation to the Divell*, published in 1592." See also p. 40 Collier's reprint.

of this tract, and his note thereon p. 99, 'Shakespeare Soc. Publications,' 1842.

Brooke's poem was again entered in the books of the Stationers Company in 1582, but, if published, no copy of the edition is known to be in existence. It was reprinted by R. Robinson in 1587 as "The Tragical historie of Romeus and Iuliet, contayning in it a rare example of true constancie : with the Subtill Counsels and practises of an old Fryer, and their ill euent."

In modern times it has been several times reprinted, notably in Malone's Variorum ed. of Shakspeare's works, 1821; in Collier's Shakespeare's Library; and in Halliwell's folio ed. of Shakespeare.

The original is in black letter, each line printed as two; in our reprint the lines are given at full length, the division being marked with a /. It has been carefully compared with the rare first edition in the Bodleian Library by Mr Geo. Parker, who is responsible for its accuracy.

It should be added that, in preparing it for the press, a copy of Mr Collier's reprint has been used. At the end I have added a list of the various readings gathered from the editions above referred to.

In 1567, William Painter in the 2nd vol. of his 'Palace of Pleasure' produced "The goodly Hystory of the true and constant Loue between Rhomeo and Iulietta, the one of whom died of Poyson, and the other of sorrow and heauiness: wherein be comprySED many aduentures of Loue, and other deuises touchinge the same." Painter's version is a pretty close but not very intelligent translation of Boaistuau's novel: he chiefly differs from his original in duplicating terms, as was the fashion with English writers of his period; and occasionally, but rarely, he introduces a simile of his own; otherwise he adds nothing to the tale as told by Boaistuau; and though doubtless Shakespeare had read his translation, there does not appear in the play any incident or expression that can be specially traced to it; while between Brooke's poem and the Play, the resemblances are frequent and striking: its chief value consists in its presenting the English reader with the version (errors apart) of the story on which Brooke founded his poem.

The editions of the 'Palace of Pleasure' are as follows:

VOL. I.:

1st ed. 26 Jan. 1566. Printed by H. Denham for R. Tottell and W. Jones.

2nd ed. 1569. Printed by Thos. Marshe.

3rd ed. 1575. " " "

VOL. II.:

1st ed. 8 Nov. 1567. Printed by H. Bynneman for Nic. England.

2nd ed. N.D. Printed by Thos. Marshe.

In the 3rd ed. of vol. i. "Seven novels were added to the former number, and the language improved."—Haslewood.

In the 2nd ed. of vol. ii. "The Translator added one historic tale and made material alterations in the text."—Haslewood.

For these reasons, apparently, when in 1813 Mr J. Haslewood reprinted the entire work he chose the 3rd ed. of vol. i. and the 2nd ed. of vol. ii. as the basis of his text, comparing it, however, with that of the first editions, from which source, says he, "several obscure passages have been corrected, and whole sentences restored, which in the last edition appear to have been negligently omitted in the hurry of the press."

With respect to the date of the 2nd ed. of vol. ii., Haslewood adduces reasons to prove that it could not have been later than 1580: the 'Historic Tale' added to it is a relation of the murder by Sultan Solyman of his eldest son Mustapha: this event happened in 1553 and was narrated in Latin by Nicolaus à Moffan, a soldier serving under Charles the Fifth and sometime prisoner among the Turks. Moffan's narrative was first published at Basle in November, 1555. In his introduction to this tale Painter says:—"Twenty-two yeares past or thereabouts I translated this present Hystory out of the Latine tongue. And for the rarenes of the fact, and the disnaturlall part of that late furiose Enemy of God, and his sonne Christ: I dedicated the same to the right honorable, my speciaill good Lord, with al vertues, and nobility, fully accomplayshed, the Lord Cobham, Lorde Warden of the cinque Portes, by the name of Sir William Cobham Knight. And bycause I would haue it to continue in mans remembraunce thereby to renue the auncient detestation which we haue, and our Progenitors had against that horrible Termagant, and Persecutor of Christyans, I haue insinuated the same amongs the rest of these Nouels."

The Lord Cobham here referred to succeeded to his title on the 29th Sept. 1558: the translation and dedication therefore, mentioned by Painter, must have been made between this date and the date of Moffan's narrative, Nov. 1555. Taking then into consideration his statement as to the "twenty-two years," the date to be assigned to the 2nd ed. of vol. ii. would be some period between 1577—1580. Mr Collier, however (Bibliographical Catalogue, 1865), considers that it came out, like the 3rd ed. of the 1st vol., in 1575. The "thereabouts" of Painter's statement is perhaps sufficiently indefinite to justify this conclusion.

I have been particular as to the date of the 2nd ed. of vol. ii. of Painter's work as it is perhaps connected with the subject of this volume, and it is therefore satisfactory to know that it must have been in existence at least ten years before the earliest date (1591) that has been assigned to Shakespeare's Play. Malone has sufficiently demonstrated that where Brooke and Painter, who so largely agree in their version of Romeo and Juliet, do differ, the play usually follows Brooke; and it may not perhaps be unreasonable to conjecture that the defects of Painter's second edition of the tale (supposing it, rather than the first edition, to have been in Shakespeare's possession) may have had some influence in inducing his preference for Brooke's poem.

However this may be, the 2nd edition is clearly a revised edition, and

therefore to be adopted as the basis of a reprint ; though its careless printing necessitates the exercise of large discretionary powers on the part of an editor. Haslewood with the aid of the first edition corrected most of its errors, though not all, as my notes will show. Collier's edition of the 'Rhomeo and Iulietta' was apparently printed from Haslewood, with a few slight alterations introduced from the first edition. Halliwell reprinted Collier. In preparing the present edition for the press I have made use of a copy of Collier's reprint, collating it *literatim* with the 2nd N.D. edition, and *verbatim* with the 1st, 1567.

I have also compared Painter's text with the French original, and have noted such passages as seemed of interest for the comparative study of Brooke and Painter : these shew, I think, that in many places Brooke's metrical version is a more faithful rendering of the original than is Painter's prose translation, and indeed in some places make it manifest that Painter's knowledge of the tongues sometimes failed him, to the confusion of his readers, as where he makes Romeo *moisten* instead of *swallow* the amorous venom, etc. (p. 100, l. 19), and tells us that a cold sweat pierced Juliet's *heart* instead of her *skin* (p. 130, l. 31). They also I think prove that he must occasionally have consulted Brooke, as, for instance, in the following passages in which he seems to have adopted from Brooke expressions not found in Boaistuau :

Ie demeure la fable du peuple.—Boaistuau.

The peoples tale and laughing stocke / shall I remayne for aye.

Brooke, 2364.

I shall remayne a Fable & iesting stocke to the People.

Painter, p. 130, l. 17-18.

Painter, or his printer, omits *& iesting stocke* in the 2nd ed.

La pauure femme chantoit aux sourds.—Boaistuau.

But wele away, in vayne / vnto the deafe she calleth,
She thinks to speake to Juliet, / but speaketh to the walles.

Brooke, 2409-10.

The poore olde Woman spake vnto the Wall, and sang a song vnto
the deafe.—Painter, p. 131, l. 12-14.

We must now retrace our steps to Italy where, sometime in 1578 (the date of the dedication to his drama) the blind poet and actor, Luigi Groto, surnamed il Cieco d'Hadria, produced his tragedy, 'La Hadriana.' J. C. Walker in his 'Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy,' 1799, gives some account of this author and of his works, together with a brief outline of the plot of the tragedy mentioned above, and some extracts from it, in which he fancied he detected such resemblances with Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet as to justify the opinion that Sh. must have read with profit Groto's work. As this opinion has been received with some favour by subsequent commentators I have thought it might be worth while to give here a more detailed view of the Tragedy than is

supplied by Walker ; merely premising that Walker abundantly proves, what indeed must be patent to any one who undertakes the perusal of ‘*La Hadriana*,’ that Grotto for his play has frequently borrowed both thoughts and incidents from ‘*La Giulietta*’ of Da Porto.

LA HADRIANA.

PROLOGUE enters to tell the audience that the scene of the Tragedy to be presented is laid in ancient times in the then glorious city of Adria, from whose annals the story is derived ; then, seeing the Princess Hadriana and the Nurse ready to enter, he directs attention to them and departs.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Hadriana and Nurse. From their conversation we learn that Mezentio, king of Latium, is besieging the city ; that Hadriana’s father, King Hatrio, has that morning sallied forth with his army to attack the foe ; that her mother, Queen Orontea, accompanied with her ladies, has ascended a high tower to behold the fight. Hadriana seizes the opportunity to confide to her Nurse the secret of her love for Latino, son of Mezentio. She narrates how, on the arrival of the hostile force, she beheld, from the walls, the gallant young prince, and was at once smitten with love. Resolving to make known to him her affection, she had confided its secret to the Great Mago, Priest of the Moon, prompted thereto by the fact that the Mago, in conversation with Queen Orontea, had suggested that peace between the two kingdoms might be brought about by a matrimonial alliance. The Mago had at once promised his assistance, and, being privileged to pass between the hostile forces, had sought out Latino, and, finding that the Prince had also fallen in love with Hadriana on the occasion above referred to, had, on several occasions, introduced him in secret into the town, where, in the gardens of the Palace, with the connivance of her maid, Hadriana and the Prince had had several interviews, and exchanged vows of love. Her maid, however, having that day been accidentally killed, Hadriana now confides her secret to the Nurse, and begs for counsel and assistance.

Tu che sì spesso alhor, ch’io pargoletta
Stava per trabocca, man mi porgesti ;
Porgimi hora consiglio, ond’io non cada.

The Nurse remonstrates with her on the imprudence of her conduct, but finally consents to keep counsel ; then—

SCENE 2.

Enter to them Queen Orontea, who has left her post of observation, not being able to endure the sights of death presented by the battle, all the arrangements of which she describes at length. And now—

SCENE 3.

A Messenger arrives, who brings to the Queen the news of victory, but also tells her of the death of her only son, mortally wounded in single combat with Latino. The unfortunate young prince, disobeying his father Hatrio's commands, had, it seems, issued from the town disguised in unknown armour, and, joining the army, had singled out and attacked Latino. Their combat had for a while held the two armies in suspense, but its result, and the discovery of the rank of the defeated knight, filling the army of King Hatrio with rage, they had attacked with fury Mezentio and his host, and repulsed them with great slaughter. The Messenger describes the last moments of the dying prince, who sends to his mother and sister the bloody shirt in which he was wounded as a memento that they should never cease to seek out means to revenge his death. The Queen, overcome with grief, departs, and Hadriana laments with the Nurse the unhappy course of events. The Nurse endeavours to console her :

Nel perder de lo sposo hai questo bene,
Che puoi dolerti almanco apartamente,
E sotto vista d'un pianger un' altro.

The Chorus concludes the Act, describing the grief of the parents and friends of the dead prince, and the horrible state of the battle-field, loaded with dead bodies left as a prey to birds and wild beasts.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

Latino solus. In a long soliloquy we learn that he has found means to enter the town, and now waits in the garden of the Palace at the usual hour in hopes of meeting with Hadriana, who accordingly, in

SCENE 2,

makes her appearance to receive such explanations and excuses for the death of her brother as Latino can offer her, which he proceeds to do in a speech of about 350 lines, without a break. In it we learn that his father, King Mezentio, has retreated to the confines of the kingdom, from whence he may quickly retire to his own realm with the relics of his army, in collecting which Latino has returned near to Adria, and has taken the opportunity to meet with Hadriana. In conclusion he offers his sword to his mistress, and places his life in her hands, only regretting that, in killing him, she cannot also destroy all the other witnesses to their love, so that her fair fame may run no danger of ill report hereafter. Hadriana accepts his excuses, and bids him live ; she then calls the Nurse, who has been waiting at the door, into their company, and in her presence they renew their vows of eternal love. The Princess would wish to fly with him ; but prudence forbids this course ; Latino hopes that a peace may soon be concluded between their

fathers, the bond of which shall be their marriage ; and explains that, in the mean time, during his enforced absence, the Mago will afford them the means of communication. Then ensues a tender and tearful leave-taking, and Latino, placing his love in the arms of her Nurse, departs. The Act closes as usual with the Chorus, warning mortals against Love, and displaying their helplessness when once they have fallen into his power.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Queen, Hadriana and Nurse ; Ladies attending. The Queen tells Hadriana that her father, in order to strengthen the estate of his kingdom, has chosen, as husband for her, the son of the king of the Sabines, his ally. Hadriana refuses to accept him. The Queen is angry. The Nurse intervenes to calm both, and both offer numerous reasons for and against the marriage. The Queen at last admits that for her part she could be willing that Hadriana should choose for herself, even though her choice lighted on the son of Mezentio,

Benche so che nol vuoi, che l'odii a morte,
but that her father is resolved on the match ; and thereupon, in

SCENE 2,

enter to them King Hatrio and the Mago. The King asks if Hadriana consents to the marriage. She refuses. He threatens her with death. The Mago interferes to moderate his ire ; but the King is firm, and departs in great wrath, to divide the spoils among the soldiers, and to bring in the bridegroom, with whom he swears Hadriana shall wed or die. The Queen and her ladies then also go out, leaving to the Mago the duty of persuading Hadriana to consent to the marriage.

SCENE 3.

The Mago asks Hadriana what she proposes to do. Hadriana laments the unhappy state of women ; reviews her own position from every possible point of view, and ends by placing her hope in the Mago. If he cannot help her, she begs he will give her poison, or she will stab herself. The Mago then proposes to her a sleeping potion which shall hold her apparently dead for sixteen hours, during which time she shall be buried ; and he in the mean time will send to Latino to come and take her from the tomb. This course being decided on, the Mago informs the Chorus of the consent of the bride, and bids them invoke with loud shouts the god of marriage.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

During this Act the Chorus is in permanent possession of the stage. Enter Messenger, who tells the Chorus that, while they have been singing hymns of joy, sad events have occurred. He tells of the reconciliation of Hadriana with her parents, of her apparelling as a bride—how

she had then retired to her chamber where, after a few kind words to her maidens, she had dismissed them, and had asked her Nurse for water to quench her thirst, on drinking which she had remarked that her father should give her to no husband that day. The Nurse had heard, but did not comprehend, and left her reposing on her bed. The evening of the spousals drawing on, the chamber had been entered, and she discovered apparently dead—supposed to have poisoned herself—lamented by all. The Messenger then adds that he is charged, first to summon the Mago to perform the funeral rites ; then to inform the young Sabine prince that his presence is no longer needed, and that he may return home as soon as he pleases ; and then also that he is commissioned by the Nurse to seek out Prince Latino, and tell him what has happened. Exit Messenger.

SCENE 2.

Enter Nurse. She laments Hadriana's death ; regrets that she should survive her, and, in reply to the demands of the Chorus, tells how the Princess was found dead, and how her parents lament their loss ; then,

SCENE 3,

Enter Hatrio and Councillor. The King laments the loss of his children, and gives, in a series of short speeches, reasons for his grief. The Councillor meets him at all points, and, at some length, offers reasons derived from history, philosophy, divinity, etc., showing that he should at least resign himself to, if not actually rejoice at, his loss. Then, in

SCENE 4,

Enter the Mago, the Queen, etc., etc., in procession, with the body of Hadriana, which, with great lamentations, is placed in the tomb, and the Act concludes with the Chorus lamenting the miserable state of man from the cradle to the grave.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Mago solus, congratulates himself on the success of his designs ; but wonders that Latino, to whom he had despatched letters by a minister, has not yet arrived.

SCENE 2.

The minister makes his appearance, tells how he had sought out Latino, but had arrived only to hear that another messenger had preceded him, after talking with whom Latino had ridden away in haste, no one knew whither. He returns the Mago's letters to him. The Mago is disturbed by this intelligence, and together they prepare to take Hadriana from the tomb, but hearing approaching footsteps they retire. Then,

SCENE 3,

Enter Latino and Messenger. Latino thanks the Messenger for his

services, gives him his cloak as a reward, bids him thank the Nurse for the news she had sent him, and tell her that she shall soon hear other news of similar import. Exit Messenger.

SCENE 4.

Latino solus, laments the death of Hadriana, opens and enters the tomb.

SCENE 5

Latino seated with the body of Hadriana in his arms, having taken her from the vault. He swallows poison.

SCENE 6.

Hadriana wakes; imagines at first that she is in the arms of the Mago, and reproaches him; recognizes Latino; mutual explanations and grief. Latino expires.

SCENE 7.

Hadriana gives vent to her grief.

SCENE 8.

Enter to her the Mago and minister. They discover what has happened. Hadriana tells them she has poisoned herself, and begs them to bury Latino and her in the same tomb, with an inscription cut in marble, giving an account of their fate, so that in after ages some pitying author finding it, may represent their story to the eyes of faithful lovers. They place the body of Latino in the tomb, and during their absence Hadriana stabs herself. They return to find her dead, and, placing her by the side of Latino, they close the tomb, and fly to the army of Mezentio.

SCENE 9.

The Chorus. Enter to them the Messenger, exhorting all to fly for their lives. Mezentio again threatens, and, in revenge for the disappearance of his son, has found means to bring an inundation on the town. Queen Orntea has died of grief for the loss of her children. The roaring torrent approaches bearing all before it, and thus the Tragedy ends with a scene of great terror and confusion.

It will be seen from this synopsis that, except in some of the main incidents of the story, borrowed by Grotto from Da Porto, there is but little resemblance in the conduct of the two tragedies of 'La Hadriana' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' and that the agreement between them, detected by Walker, must be looked for in special passages. These passages are as under. I have, however, discarded Walker's extremely free and florid translations of them in favour of a more literal version, the object being a comparison between Grotto's and Shakespeare's lines.

La Hadriana, Act II. Sc. 2. The parting of the lovers. Latino perceives the approach of morning.

Lat. —S'io non erro, è presso il far del giorno.
Udite il rossignuol, che con noi desto,
Con noi gemme fra i spini, e la rugiada
Col pianto nostro bagna l'herbe. Ahi lasso,
Rivolgete la faccia a l'Oriente.
Ecco incomincia a sputtar l'alba fuori,
Portando un'altro sol sopra la terra,
Che però dal mio Sol resterà vinto.

Had. Ahimè, ch'io gelo. Ahimè, ch'io tremo tutta.
Questa è quell' hora, ch'ogni mia dolcezza
Affatto stempra. Ahimè, quest'è quell' hora,
Che m'insegna a saper, che cosa è affanno.
O del mio ben nemica, avara notte,
Perche si ratto corri, fuggi, voli,
A sommerger te stessa, e me nel mare
Te ne lo Ibero, e nel mar del pianto?

Lat. If I err not, the lamp of day is nigh.
List to the nightingale, that wakes with us,
With us laments mid thorns; and now the dew,
Like owl tears, pearls the grass. Ah me, alas,
Turn towards the east thy face.
There now begins the morning to break forth,
Bringing another sun above the earth
That yet by my sun shall rest vanquished.

Had. Ah, how I freeze! what trembling seizes me!
This is the hour that all my sweet delights
At once embitters. Ah me, this is the hour
That teaches me to know what thing is grief.
Foe of my happiness, O, envious night
Why art so swift to run, to rush, to fly,
To plunge thyself and me into the sea,
Thee in salt waves, me in a sea of tears?

I must note here that Walker omits the last line of each of these two speeches.

Compare with this in Act III. Sc. 5, the parting of Romeo and Juliet. The mention of the nightingale is believed to be a special point in favour of Walker's theory.

The next passage selected by Walker is from Act III. Sc. 3, where the Mago gives Hadriana the opiate :—

Questa bevendo voi con l'acqua cruda,
Dara principio à lavorar fra un poco,
E vi addormenterà sì immota, e fissa,
E d'ogni senso renderà sì priva :
Il calor naturale, il color vivo
E lo spirar vi torrà sì, sì i polsi

(In cui è il testimonio de la vita)
 Immobili staran senza dar colpo ;
 Che alcun per dotto fisico, che sia,
 Non potrà giudicarvi altro, che morta.

You drinking this in water from the spring,
 'Twill in a little time begin to work
 And cast you in a slumber fixed and still,
 And every sense of feeling will deprive :
 The natural heat of life, its vivid hue
 And breathing motion will be rapt ; the pulse
 (In which resides true witness of thy life)
 Will stand quite motionless and give no beat ;
 So that the learnedst doctor that may be
 Not otherwise could deem thee than as dead.

Compare with this the Friar's speech in R. and J., Act IV. Sc. 1, lines 93-103. Here again a greater coincidence of expression has been imagined to exist between Grotto and Shakespeare than between Shakespeare and Brooke. See Brooke, 2127-34 and 2149-57.

Walker also selects for comparison with Shakespeare the following passage from the speech of the Mago, Act III. Sc. 3.

Tra tanto manderem fidato messo,
 Occultamente in fretta al vostro amante,
 Che poco ancor da noi lontan camina,
 Con lettere secrete, ad avisarlo
 Di tutto 'l fatto. Il qual senza dimora
 A dietro, l'orme rivolgendo, tosto
 Sarà qui giunto, et egli, ò (se sia tardo
 Alquanto) io vi trarrò de l'arca fuori,
 E travestita andrete fuor con esso.
 E così ne la morte, e nel sepolcro,
 La vita troverete, e il maritaggio.
 Così l'ira paterna fuggirete,
 Le odiate nozze, e con pietà commune
 Senza alcun biasmo, senza alcun periglio,
 Lieta cadrete al vostro amante in mano.

Meantime a trusty messenger we'll send
 In secret wise, in haste unto your love,
 Who yet but little distant from us roams,
 With secret letters advertising him
 Of the whole fact. When he without delay
 Backward will turn his steps and quickly here
 Will join us. And he, or (should he tarry)
 I myself forth from the tomb will take you.
 Then in disguise together shall you fly.

And thus in death and in the sepulchre
Life you shall find and marriage.
Thus shall you from your father's wrath escape
And these loathed nuptials, and with mutual love
Free from all peril and without reproach,
With joy you'll fall into your loved one's hands.

Compare with this the Friar's speech, R. and J., Act IV. Sc. 1, lines 113-118. There is here, by the way, in the last two lines a remarkable similarity between Brooke and Groto. See l. 2172, Brooke,

That daungerles, without reproche, / thou shalt thy loue enioy.

Perhaps, however, Walker's strongest point is in the coincidence in Shakespeare and in Groto of the consolations offered to the father on the supposed death of the daughter. Neither in Brooke nor any of the Italian or French tales does any comforter appear, nor does the father give any utterance to his grief; but in Shakespeare (Act IV. Sc. v.) Capulet laments his daughter's death, and the Friar recommends resignation to the Divine will, and endeavours to persuade the afflicted father that he ought rather to rejoice at his daughter's escape from this world of care. In Groto's tragedy (Act IV. Sc. 3) we find King Hatrio's counsellor performing the same pious office.

Mr W. W. Lloyd in his comments on 'Romeo and Juliet' (Singer's ed. of Shakespeare's Works), adds one more extract from Groto's play, Act I. Sc. 1, the scene in which Hadriana acquaints the Nurse with her love for Latino. In it he finds a remarkable agreement with Romeo's antithetical definition of love (Act I. Sc. 1, l. 171-7, 188-9), due as he believes to something more than casual indulgence in the same common place of the passion. Mr Lloyd does not, however, suppose Shakespeare to have been acquainted with the original play, but rather with some translation of it adapted to the English stage. His extract is as follows:—

Fu il mio male un piacer senza allegrezza ;
Un voler, che si stringe, ancorche punga.
Un pensier, che si nutre, ancor che ancida.¹
Un' affano che'l ciel dà per riposo.
Un ben supremo, fonte d'o ni male.
Un male estremo, d'ogni ben radice.
Una piaga mortal, che mi fec'io.
Un laccio d'or dov'io stessa m'avvinsi.
Un velen grato, ch'io bevei per gli occhi.
Giunto un finire e un cominciar di vita.
Una febre, che'l gelo, e'l caldo mesce.
Un fel piu dolce assai, che mele, ò Manna.
Un bel foco, che strugge, e non risolve.
Un giogo insopportabile, e leggiero.

¹ Mr Lloyd omits this line.

Introduction.

Una pena felice, un dolor caro.
 Una morte immortal piena di vita.
 Un' inferno, che sembra il Paradiso.

My sickness was a pleasure without joy ;
 A will embracing yet repelling still,
 A care which nourisheth, and yet which slays,
 A labour given by heaven as a rest.
 A supreme good the source of every ill,
 An extreme ill the root of every good,
 A mortal wound inflicted by myself,
 A golden snare in which myself I've catch'd.
 A pleasant poison drank in at my eyes ;
 Together ending and beginning life.
 A fever mixed with freezing and with heat,
 A gall than honey and manna sweeter far,
 A beauteous flame that burns yet not destroys,
 An insupportable and lightsome yoke,
 A happy suffering and a cherisht grief,
 A death immortal brimming o'er with life,
 A Hell that seems as 'twere a Paradise.

As Dr Farmer, however, has observed in his ‘Essay on the learning of Shakespeare,’ “ Every sonneteer characterizes Love by contrarieties,” and he gives instances which shew that there was no need for Shakespeare, supposing him to have been in want of examples, to travel far afield. (See note in Variorum Sh., ed. 1821, vol. vi. p. 19, and Furness’s Variorum edition, p. 22.)

I will add one more extract of two lines only to those given above, not however so much for its similarity of expression as for its parallelism of idea. In none of the Italian, French, or English writers mentioned above who preceded Groto is Romeo made to apostrophise the tomb in which Juliet lies buried. In ‘La Hadriana,’ Latino exclaims,—

Benche chiamar sepolcro non ti debbo,
 Ma erario, oue s’asconde il mio thesoro. V. 4.
 Yet ought I not to call thee sepulchre
 But casket where my treasure lies concealed.

Romeo placing Paris in the tomb exclaims :

A grave? O, no ; a Lanthorne, slaughtred youth ;
 For here lies Juliet, and her bewtie makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light. V. 3.

In the synopsis of the play, I have also quoted a few lines, of which I here give the translation.

Act I. Sc. i. Hadriana, addressing the Nurse, says :—

"Thou who so often, whenas I, a child,
Was like to stumble, gay'st to me thy hand,
Give me now counsel that I may not fall."

Is it possible that this may have suggested any part of the Nurse's famous speech in Romeo and Juliet, Act I. Sc. 3?—"she could have run and waddled all about: for even the day before, she broke her brow, and then my husband—God be with his soul! a was a merrie man—took up the child."

Again, when Queen Orontea (Act III. Sc. 1) admits that for her part she could be willing that Adriana should choose for herself even though her choice lighted on Latino

Although I know you would not wish for him,
That to the death you hate him.

Here, as in many other places, Groto follows Da Porto, who, alone of the Novel writers, puts a similar sentiment into the mouth of Giulietta's mother—"Vedi, figliuola mia dolcissima, non piagnere oramai più; che marito a tua posta ti si darà, se quasi uno de' Montecchi volessi, il che sono certa che non vorrai." Compare with this Juliet's speech:—

"I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris."—Act III. Sc. 5.

It may also be noted as a coincidence that the minister entrusted with the letter acquainting Latino with the plot connected with the sleeping-draught returns the undelivered letter to the Mago; so also Friar John returns to Friar Lawrence his undelivered letter.—'Adriana,' Act V. Sc. 2; 'Rom. and Jul.' Act V. Sc. 2.

Notwithstanding these resemblances, I find it difficult to believe that Shakespeare could have made use of Groto's play. Mr Grant White is apparently of the same opinion; he observes that "Walker has very slender grounds for supposing that Sh. was acquainted with Groto's tragedy." (Note in Furness's Variorum Shakespeare, p. 403.) It is certain however that Groto was known in England in Shakespeare's time, though how early I am unable to say. Ben Jonson mentions him in his 'Volpone,' Act III. Sc. 2, where Lady Politick Would-be running over the list of Italian Poets she had read, among the rest names 'Cieco di Hadria.' 'Volpone' was first brought out at the 'Globe' (Shakespeare's Theatre) in 1605. John Florio, who, like Shakespeare, was a protégé of the Earl of Southampton, in the list of "Authors and Books that have been read of purpose for the collecting of this Dictionarie" (his Italian and English Dictionary, or 'New World of Words,' ed. 1611), mentions 'La Adriana Tragedia,' and other works by Groto. In the list, however, prefixed to Florio's earlier ed. 1598, Groto's name does not occur.¹

¹ For a discussion as to the connection of Shakespeare and Florio, see Notes in Variorum, 1821, at the end of 'Love's Labour's Lost,' vol. iv. pp. 479-483. Quite re-

There were many editions of 'La Hadriana.'

Our story now enters the domain of history, and Girolamo de la Corte in his History of Verona, published in 1594-96, narrates the story of Romeo and Juliet as a real event which took place during the government of Bartolomeo de la Scala, fixing, for the first time, the date of its occurrence, 1303. He omits all mention of Romeo's first and unsuccessful love; gives the name of Leonardo to the Friar, and in the catastrophe makes Romeo expire before the awakening of Juliet; but for the rest it seems evident that the details of his narration are derived from the stories of Da Porto or Bandello. In concluding his account, he adds that he had many times seen the tomb or sarcophagus of the lovers, then used as a washing trough at the well of the Orphanage of St Francis, "and," says he, "discussing this matter with the Cavalier Gerardo Boldiero,¹ my uncle, he showed me, besides the aforesaid sepulchre, a place in the wall, on that side next the Rev. Capucini Fathers', from whence, as he assured me he had been given to understand, this sepulchre, containing bones and ashes, had been taken many years before."

With De la Corte's history ends the list of known works which, appearing before the date of publication of the 1st Quarto ed. of Romeo and Juliet, might possibly have been consulted by Shakespeare when engaged in the composition of his play; that there was at least one other work which may have been seen by him, we know from Brooke's Preface to his Poem, where he says:—"Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can look for (being there much better set forth than I have or can do), yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve the like good effect, etc., etc."

The question whether this play to which Brooke refers was seen by him on the English stage or abroad has been much discussed; the weight of opinion however is decidedly in favour of the former hypothesis, though, this being granted, whether this particular play held possession of our theatres up to Shakespeare's time, or was succeeded by others founded on it, must again remain matter for speculation only.

The popularity of the subject, however, and the very differences which exist in the plot of Shakespeare's Play as compared with the known works of his predecessors, render it more than probable, almost certain, that at the time he wrote, some play or plays on the subject occupied the English stage, and that to some extent he founded his drama on it or them. (See notes of the several Commentators on the Source of the plot, in Appendix to Furness's Variorum Shakespeare.) One little piece of evidence on this subject, which I do not recollect to have seen noted, is the confusion which exists in the stage directions of the old editions
cently, in the Examiner Newspaper, 3 Oct., 1874. Mr W. Minto has suggested that a sonnet prefixed to Florio's 'Second Fruits,' addressed by "Phaeton to his friend Florio," may claim Shakespeare as its author.

¹ A nephew of the Gerardo mentioned in connection with the poem of Clitia.

of Shakespeare's Play (Act V. Sc. 3) with reference to the character Peter.¹ This confusion points distinctly to the fact that Romeo's man in the lost play or plays was named Peter, as in the Italian, French, and English tales. Shakespeare probably reduced Peter to be the Nurse's man and re-named Romeo's man Balthazar—in his text they are perfectly distinct.

No traces, however, of any previous play (with the exception, if it is an exception, of that which I have mentioned as regards *Peter*) have come down to us; unless, indeed, in Shakespeare's Play itself, as some commentators profess to discover, there are to be seen the touches of an earlier and stranger hand. Boswell instances Benvolio's account, in (*Q₁*), of the fatal affray in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain (Act III. Sc. 1), as showing both in rhythm and construction "a much greater resemblance to the style of some of Shakspeare's predecessors than to his own" (p. 266, vol. vi., Variorum, 1821); yet I cannot but think that a comparison of the two versions of this speech in (*Q₁*) and *Q₂* would have convinced Boswell that the strangeness of the former was owing to the chaotic state of the MS. from which it was printed. Mr Grant White, who has gone at considerable length into a comparative study of (*Q₁*) and *Q₂*, also sees traces of another hand in some passages of the former, notably in Act II. Sc. 6, where Romeo and Juliet meet at the Friar's cell to be married, and in Act IV. Sc. 5, the lamentations over the supposed dead body of Juliet.

This, however, is a question of authorship and is apart from the subject of this volume. In the foregoing pages I have endeavoured to confine myself exclusively to matters connected with the sources of the Play, and to that subject, in the perusal of Brooke's Poem and Painter's prose narration, I now invite the attention of the reader.

POSTSCRIPT.

IN his introduction to the Poem of "Romeus & Juliet," by Brooke, and to Painter's Tale in the "Palace of Pleasure" (Shakespeare's Library, Vol. ii.), Mr Collier mentions a poem by Bernard Garter, of which the following is the Title page :—"The Tragical and True Historie which happened betwene two English louers. 1563. written by Ber. Gar. 1565. In oedibus Richardi Tottelli. Cum Priuilegio." This poem, says Mr Collier, "was composed in decided imitation of Arthur Brooke's 'Romeus and Juliet,' perhaps in consequence of the success of it, but it is inferior in every poetical quality." By the courtesy of Mr Christie-

¹ In (*Q₁*) "Enter Romeo and Balthasar," etc., and in the prefix to speeches sometimes 'Balt,' sometimes 'Man.' In *Q₂*, 3 and Ff. "Enter Romeo and Peter," and in the prefix to speeches, 'Pet.,' 'Man.,' 'Balt.,' and 'Boy.' *Q₄*, 5 give the entry and prefix correctly. See Parallel Texts ed.

Miller of Britwell, I have been enabled to examine this extremely rare little piece. It was, as Mr Collier observes, composed in decided imitation of Brooke, whose phraseology Garter in many places adopts : beyond this however it has nothing in common with the story of 'Romeus and Juliet.' The metre also differs in the two poems. Brooke employs rhyming lines of twelve and fourteen syllables, the first divided in 6-6, the second in 8-6. Garter's lines are each of fourteen syllables divided in 8-6. For a specimen take the following :—

“ Now mates the maister cries a pace,
good newes to every man,
Haw Jack thou scuruy lowsy boye
go tap and fill the can.
Be mery maisters drink a pace,
now make we all good sporte,
Our voyage almost ended is,
I see the wyshed porte,
Wherein by force we meane to land,
as we haue done the like,
by helpe of God, and by the force
of bended bowe and pyke.
Then ioye ech man within the ship,
theire sport is for a king,
And hey, how, ioly rombelowe,
the saylers all do sing.”

No names either of persons or places are mentioned in the poem. The personages are the Lovers, the Father and Mother of the damsel, her Nurse and an old Doctor, a friend of the young gentleman. The story may be summed up in few words :—A youthful couple meet and fall in love ; not knowing how to make their mutual passion known they fall sick. The lover at last confides in his friend the Doctor, to whom also the Nurse comes, to consult with him as to her young mistress's illness. The shrewd old Doctor learning thus the state of affairs, proposes to the parents of the young lady the marriage of the youthful pair. They consent, and the marriage is solemnized with great joy and splendour. Not long after, war with a neighbouring state being declared, the young husband sets sail with his Troops to attack a foreign port. He is successful in his enterprise and gains great renown by his prowess ; peace is proclaimed, and he is about to return home when one of his fellow soldiers maliciously accuses him of treason. Judgment by single combat is appealed to ; he defeats his antagonist, who confesses his villainy ; he forgives him and then—slays him. He himself, however, has been grievously wounded in the combat, dies the same night and is buried in the church of the captured town. His ship returns home with the sad intelligence, on hearing which his young wife dies suddenly of heart-break. Her mother follows her as suddenly.

“The father sawe, that he had lost
his daughter sonne and wife,
Would faine haue dyed, but yet doth last
his heauy hated life.

* * * * *

And those that knewe them every one
and sees the Siers unrest,
Do iudge of both, the wemens hap
in sorowe was the lest.
God graunt him quyet life to lyue
his cares away to pluck,
God send eche loue so true a harte,
yet lorde some better lucke.”

Finis. B. G.

¶ Imprinted at London
in Fletestrete within Temple
barre, at the signe of the hande
and starre, by Richard

Tottyll.

Anno. 1565

ON ‘WILY BEGUILED.’

I at one time thought it would have been part of my duty to add to these pages some account of the old play (author unknown) called Wily Beguiled; for though the first known edition of that play was printed as late as 1606, Malone's positive assertions as to its early date—and his judgment in matters of this kind is not lightly to be set aside—lead to the inference that Shakespeare made some use of it in preparing his Romeo and Juliet for the stage. It is certain that the resemblances between numerous passages in the two plays can only be accounted for on the ground that one poet borrowed from the other, and therefore the determination of the date of the production of Wily Beguiled became a matter of great interest. In a note to his life of Shakspeare (p. 169-70, vol. ii. ed. 1821) Malone says:—“The wretched state of the stage in 1589 and 1590 is ascertained by the history and the productions of that period. . . . Of the comedies of this period, very few have come down to us; but Wily Beguiled, Mucedorus, and the old Taming of a Shrew, which were highly admired, may serve to show of what materials those of an inferior quality, which have perished, were made.” He offers no proof for thus assigning Wily Beguiled to the period 1589-90; but in noting a passage in Romeo and Juliet (Act iii. Sc. 5) in which a remarkable similarity exists between the two plays, he states that “Wily Beguil'd was on the stage before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in his Have with you to Saffron Walden, printed in that year.” This would seem

conclusive ; but the fact is that the passage referred to in Nashe's pamphlet does not justify this positive statement. Nashe does not mention *the play of Wily Beguiled* at all, and in the phrase which he does use—"tricke of *Wily Beguily*"—it is extremely doubtful whether he meant any allusion to it : in my judgment he did not, for I can see nothing in the passage in question which would render any allusion to the play appropriate. The case is this :—Nashe accuses Dr Gabriel Harvey of endeavouring to enhance praise that had been bestowed on him, by heightening the reputation of the obscure individuals who had bestowed it. This proceeding Nashe calls a "tricke of *Wily Beguily*," as we might say a wily trick, a shuffling, hankey-pankey trick. The Play takes its title from its plot, a chief feature in which is to show how a wily lawyer was *beguiled* of his prey, and it contains nothing which could illustrate the accusation brought against Harvey. Had not the *Wily Beguily* of Nashe been printed with capital initials, and in italic, Malone himself, I fancy, would scarcely have accepted it as an allusion to, much less as a mention of, the play : and what small support this peculiarity in Nashe's tract lends to Malone's theory I leave to the judgment of those who have perused the tract. The original edition is without pagination ; the passage in question will be found in p. 118 of Collier's reprint.

[Since the above was written Mr Furnivall, who quite independently of and unknown to me had been investigating this question, has published in "Notes and Queries," 21st August, 1875, a paper which so exactly coincides with and proves my own conclusions on this point that its readers I feel will need no further assurance that Nashe did not, as Malone supposed, allude to the Play of 'Wily Beguiled' in his 'Have with you to Saffron Walden.' See Appendix.]

Recently, in a letter to the *Athenæum* (17 July, 1875), Mr J. W. Hales pointed out that 'Wily Beguiled' contained an allusion to the famous Cadiz expedition ;¹ and, accepting Malone's statement that the play is mentioned by Nashe, he was necessarily driven to the conclusion that it was "written in the late autumn of 1596 :" he has, however, since seen reason to believe that Malone's statement is erroneous, and therefore that his argument as to the date of Wily Beguiled must be abandoned. (See his second letter to *Athenæum*, 4 Sep., 1875.) The allusion to the Cadiz expedition—the truth of which, I imagine, will be universally admitted—is sufficient in itself to settle this point ; but there is, I believe, to be found in the play other evidence that it was later than 1596, not earlier than 1597, and probably much later. The clown, Will Cricket, detailing the prompt measures he intends to take for his wedding, says ;—

¹ "far-fetched and dear-bought is good for ladies ; and I am sure I have been as far as Cales to fetch that I have. I have been at Cambridge, a scholar ; at Cales, a soldier ; and now in the country, a lawyer, etc." The Cadiz, Gades or Cales expedition sailed from Plymouth 3 June, 1596, and returned 8 August, 1596. Bishop Hall refers to it in his Satires, 1597, and Ben Jonson in his 'Silent Woman,' 1609.

"for, do you mark, I am none of these sneaking fellows that will stand thrumming of caps, and studying upon a matter, *as long as Hunkes with the great head has been about to show his little wit in the second part of his paltry poetry:*" if this is, as I believe it to be, an allusion to Ben Jonson and an instance of the silly accusations, levelled at him, of his slowness in the production of his works, Wily Beguiled could scarcely be earlier than the end of 1597. "Three years they did provoke me," says Jonson, and then in 1601 he retorted with the 'Poetaster,' but I rather incline to a later date for this play, and in the absence of any other production than the Apologetical Dialogue with which Jonson supplemented his 'Poetaster,' to which could be applied the phrase, "second part of his paltry poetry," I should place the date of Wily Beguiled some time in 1602. But first perhaps it is desirable to afford some proof that by "Hunkes with the great head" is meant Ben Jonson. In the 'Satiromastix' Cap. Tucca calls Horace jun. (Jonson) "great Hunkes," and compares him to the "Saracen's Head at Newgate;" the allusion to his alleged slowness in composition requires no proof of its applicability to Jonson. The succession of things as regards the 'Poetaster,' 'Satiromastix,' 'Wily Beguiled,' and the 'Apologetical Dialogue,' I take to be this. After three years of provocation Jonson produced on the stage in 1601 the 'Poetaster'; this brought up 'Satiromastix'; this, in 1602, induced Jonson to publish the 'Poetaster,' at the end of which he says, in a note, he intended to add, by way of Epilogue, an Apology with his reasons for "publishing of this book." He was however restrained by authority from doing this, and he therefore requests the reader "to think charitably of what thou hast read, till thou mayest hear him speak what he hath written," i. e. the Apology.

And now, I suppose, 'Wily Beguiled' came in, and with the broad hint at the delay in producing the "second part of his paltry poetry" (? The Apology) caused Jonson to fulfil his promise, and speak once on the stage his "Apologetical dialogue."¹

This "newe exorcisme," coupled no doubt with the publication of the 'Poetaster,' brought 'Satiromastix' into print, also in 1602. See what Dekker says in his preface to it:—"neyther should this ghost of Tucca, have walkt up and downe Poules Church-yard, but that hee was raiz'd up (in print) by newe Exorcismes." [Is it necessary to observe that 'Satiromastix' was published in Paul's Church-yard?]

If this theory will bear the test of examination the date of the production of Wily Beguiled would be sometime in 1602. At any rate the imitations in it of the 'Merchant of Venice' and, I believe, of 'Twelfth Night,' must, together with the allusion to the Cales expedition pointed out by Mr Hales, upset Malone's positive assertions of its early date and prove that the author of 'Wily Beguiled,' not the author of 'Romeo and Juliet,' was the imitator.

¹ Jonson tells us in his folio ed. 1616, when he published the Apologetical Dialogue, that it was once spoken on the stage.

Wily Beguiled is indeed made up of shreds and patches ‘conveyed’ from other plays, and some little additional proofs of its lateness may perhaps be derived from its Prologue and its Epilogue : in the former we find, “ I’ll make him fly swifter than meditation ; ” compare *Hamlet*, I. v. 29-30, “ I, with wings as swift | As meditation, etc.” : in the latter is a line which would seem to be imitated from Jonson’s *Every man out of his Humour*, 1599.

Jonson, at the end :—“ but let them vanish, vapours ! ”—

‘ Wily Beguiled ’ :—“ And bid them vanish, vapours ! ”

This Epilogue, by the way, from 1st ed. 1606, is only reprinted in Collier’s “ History of Dramatic Poetry,” Vol. iii. p. 375.

Reprints of the Play of ‘ Wily Beguiled ’ will be found in Hawkins’ “ Origin of the English Drama,” 1773, and in Mr Hazlitt’s new edition of “ Dodsley’s Old Plays.”

I should add that Mr Hales in his second letter, above mentioned, states that Dr Brinsley Nicholson has placed at his disposal certain notes on this subject, “ in which he concludes, on the whole, that the play was written ‘in or after 1601.’ ”

APPENDIX.

Extract from Mr F. J. Furnivall’s paper in ‘ Notes and Queries,’ 5th S. iv., Aug. 21, 1875 :—

‘ Nashe, as is well known, uses the phrase *Wily Beguily* in his *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1596 ; but, having just read that tract very carefully, I feel certain that Nashe does not, in that phrase, allude to the play of *Wily Beguiled*. In the first place, Nashe gives to the phrase the meaning of “ wiliness,” “ deceit,” and not that of “ the would-be trickster tricked, or beguiler beguiled,” in which “ Wily beguiled ” is used in the play, and which is the original sense, as is shown by Dr John Harvey’s use, which I have lately hit on, of “ wily beguile himself,” without italics, in his *Discursive Probleme*, written in 1587, published in 1588 (the play was, in fact, called after a popular saw) :—

“ God, they say, sendeth commonly a curst cow short horns : and doth not the diuel, I say, in the winde-vpall, and in fine, oftner play *wilie beguile* him selfe, and crucifie his owne wretched limes, then atchieue his mischievous and malicious purposes, howsoeuer craftilie conueied, or feately packed either in one fraudulent sort or other ? ”—1588 ; Dr John Harvey, *Discursive Probleme*, p. 74.¹

Next, Nashe uses a great number of these reduplicated words in his tract ;

¹ Mr Hales in his second letter to the *Athenæum*, mentioned above, quotes from Ray’s ‘ Jocular Proverbs ’ *He hath played wily beguiled with himself.*

they are choice weapons in his well-furnished armoury of terms for ridicule and abuse. Here are those I have noted in the *Saffron Walden* :—

“ neighbor Quiquiffe,” “ Gorboduck Huddleduddle” (D 3), “ Hibble de beane” (G 4, back), “ Brachmanical fuddle-fubs” (H), “ Himpenhempen Slampamp,” “ Cockledemoy” (I, back), “ Gurmo Hidruntum,” “ Archibald Rupenrope” (K 4), “ Countes Mountes” (L), “ huffy tuffy” (L 4, back), “ Talamtana,” “ Tarrarantantara” (N), “ Wrinkle de crinkledum” (O 2), “ Kenimnowo” (R 2), “ Whipsidoxy” (R 4, back), “ scrimpum scrampum” (S), “ Piggen de wiggen” (V), “ prinkum prankums” (V, back)—all printed in italics ; or roman, where the context is in italic—besides “ hurly-burly,” “ pell-mell,” &c. And in his *Wily Beguily* passage he calls Gabriel Harvey “ Graphiel Hagiel” (*Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1596, T. Nashe, sig. Q 4, back) :—

“ But this was our *Graphiel Hagiel's* tricke of *Wily Beguily* herein, that whereas he could get no man of worth to cry *Placet* to his workes, or meeter it in his commendation, those worthlesse Whippets and Jack Strawes hee could get [1, Barnabe Barnes, 2, John Thorius, and 3, Anthonie Chute, whom Harvey likened, the 1st to Spenser and Baskerville (a valiant soldier), the 2nd to Bp Andrewes and Bodley, and the 3rd to the orator Dove and the Herald Clarencius], hee would seem to enable and compare with the highest. Herby hee thought to connycatch the simple world, and make them beleue, that these and these great men, euerie waye suitable to Syr Thomas Baskeruile, Master Bodley, Doctor Androwes, Doctor Doue, Clarencius and Master Spencer, had seperately contended to outstrip Pindarus in his *Olympicis*, and sty aloft to the highest pitch, to stellifie him aboue the cloudes, and make him shine next to Mercury.”

These facts leave no doubt in my mind that Nashe in the above passage made no reference to the play of *Wily Beguiled*.¹

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*THE TRAGICALL HIS-
torye of Romeus and Iuliet, writ-
ten first in Italian by Bandell,
and nowe in Englishe by
Ar. Br.*

*In actibus Richardi Tottelli.
Cum Priuilegio.*

To the Reader.

THe God of all glorie created vniuersallye all creatures, to sette forth his prayse, both those whiche we esteme profitable in vse and pleasure, and also those, whiche we accompte noysome, and lothsome. But principally he hath appointed man, the chiftest instrument of his honour, not onely, for ministryng matter thereof in man himselfe: but aswell in gatheryng out of other, the occasions of publishing Gods goodnes, wisdome, & power. And in like sort, euerye dooyng of man hath by Goddes dyspensacion some thyng, whereby God may, and ought to be honored. So the good doynges of the good, & the euill actes of the wicked, the happy successe of the blessed, and the wofull procedinges of the miserable, doe in diuers sorte sound one prayse of God. And as eche flower yeldeth hony to the bee: so every exaumple ministreth good lessons, to the well disposed mynde. The glorious triumphe of the continent man vpon the lustes of wanton fleshe, encourageth men to honest restraynt of wyld affections, the shamefull and wretched endes of such, as haue yelded their libertie thrall to fowle desires, teache men to withholde them selues from the hedlong fall of loose dishonestie. So, to lyke effect, by sundry meanes, the good mans exaumple byddeth men to be good, and the euill mans mischefe, warneth men not to be euyll. To this good ende, serue all ill endes, of yll begynnynges. And to this ende (good Reader) is this tragically matter written, to describe unto thee a couple of vnfortunat louers, thralling them-

To the Reader.

selues to vnhonest desire, neglecting the authoritie and aduise of parents and frendes, conferring their principall counsels with dronken gossyppes, and superstitious friers (the naturally fitte instrumentes of vnchastitie) attemptyng all aduentures of peryll, for thattaynyng of their wished lust, vsyng auricular confession (the kay of whoredome, and treason) for furtheraunce of theyr purpose, abusyng the honorable name of lawefull mariage, to cloke the shame of stolne contractes, finallye, by all meanes of vnhonest lyfe, hastyng to most vnhappye deathe. This president (good Reader) shalbe to thee, as the slaves of Lacedemon, oppressed with excesse of drinke, deformed and altered from likenes of men, both in mynde, and vse of body, were to the free borne children, so shewed to them by their parentes, to thintent to rayse in them an hatefull lothyng of so filthy beastlynes. Hereunto if you applye it, ye shall deliuier my dooing from offence, and profit your selues. Though I saw the same argument lately set foorth on stage with more commendation, then I can looke for: (being there much better set forth then I haue or can dooe) yet the same matter penned as it is, may serue to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke good myndes, to consider it. which hath the more incouraged me to publishe it, suche as it is. Ar. Br.

To the Reader.

A Mid the desert rockes, the mountaine beare.
Bringes forth vnformd, vnylike her selfe her yong :
Nought els but lumpes of fleshe withouten heare,
In tract of time, her often lyeking tong
Geues them such shape, as doth (ere long) delight
The lookers on : Or when one dogge doth shake
With moosled mouth, the ioyntes too weake to fight.
Or when vpright he standeth by his stake,
(A noble creast,) or wylde in sauage wood,
A dosyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,
With gaping mouth, and stayned iawes with blood,
Or els, when from the farthest heauens, they
The lode starres are, the wery pilates marke,
In stormes to gyde to hanen the tossed barke.

Right so my muse

Hath (now at length) with trauell long brought forth
Her tender whelpes, her diuers kindes of style,
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,
Which carefull trauell, and a longer whyle,
May better shape. The eldest of them loe,
I offer to the stake, my youthfull woorke,
Which one reprochfull mouth might ouerthrowe :
The rest (vnlickt as yet) a whyle shall lurke,
Tyll tyme geue strength, to meeete and match in fight
with slaunders whelpes. Then shall they tell of stryfe
Of noble tryumphes, and deedes of martial might,
And shall geue rules of chast and honest lyfe.
The whyle I pray that ye with fauour blame,
Or rather not reprove the laughing game
Of this my muse.

The Argument.

L Oue hath inflamed twayne by sodayn sight.
And both do graunt the thing that both desyre.
They wed in shrift by counsell of a frier.

Yong Romeus clymes fayre Iuliets bower by night.
Three monthes he doth enjoy his cheefe delight.

By Tybalts rage, prouoked vnto yre,
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.
A banisht man he scapes by secret flight.

New mariage is offred to his wyfe.
She drinkes a drinke that seemes to reue her breath.
They bury her, that sleping yet hath lyfe.
Her husband heares the tydinges of her death.

He drinkes his bane. And she with Romeus knyfe,
When she awakes, her selfe (alas) she sleath.

Romeus and Iuliet.

[Fo. 1]

- There is beyonde the Alps, / a towne of auncient fame
Whose bright renoune yet shineth cleare, / Verona men it name.
Bylt in an happy time, / bylt on a fertile soyle :
4 Mayntained by the heauenly fates, / and by the townish toyle.
The fruitfull hilles aboue, / the pleasant vales belowe,
The siluerstreame with chanell depe, / that through the towne doth flow :
The store of springes that serue / for vse, and eke for ease :
8 And other moe commodities / which profite may and please.
Eke many certaine signes / of thinges betyde of olde,
To fyll the houngry eyes of those / that curiously beholde :
Doe make this towne to be / preferde aboue the rest
12 Of Lumbard townes, or at the least / compared with the best.
In which while Escalus, / as prince alone dyd raigne,
To reache rewarde vnto the good, / to pay the lewde with payne.
Alas (I rew to thinke) / an heauy happe befell :
16 Which Boccace skant (not my rude tong) / were able forth to tell.
Within my trembling hande, / my penne doth shake for feare :
And on my colde amased head, / vpright doth stand my heare.
But sith she doth commaunde, / whose hest I must obaye,
20 In moorning verse, a wofull chaunce / to tell I will assayre.
Helpe learned Pallas, helpe, / ye muses with your arte,
Helpe all ye damned feendes to tell, / of ioyes retourned to smart.
Helpe eke ye sisters three, / my skillesse penne tindyte :
24 For you it causd which I (alas) / vnable am to wryte.
There were two auncient stockes, / which Fortune high dyd place
Aboue the rest, indewd with welth, / and nobler of their race,
Loued of the common sort, / loued of the Prince alike :
28 And like vnhappy were they both, / when Fortune list to strike.
Whose prayse with equall blast, / fame in her trumpet blew :

- The one was cliped Capelet, / and thother Montagew.
 A wonted vse it is, / that men of likely sorte
 32 (I wot not by what furye forsd) / enuye eche others porte.
 So these, whose egall state / bred enuye pale of hew,
 And then of grudging enuyes roote, / blacke hate and rancor grewe.
 As of a little sparke, / oft ryseth mighty fyre,
 36 So of a kyndled sparke of grudge, / in flames flashe out theyr yre.
 And then theyr deadly foode, / first hatchd of trifling stryfe : [Fo. 2]
 Did bathe in bloud of smarting woundes, / it reued breth and lyfe.
 No legend lye I tell, / scarce yet theyr eyes be drye :
 40 That did behold the grisly sight, / with wet and weeping eye.
 But when the prudent prince, / who there the scepter helde
 So great a new disorder in / his common weale behelde :
 By ientyl meane he sought, / their choler to asswage :
 44 And by perswasion to appease, / their blameful furious rage.
 But both his woords and tyme, / the prince hath spent in vayne :
 So rooted was the inward hate, / he lost his buisy Payne.
 When frendly sage aduise, / ne ientyll woords auayle :
 48 By thondring threats, and princely powre / their courage gan he quayle.
 In hope that when he had / the wasting flame supprest,
 In time he should quyte quench the sparks / that boornd within their
 brest.
 Now whilst these kyndreds do / remayne in this estate,
 52 And eche with outward frendly shew / dooth hyde his inward hate :
 One Romeus, who was / of race a Montague,
 Vpon whose tender chyn, as yet, / no manlyke beard there grewe.
 Whose beauty and whose shape / so farre the rest did stayne :
 56 That from the cheefe of Veron youth / he greatest fame dyd gayne.
 Hath founde a mayde so fayre / (he found so foule his happe)
 Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, / did so his heart entrappe,
 That from his owne affayres, / his thought she did remoue :
 60 Onely he sought to honor her, / to serue her, and to loue.
 To her he writeth oft, / oft messengers are sent :
 At length (in hope of better sped) / himselfe the louer went :
 Present to pleade for grace, / which absent was not founde :
 64 And to discouer to her eye / his new receaued wounde.
 But she that from her youth / was fostred euermore

- With vertues foode, and taught in schole / of wisdomes skilfull lore :
By aunswere did cutte of / thaffections of his loue,
- 68 That he no more occasion had / so wayne a sute to moue.
So sterne she was of chere, / (for all the payne he tooke)
That in reward of toyle, she would / not geue a frendly looke.
And yet how much she did / with constant mind retyre :
- 72 So much the more his feruent minde / was prickt fourth by desyre.
But when he many monthes, / hopelesse of his recure, [Po. 3]
Had serued her, who forced not / what paynes he did endure :
At length he thought to leaue / Verona, and to proue,
- 76 If chaunge of place might chaunge awaye / his ill bestowed loue.
And speaking to himselfe, / thus gan he make his mone :
What booteth me to loue and serue / a fell vnthankfull one,
Sith that my humble sute / and labour sowede in wayne,
- 80 Can reap none other fruite at all / but scorne and proude disdayne :
What way she seekes to goe, / the same I seeke to runne :
But she the path wherin I treade, / with speedy flight doth shunne.
I can not liue, except / that nere to her I be :
- 84 She is ay best content when she / is farthest of from me.
Wherfore henceforth I will / farre from her take my flight :
Perhaps mine eye once banished / by absence from her sight :
This fyre of myne, that by / her pleasant eyne is fed :
- 88 Shall little and little weare away, / and quite at last be ded.
But whilst he did decree / this purpose still to kepe :
A contrary repugnant thought / sanke in his brest so depe :
That doutefull is he now, / which of the twayne is best :
- 92 In sighs, in teares, in plainte, in care, / in sorow and vnrest.
He mones the daye, he wakes / the long and very night,
So deepe hath loue with pearcing hand, / ygraud her bewty bright.
Within his brest, and hath / so mastred quite his hart :
- 96 That he of force must yeld as thrall, / no way is left to start.
He can not staye his steppe, / but forth still must he ronne,
He languisheth and melts awaye, / as snow against the sonne.
His kyndred and alyes / do wonder what he ayles,
- 100 And eche of them in frendly wise, / his heauy hap bewayles.
But one emong the rest, / the trustiest of his feeres.
Farre more then he with counsel fild, / and ryper of his yeeres.

- Gan sharply him rebuke, / suche loue to him he bare :
 104 That he was felow of his smart, / and partner of his care.
 What meanst thou Romeus / (quoth he) what doting rage
 Dooth make thee thus consume away, / the best parte of thine age,
 In seking her that scornes, / and hydes her from thy sight :
 108 Not forsing all thy great expence, / ne yet thy honor bright.
 Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, / ne thine vnspotted truth : [Fo. 4]
 Which are of force (I weene) to moue / the hardest hart to ruthe.
 Now for our frendships sake, / and for thy health I pray :
 112 That thou hencefoorth become thyne owne, / O geue no more away.
 Vnto a thankeles wight, / thy precious free estate :
 In that thou louest such a one, / thou seemst thy selfe to hate.
 For she doth loue els where, / (and then thy time is lorne)
 116 Or els (what booteh thee to sue) / loues court she hath forsworne.
 Both yong thou art of yeres, / and high in Fortunes grace :
 What man is better shadp than thou ? / who hath a sweeter face ?
 By painfull studies meane, / great learning hast thou wonne :
 120 Thy parentes haue none other heyre, / thou art theyr onely sonne.
 What greater grieve (trowst thou ?) / what wofull dedly smart
 Should so be able to distraine / thy seely fathers hart ?
 As in his age to see / thee plonged deepe in vyce :
 124 When greatest hope he hath to heare / thy vertues fame arise.
 What shall thy kinsmen thinke, / thou cause of all theyr ruthe ?
 Thy dedly foes do laugh to skorne / thy yll employed youth.
 Wherfore my counsell is, / that thou henceforth beginne
 128 To knowe and flye the errour which / to long thou liuedst in.
 Remoue the veale of loue, / that keepes thine eyes so blynde :
 That thou ne canst the ready path / of thy forefathers fynde.
 But if vnto thy will / so much in thrall thou art :
 132 Yet in some other place bestowe / thy witles wandring hart.
 Choose out some worthy dame, / her honor thou and serue,
 Who will geue eare to thy complaint / and pitty ere thou sterue.
 But sow no more thy paynes / in such a barrayne soyle :
 136 As yeldes in haruest time no crop / in recompence of toyle.
 Ere long the townishe dames / together will resort :
 Some one of bewty, fauour, shape, / and of so louely porte :
 With so fast fixed eye, / perhaps thou mayst beholde :

140 That thou shalt quite forget thy lone, / and passions past of olde.

The yong mans lystning eare / receiude the holesome sounde,
And reasons truth yplanted so, / within his head had grounde :
That now with healthy coole / ytempred is the heate :

144 And piecemeale weares away the greefe / that erst his heart dyd freate.

To his approued frend, / a solemne othe he plight : [Fo. 5]
At euery feast ykept by day, / and banquet made by night :
At pardons in the churche, / at games in open streate :

148 And euery where he would resort / where Ladies wont to meeete.

Eke should his sauage heart / lyke all indifferently :
For he would view and iudge them all / with vnallured eye.
How happy had he been / had he not been forsworne :

152 But twyse as happy had he been / had he been neuer borne.

For ere the Moone could thryse / her wasted hornes renew,
False Fortune cast for him poore wretch, / a myschiefe newe to brewe.
The very winter nightes / restore the Christmas games :

156 And now the season doth inuite / to banquet townish dames.

And fyrist in Capels house, / the chiefe of all the kyn :
Sparth for no cost, the wonted vse / of banquets to begyn.
No Lady fayre or fowle / was in Verona towne :

160 No knyght or gentleman / of high or lowe renowne .

But Capilet himselfe / hath byd vnto his feast :
Or by his name in paper sent, / appoyn ted as a geast.
Yong damsels thether flocke, / of bachelers a rowte :

164 Not so much for the banquets sake, / as bewties to searche out.

But not a Montagew / would enter at his gate :
For as you heard, the Capilets, / and they were at debate.
Sane Romeus, and he / in maske with hidden face :

168 The supper done, with other fие / dyd prease into the place.

When they had maskd a whyle, / with dames in courtly wise :
All dyd vnmaske, the rest dyd shew / them to theyr ladies eyes.
But bashfull Romeus / with shamefast face forsooke

172 The open prease, and him withdrew / into the chambers nooke.

But brighter then the sunne, / the waxen torches shone :
That mauger what he could, he was / espyd of euery one.
But of the women cheefe, / theyr gasing eyes that threwe

176 To woonder at his sightly shape / and bewties spotles hewe.

- With which the heauens him had / and nature so bedect :
 That Ladies thought the fayrest dames / were fowle in his respect.
 And in theyr head beside, / an other woonder rose,
 180 How he durst put himselfe in throng / among so many foes.
 Of courage stoute theyr thought / his cumming to procede : [Fo. 6]
 And women loue an hardy hart / as I in stories rede.
 The Capilets disdayne / the priesence of theyr foe :
 184 Yet they suppresse theyr stirred yre, / the cause I do not knowe.
 Perhaps toffend theyr gestes / the courteous knights are loth,
 Perhaps they stay from sharpe reuenge, / dreadyng the Princes wroth.
 Perhaps for that they shamd / to exercise theyr rage :
 188 Within their house, aginst one alone / and him of tender age.
 They vse no taunting talke, / ne harme him by theyr deede :
 They neyther say, what makst thou here, / ne yet they say God speede.
 So that he freely might / the Ladies view at ease :
 192 And they also behelding him, / their chaunge of fansies please.
 Which nature had him taught / to doe with such a grace,
 That there was none but ioyed at / his being there in place.
 With vpright beame he wayd / the bewty of eche dame,
 196 And iudgd who best, and who next her, / was wrought in natures frame.
 At length he saw a mayd, / right fayre of perfect shape :
 Which Theseus, or Paris would / haue chosen to their rape.
 Whom erst he neuer sawe, / of all she pleasde him most :
 200 Within himselfe he said to her, / thou justly mayst thee boste.
 Of perfit shapes renoune, / and Beauties sounding prayse :
 Whose like ne hath, ne shalbe seene, / ne liueth in our dayes.
 And whilst he fixd on her / his partiall perced eye,
 204 His former loue, for which of late / he ready was to dye.
 Is nowe as quite forgotte, / as it had neuer been :
 The prouerbe saith vnminded oft / are they that are vnseene.
 And as out of a planke / a nayle a nayle doth drine :
 208 So nouell loue out of the minde / the auncient loue doth riue.
 This sodain kindled fyre / in time is wox so great :
 That onely death, and both theyr blouds / might quench the fiery heate.
 When Romeus saw himselfe / in this new tempest tost :
 212 Where both was hope of pleasant port, / and daunger to be lost :
 He doubtefull, skasely knew / what countenance to keepe

- In Lethies floud his wonted flames / were quenchd and drenched deepe.
Yea he forgets himselfe, / ne is the wretch so bolde
- 216 To aske her name, that without force / hath him in bondage folde.
Ne how tunloose his bondes / doth the poore foole deuise, [Fo. 7]
But onely seeketh by her sight / to feede his houngry eyes
Through them he swalloweth downe / loues sweete empoysonde baite,
- 220 How surely are the wareles wrapt / by those that lye in wayte?
So is the poyon spred / throughout his bones and vaines:
That in a while (alas the while) / it hasteth deadly paines.
Whilst Iuliet (for so / this gentle damsell hight)
- 224 From syde to syde on euery one / dyd cast about her sight:
At last her floting eyes / were ancored fast on him,
Who for her sake dyd banishe health / and fredome from eche limme.
He in her sight did seeme / to passe the rest as farre
- 228 As Phoebus shining beames do passe / the brightnes of a starre.
In wayte laye warlike loue / with golden bowe and shaft,
And to his eare with steady hand / the bowstring vp he raft.
Till now she had escapde / his sharpe inflaming darte:
- 232 Till now he listed not assaulte / her yong and tender hart.
His whetted arrow loosde, / so touchd her to the quicke:
That through the eye it strake the hart, / and there the hedde did sticke.
It booted not to striue, / for why, she wanted strength:
- 236 The weaker aye vnto the strong / of force must yeld at length.
The pomps now of the feast / her heart gyns to despysse:
And onely ioyeth when her eyen / meete with her louers eyes.
When theyr new smitten heartes / had fed on louing gleames:
- 240 Whilst passing too and fro theyr eyes / ymingled were theyr beames.
Eche of these louers gan / by others lookes to knowe:
That frendship in their brest had roote, / and both would haue it grow.
When thus in both theyr harts / had Cupide made his breache:
- 244 And eche of them had sought the meane / to end the warre by speache.
Dame Fortune did assent / theyr purpose to aduaunce:
With torche in hand a comly knight / did fetch her foorth to daunce.
She quit her selfe so well, / and with so trim a grace:
- 248 That she the cheefe prayse wan that night / from all Verona race.
The whilst our Romeus, / a place had warely wonne:
Nye to the seate where she must sit, / the daunce once beyng donne.

- Fayre Iuliet tourned to, / her chayre with pleasant cheere :
 252 And glad she was her Romeus / approched was so neere.
 At thone side of her chayre, / her louer Romeo : [Fo. 8]
 And on the other side there sat / one cald Mercutio.
 A courtier that eehe where / was highly had in pryce :
 256 For he was coorteous of his speche, / and pleasant of deuise.
 Euen as a Lyon would / emong the lambes be bolde :
 Such was emong the bashfull maydes, / Mercutio to beholde.
 With frendly gripe he ceasd / fayre Iuliets snowish hand :
 260 A gyft he had that nature gaue / him in his swathing band.
 That frozen mountayne yse / was neuer halfe so cold
 As were his handes, though nere so neer / the fire he dyd them holde.
 As soone as had the knight / the vyrgins right hand raught :
 264 Within his trembling hand her left / hath louing Romeus caught.
 For he wist well himselfe / for her abode most payne :
 And well he wist she loued him best, / ynles she list to fayne.
 Then she with tender hand / his tender palme hath prest :
 268 What ioy, trow you was graffed so / in Romeus clouen brest ?
 The soodain sweete delight / hath stopped quite his tong :
 Ne can he claime of her his right, / ne craue redresse of wrong.
 But she espyd straight waye / by chaunging of his hewe
 272 From pale to red, from red to pale, / and so from pale anewe :
 That vhemt loue was cause, / why so his tong dyd stay :
 And somuch more she longde to heare / what loue could teache him saye.
 When she had longed long, / and he long held his peace,
 276 And her desire of hearing him, / by sylence dyd encrease.
 At last with trembling voyce / and shamefast chere, the mayde
 Vnto her Romeus tournde her selfe, / and thus to him she sayde.
 O blessed be the time / of thy arriuall here :
 280 But ere she could speake forth the rest, / to her loue drewe so nere :
 And so within her mouth, / her tong he glewed fast,
 That no one woord could scape her more, / then what already past.
 In great contented ease / the yong man straight is rapt,
 284 What chaunce (q' he) vnware to me / O lady myne is hapt ?
 That geues you worthy cause, / my cumming here to blisse :
 Fayre Iuliet was come agayne / vnto her selfe by this.
 Fyrst ruthfully she lookd, / then sayd with smylyng cheere :

- 288 Meruayle no whit my heartes delight, / my onely knight and fere.
 Mercutious ysy hande / had all to frozen myne
 And of thy goodnes thou agayne / hast warmed it with thine.
 Whereto with stayed brow, / gan Romeus to replye
- 292 If so the gods haue graunted me, / suche fauour from the skye,
 That by my being here, / some seruice I haue donne
 That pleaseth you I am as glad, / as I a realme had wonne,
 O wel bestowed tyme. / that hath the happy hyre,
- 296 Which I woulde wysh if I might haue, / my wished harts desire.
 For I of God woulde craue, / as prysse of paynes forpast.
 To serue, obey, and honor you, / so long as lyfe shall last.
 As prooфе shall teache you playne, / if that you like to trye
- 300 His faltles truth, that nill for ought, / vnto his lady lye.
 But if my tooched hand, / haue warmed yours some dele
 Assure your self the heat is colde, / which in your hand you fele.
 Compard to suche quick sparks / and glowing furious gleade
- 304 As from your bewties pleasaunt eyne, / loue caused to proceade.
 Which haue so set on fyre, / eche feling parte of myne.
 That lo, my mynde doeth melt awaye : / my vtwerd parts doe pyne.
 And but you helpe all whole, / to ashes shall I toorne :
- 308 Wherfore (alas) haue ruth on him, / whom you do force to boorne.
 Euen with his ended tale, / the torches daunce had ende,
 And Iuliet of force must part / from her new chosen frend.
 His hand she clasped hard, / and all her partes did shake :
- 312 When lay sureles with whispring voyce / thus did she aunswer make.
 You are no more your owne / (deare frend) then I am yours
 (My honor sauued) prest tobay / your will, while life endures.
 Lo here the lucky lot / that sild true louers finde :
- 316 Eche takes away the others hart, / and leaues the owne behinde.
 A happy life is loue / if God graunt from aboue,
 That hart with hart by euen waight / doo make exchaunge of loue.
 But Romeus gone from her, / his heart for care is colde :
- 320 He hath forgot to aske her name / that hath his hart in holde.
 With forged careles cheere, / of one he seekes to knowe,
 Both how she hight, and whence she camme, / that him enchaunted so.
 So hath he learnt her name, / and knowth she is no geast.
- 324 Her father was a Capilet, / and master of the feast.

[Fo. 9]

- Thus hath his foe in choyse / to geue him lyfe or death : [Fo. 10]
 That scarsely can his wofull brest / keepe in the liuely breath.
 Wherfore with piteous plaint / feerce Fortune doth he blame :
- 328 That in his ruth and wretched plight / doth seeke her laughing game.
 And he reproueth loue, / cheefe cause of his vnrest :
 Who ease and freedome hath exilde / out of his youthfull brest.
 Twyse hath he made him serue, / hopeles of his rewarde :
- 332 Of both the ylles to choose the lesse, / I weene the choyse were harde.
 Fyrst to a ruthlesse one / he made him sue for grace :
 And now with spurre he forceth him / to ronne an endles race.
 Amyd these stormy seas / one ancor doth him holde,
- 336 He serueth not a cruell one, / as he had done of olde.
 And therfore is content, / and chooseth still to serue :
 Though hap should sweare that guerdonles / the wretched wight
 should sterue.
- The lot of Tantalus / is Romeus lyke to thine
- 340 For want of foode amid his foode, / the myser styll doth pine.
 As carefull was the mayde / what way were best deuise
 To learne his name, that intertaind / her in so gentle wise.
 Of whome her hart receiued / so deepe, so wyde a wounde,
- 344 An auncient dame she calde to her, / and in her eare gan rounde.
 This olde dame in her youth, / had nurst her with her mylke,
 With slender nedle taught her sow, / and how to spin with silke.
 What twayne are those (quoth she) / which please vnto the doore,
- 348 Whose pages in theyr hand doe beare, / two toorches light before.
 And then as eche of them / had of his houshold name,
 So she him namde yet once agayne / the yong and wyly dame.
 And tell me who is he / with vysor in his hand
- 352 That yender doth in masking weede / besyde the window stand.
 His name is Romeus / (said she) a Montegewe.
 Whose fathers pryd first styrd the strife / which both your hous-
 holdes rewē.
- The woord of Montegew, / her ioyes did ouerthrow,
- 356 And straight in steade of happy hope, / dyspayre began to growe.
 What hap haue I quoth she, / to loue my fathers foe ?
 What, am I wery of my wele ? / what, doe I wishe my woe ?
 But though her grieuous paynes / distractind her tender hart,

- 360 Yet with an outward shewe of ioye / she cloked inward smart.
And of the courtlyke dames / her leauie so courtly tooke, [Fo. 11]
That none dyd gesse the sodain change / by changing of her looke.
Then at her mothers hest / to chamber she her hyde
- 364 So well she faynde, mother ne nurce, / the hidden harme descride.
But when she should haue slept / as wont she was, in bed,
Not halfe a winke of quiet slepe / could harber in her hed.
For loe, an hugy heape / of dyuers thoughtes arise
- 368 That rest haue banisht from her hart, / and slumber from her eyes.
And now from side to side / she tosseth and she turnes,
And now for feare she sheuereth, / and now for loue she burns.
And now she lykes her choyse, / and now her choyse she blames,
- 372 And now eche houre within her head / a thousand fansies frames
Sometime in mynde to stop, / amyd her course begonne
Sometime she vowes what so betyde, / that attempted race to ronne.
Thus dangers dred and loue, / within the mayden fought,
- 376 The fight was feerce continuynge long / by their contrary thought.
In tourning mase of loue / she wandreth too and fro,
Then standeth doubtfull what to doe, / last ouer prest with woe.
How so her fansies cease, / her teares dyd neuer blyn,
- 380 With heauy cheere and wringed hands / thus doth her plaint begyn.
Ah sily foole (quoth she) / ycought in soottill snare :
Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe, / ah caytife clad with care.
Whence come these wandring thoughtes / to thy vnconstant brest ?
- 384 By straying thus from raysons lore, / that reue thy wonted rest.
What if his suttell brayne / to fayne haue taught his tong,
And so the snake that lurkes in grasse / thy tender hart hath stong ?
What if with frendly speache / the traytor lye in wayte ?
- 388 As oft the poysond hooke is hid, / wrapt in the pleasant bayte ?
Oft vnder cloke of truth / hath falshod serued her lust ;
And toornd theyr honor into shame, / that did so slightly trust.
What, was not Dido so, / a crouned Queene, defam'd ?
- 392 And eke, for such an heynous cryme, / haue men not Theseus blam'd ?
A thousand stories more, / to teache me to beware,
In Boccace and in Ouids booke / too playnely written are.
Perhaps, the great reuenge / he cannot worke by strength,
- 396 By suttel sleight (my honor staynde) / he hopes to worke at length.

- So shall I seeke to finde / my fathers foe, his game ; [Fo. 12]
 So I befyld Report shall take / her trompe of blacke defame,
 Whence she with puffed cheeke / shall blowe a blast so shrill
 400 Of my dispayse, that with the noyse / Verona shall she fill.
 Then I, a laughing stocke / through all the towne becomme,
 Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame, / within an hollowe toombe.
 Straight vnderneath her foote / she treadeth in the dust
 404 Her troublesom thought, as wholy vaine, / ybred of fond distrust.
 No, no, by God aboue, / I wot it well, quoth shee,
 Although I rashely spake before, / in no wise can it bee,
 That where such perfet shape / with pleasant bewty restes,
 408 There crooked craft and trayson blacke / should be appoynted gestes.
 Sage writers say, the thoughts / are dwelling in the eyne ;
 Then sure I am, as Cupid raignes, / that Romeus is myne.
 The tong the messenger / eke call they of the mynd ;
 412 So that I see he loueth me, / shall I then be vnkynd ?
 His faces rosy hew / I saw full oft to seeke ;
 And straight againe it flashed foorth, / and spred in eyther cheeke.
 His fyxed heauenly eyne / that through me quite did perce
 416 His thoughts vnto my hart, my thought / they semed to rehearce.
 What ment his foltring tunge / in telling of his tale ?
 The trembling of his ioynts, and eke / his cooler waxen pale ?
 And whilst I talkt with him, / hym self he hath exylde
 420 Out of him self (as seemed me) / ne was I sure begylde.
 Those arguments of loue / craft wrate not in his face,
 But natures hande, when all deceytle / was banishd out of place.
 What other certayn signes / seke I of his good wil ?
 424 These doo suffise ; and stedfast I / will loue and serue him still,
 Till Attropos shall cut / my fatall thread of lyfe,
 So that he mynde to make of me / his lawfull wedded wyfe.
 For so perchaunce this new / aliance may procure
 428 Vnto our houses such a peace / as euer shall endure.
 Oh how we can perswade / our self to what we like,
 And how we can diswade our mynd, / if ought our mynd mislyke.
 Weake arguments are stronge, / our fansies streyght to frame
 432 To pleasing things, and eke to shonne, / if we mislike the same.
 The mayde had scarsely yet / ended the wery warre,

- Kept in her heart by striuing thoughtes, / when euery shining starre
Had payd his borowed light, / and Phebus spred in skies
- 436 His golden rayes, which seemd to say, / now time it is to rise.
And Romeus had by this / forsaken his very bed,
Where restles he a thousand thoughts / had forged in his hed.
And while with lingring step / by Iuliets house he past,
- 440 And vpward to her windowes high / his gredy eyes did cast:
His loue that looked for him / there gan he straight espie.
With pleasant cheere eche greeted is ; / she followeth with her eye
His parting steppes, and he / oft looketh backe againe,
- 444 But not so oft as he desyres ; / warely he doth refraine.
What life were lyke to loue, / if dred of ieopardy
Ysowred not the sweete ; if loue / were free from ielosy.
But she more sure within, / vnseene of any wight,
- 448 When so he comes, lookest after him / till he be out of sight.
In often passing so, / his busy eyes he threw,
That euery pane and tooting hole / the wily louer knew.
In happy houre he doth / a garden plot espye,
- 452 From which, except he warely walke, / men may his loue descrye ;
For lo, it fronted full / vpon her leaning place,
Where she is woont to shew her heart / by cheerefull frendly face.
And lest the arbors might / theyr secret loue bewraye,
- 456 He doth keepe backe his forward foote / from passing there by daye ;
But when on earth the night / her mantel blacke hath spred,
Well armd he walketh foorth alone, / ne dreadfull foes doth dred.
Whom maketh loue not bold, / naye whom makes he not blynde ?
- 460 He reueth daungers dread oft times / out of the louers minde.
By night he passeth here, / a weeke or two in vayne ;
And for the missing of his marke, / his griefe hath him nye slaine.
And Iuliet that now / doth lacke her hearts releefe :
- 464 Her Romeus pleasant eyen (I meene) / is almost dead for greefe.
Eche day she chaungeth howres / (for louers keepe an howre)
When they are sure to see theyr loue, / in passing by their bowre.
Impatient of her woe, / she hapt to leane one night
- 468 Within her window, and anon / the Moone did shine so bright
That she espyde her loue, / her hart reuiued, sprang ; [Fo. 14]
And now for ioy she clappes her handes, / which erst for woe she wrang.

- Eke Romeus, when he sawe / his long desired sight,
 472 His moorning cloke of mone cast of, / hath clad him with delight.
 Yet dare I say, of both / that she reioyced more :
 His care was great, hers twise as great / was all the tyme before ;
 For whilst she knew not why / he dyd himselfe absent,
 476 Ay douting both his health and lyfe, / his death she dyd lament.
 For loue is fearefull oft, / where is no cause of feare :
 And what loue feares, that loue laments, / as though it chaunced weare.
 Of greater cause alway / is greater woorke ybred :
 480 While he nought douteth of her helth, / she dreads lest he be ded.
 When onely absence is / the cause of Romeus smart :
 By happy hope of sight agayne / he feedes his faynting hart.
 What woonder then if he / were wrapt in lesse annoye ?
 484 What maruell if by sodain sight / she fed of greater ioye ?
 His smaller greefe or ioy / no smaller loue doo proue ;
 Ne, for she passed him in both, / did she him passe in loue :
 But eche of them alike / dyd burne in equall flame,
 488 The welbelouing knight, and eke / the welbeloued dame.
 Now whilst with bitter teares / her eyes as fountaynes ronne :
 With whispering voyce, ybroke with sobs, / thus is her tale begonne :
 Oh Romeus (of your lyfe) / too lauas sure you are :
 492 That in this place, and at thys tyme / to hasard it you dare.
 What if your dedly foes / my kyngmen, saw you here ?
 Lyke Lyons wylde, your tender partes / asonder would they teare.
 In ruth and in disdayne, / I, weary of my life :
 496 With cruell hand my moorning hart / would perce with bloudy knyfe.
 For you, myne owne once dead, / what ioy should I haue heare ?
 And eke my honor staynde which I / then lyfe doe holde more deare.
 Fayre lady myne, dame Iuliet, / my lyfe (quod he)
 500 Euen from my byrth committed was / to fatall sisters three.
 They may in spyte of foes, / draw foorth my liuely threed ;
 And they also, who so sayth nay, / a sonder may it shreed.
 But who to reaue my lyfe, / his rage and force would bende,
 504 Perhaps should trye vnto his paine / how I it could defende.
 Ne yet I loue it so, / but alwayes, for your sake,
 A sacrifice to death I would / my wounded corps betake.
 If my mishappe were such, / that here, before your sight,

- 508 I should restore agayne to death, / of lyfe my borowde light,
This one thing and no more / my parting sprite would rewē :
That part he should, before that you / by certaine triall knew
The loue I owe to you, / the thrall I languish in :
- 512 And how I dread to loose the gayne / which I doe hope to win :
And how I wishe for lyfe, / not for my propre ease :
But that in it, you might I loue, / you honor, serue and please.
Tyll dedly pangs the sprite / out of the corps shall send :
- 516 And therupon he sware an othe, / and so his tale had ende.
Now loue and pitty boyle / in Iuliets ruthfull brest,
In windowe on her leaning arme / her weary hed doth rest
Her bosome bathd in teares, / to witnes inward payne,
- 520 With dreary chere to Romeus / thus aunswerd she agayne
Ah my deere Romeus, / keepe in these woordes (quod she)
For lo, the thought of such mischaunce, / already maketh me
For pitty and for dred / welnigh to yelde vp breath :
- 524 In euen ballance peyzed are / my life and eke my death.
For so my hart is knitte, / yea, made one selfe with yours :
That sure there is no greefe so small, / by which your mynde endures.
But as you suffer payne, / so I doe beare in part :
- 528 (Although it lessens not your greefe) / the halfe of all your smart.
But these thinges ouerpast, / if of your health and myne
You haue respect, or pitty ought / my teary weping eyen :
In few vnfained woords / your hidden mynd vnsfolde,
- 532 That as I see your pleasant face, / your heart I may beholde.
For if you doe intende / my honor to defile :
In error shall you wander still / as you haue done this whyle,
But if your thought be chaste, / and haue on vertue ground,
- 536 If wedlocke be the ende and marke / which your desire hath found :
Obedience set aside, / vnto my parentes dewe :
The quarell eke that long agoe / betwene our housholdes grewe :
Both me and myne I will / all whole to you betake :
- 540 And following you where so you goe, / my fathers house forsake.
But if by wanton loue, / and by vnlawfull sute. [Fo. 16]
You thinke in ripest yeres to plucke / my maydenhods dainty frute :
You are begylde, and now / your Iuliet you be seekes
- 544 To cease your sute, and suffer her / to liue emong her likes.

Then Romeus, whose thought / was free from fowle desyre :

And to the top of vertues haight / did worthely aspyre :

Was fild with greater ioy / then can my pen expresse :

548 Or, till they haue enioyd the like / the hearers hart can gesse.

And then with ioyned hands / heaud vp into the skies :

He thankes the Gods, and from the heauens / for vengeance downe
he cries,

If he haue other thought, / but as his lady spake :

552 And then his looke he toornd to her, / and thus did aunswere make.

Since Lady, that you like / to honor me so much,

As to accept me for your spouse, / I yeld my selfe for such.

In true witnes wherof, / because I must depart,

556 Till that my deede do proue my woord, / I leaue in pawne my hart.

To morow eke betimes, / before the sunne arise :

To fryer Lawrence will I wende, / to learne his sage aduise.

He is my gostly syre, / and oft he hath me taught

560 What I should doe in things of wayght, / when I his ayde haue sought.

And at this selfe same houre, / I plyte you here my fayth :

I wil be here (if you thinke good) / to tell you what he sayth.

She was contented well, / els fauour found he none

564 That night, at lady Iuliets hand, / sauе pleasant woordes alone.

This barefoote fryer gyrt / with cord his grayish weede,

For he of Frauncis order was, / a fryer as I reede.

Not as the most was he, / a grosse vnlearned foole :

568 But doctor of diuinitie / proceded he in schoole.

The secretes eke he knew, / in natures woorkes that loorke :

By magiks arte most men supposd / that he could wonders worke.

Ne doth it ill beseeme / deuines those skils to know :

572 If on no harmefull deede they do / such skilfulnes bestow.

For iustly of no arte / can men condemne the vse :

But right and reasons lore crye out / agaynst the lewd abuse.

The bounty o the fryer / and wisdom hath so wonne

576 The townes folks herts, that welnigh all / to fryer Lawrence ronne.

To shriue them selfe the olde, / the yong, the great and small : [Fo. 17]

Of all he is beloued well, / and honord much of all.

And for he did the rest / in wisdome farre exceede :

580 The prince by him (his counsell craude) / was holpe at time of neede.

Betwixt the Capilets / and him great friendship grew :

A secret and assured frend / vnto the Montegue.

Loued of this yong man more / then any other gest,

584 The frier eke of Verone youth / aye liked Romeus best.

For whom he euer hath / in time of his distres :

(As erst you heard) by skilfull lore / found out his harmes redresse.

To him is Romeus gonne, / ne stayth he till the morowe :

588 To him he paunteth all his case, / his passed ioy and sorow.

How he hath her espyde / with other dames in daunce,

And how that first to talke with her, / himselfe he did aduaunce ;

Their talke and change of lookes / he gan to him declare :

592 And how so fast by fayth and troth / they both ycoupled are,

That neither hope of lyfe, / nor dred of cruel death,

Shall make him false his fayth to her / while lyfe shall lend him
breath.

And then with weping eyes / he prayes his gostly syre

596 To further and accomplish all / theyr honest hartes desire.

A thousand doutes and moe / in thold mans hed arose :

A thousand daungers like to come, / the olde man doth disclose,

And from the spousall rites / he readeth him refrayne :

600 Perhaps he shalbe bet aduiside / within a weeke or twayne.

Aduise is banishd quite / from those that followe loue,

Except aduise to what they like / theyr bending mynde do moue.

As well the father might / haue counseld him to stay

604 That from a mountaines top thrown downe, / is falling halfe the way :

As warne his frend to stop, / amyd his race begonne,

Whom Cupid with his smarting whip / enforceth foorth to ronne.

Part wonne by earnest sute, / the fryer doth graunt at last :

608 And part, because he thinkes the stormes / so lately ouerpast,

Of both the housholdes wrath / this mariage might apease,

So that they should not rage agayne, / but quite for euer cease.

The respite of a day / he asketh to deuyse :

612 What way were best, vnknowne to ende / so great an enterprise.

The wounded man that now / doth dedly paines endure :

[Fo. 18]

Scarce pacient tarieth whilst his leeche / doth make the salue to cure.

So Romeus hardly graunts / a short day and a night,

616 Yet nedes he must, els must he want / his onely hearts delight.

- You see that Romeus / no time or payne doth spare :
 Thinke that the whilst fayre Iuliet / is not deuoyde of care.
 Yong Romeus powreth foorth / his hap and his mishap,
 620 Into the friers brest, but where / shall Iuliet vnwrap
 The secretes of her hart ? / to whom shall she vnfolde,
 Her hidden burning loue, and eke / her thought and cares so colde.
 The nurce of whom I spake / within her chaumber laye :
 624 Vpon the mayde she wayteth still, / to her she doth bewray
 Her new receiued wound, / and then her ayde doth craue :
 In her she saith it lyes to spill, / in her, her life to sauie.
 Not easely she made / the froward nurce to bowe :
 628 But wonne at length, with promest hyre / she made a solemne vowe.
 To do what she commaundes, / as handmayd of her hest :
 Her mistres secrets hide she will, / within her couert brest.
 To Romeus she goes / of him she doth desyre,
 632 To know the meane of mariage / by councell of the fryre.
 On Saterday, quod he, / if Iuliet come to shrift,
 She shalbe shriued and maried, / how lyke you noorse this drift ?
 Now by my truth (quod she) / gods blessing haue your hart :
 636 For yet in all my life I haue / not heard of such a part.
 Lord, how you yong men can / such crafty wiles deuise,
 If that you loue the daughter well / to bleare the mothers eyes.
 An easy thing it is / with cloke of holines,
 640 To mocke the sely mother that / suspecteth nothing lesse
 But that it pleased you / to tell me of the case.
 For all my many yeris perhaps, / I should have found it scarse.
 Now for the rest let me / and Iuliet alone :
 644 To get her leauie, some feate excuse / I will deuise anone.
 For that her golden lockes / by sloth haue been vnkempt :
 Or for vnwares some wanton dreame / the youthfull damsell drempt,
 Or for in thoughts of loue / her ydel time she spent :
 648 Or otherwise within her hart / deserued to be shent.
 I know her mother will / in no case say her nay : [Fo. 19]
 I warrant you she shall not fayle / to come on Saterday.
 And then she sweares to him, / the mother loues her well :
 652 And how she gaue her sucke in youth / she leaueth not to tell.
 A pretty babe (quod she) / it was when it was yong :

- Lord how it could full pretely / haue prated with it tong.
A thousand times and more / I laid her on my lappe,
656 And clapt her on the buttocke soft / and kist where I did clappe.
And gladder then was I / of such a kisse forsooth :
Then I had been to haue a kisse / of some olde lechers mouth.
And thus of Iuliets youth / began this prating noorse,
660 And of her present state to make / a tedious long discourse.
For though he pleasure tooke / in hearing of his loue :
The message aunswer seemed him / to be of more behoue.
But when these Beldams sit / at ease vpon theyr tayle :
664 The day and eke the candle light / before theyr talke shall fayle.
And part they say is true, / and part they do deuise :
Yet boldly do they chat of both / when no man checkes theyr lyes.
Then he .vi. crownes of gold / out of his pocket drew :
668 And gaue them her, a slight reward / (quod he) and so adiew.
In seuen yeres twise tolde / she had not bowd so lowe,
Her crooked knees, as now they bowe, / she sweares she will bestowe.
Her crafty wit, her time, / and all her busy payne,
672 To helpe him to his hoped blisse, / and, cowring downe agayne :
She takes her leauue, and home / she hyes with spedye pace :
The chaumber doore she shuts, and then / she saith with smyling face,
Good newes for thee, my gyrtle, / good tidinges I thee bring :
676 Leauue of thy woonted song of care / and now of pleasure sing.
For thou mayst hold thy selfe / the happiest vnder sonne :
That in so little while, so well / so worthy a knight hast wonne.
The best yshapde is he, / and hath the fayrest face,
680 Of all this towne, and there is none / hath halfe so good a grace.
So gentle of his speche, / and of his counsell wise :
And still with many prayses more / she heaued him to the skies.
Tell me els what (quod she) / this euermore I thought :
684 But of our mariage say at once, / what aunswer haue you brought ?
Nay, soft, quoth she, I feare, / your hurt by sodain ioye : . [Fo. 20]
I list not play quoth Iuliet, / although thou list to toye.
How glad, trow you was she, / when she had heard her say :
688 No farther of then Saterday, / differred was the day.
Againe the auncient nurce / doth speake of Romeus,
And then (said she) he spake to me, / and then I spake him thus.

- Nothing was done or said, / that she hath left vntolde,
 692 Saeu onely one, that she forgot / the taking of the golde.
 There is no losse, quod she, / (sweete wench) to losse of time :
 Ne in thine age shalt thou repent / so much of any crime.
 For when I call to mynde, / my former passed youth :
 696 One thing there is which most of all / doth cause my endles ruth.
 At sixtene yeres I first / did choose my louing feere :
 And I was fully ripe before, (I dare well say) a yere.
 The pleasure that I lost, / that yere so ouerpast :
 700 A thousand times I haue bewept, / and shall while lyfe doth last.
 In fayth it were a shame, / yea sinne it were, ywisse,
 When thou mayst liue in happy ioy / to set light by thy blisse.
 She that this morning could / her mistres mynde diss Wade,
 704 Is now becomme an Oratresse, / her lady to perswade.
 If any man be here / whom loue hath clad with care :
 To him I speake, if thou wilt sped, / thy purse thou must not spare,
 Two sortes of men there are, / seeld welcome in at doore :
 708 The welthy sparing nigard, and / the sutor that is poore.
 For glittering gold is woont / by kynd to mooue the hart :
 And often times a slight rewarde / doth cause a more desart.
 Ywritten haue I red, / I wot not in what booke,
 712 There is no better way to fishe, / then with a golden hooke.
 Of Romeus these two, / doe sitte and chat a while,
 And to them selfe they laugh, how they / the mother shall begyle.
 A feate excuse they finde, / but sure I know it not :
 716 And leaue for her to goe to shrift / on Saterday she got.
 So well this Iuliet, / this wyly wench dyd know
 Her mothers angry houres, and eke / the true bent of her bowe.
 The Saterday betimes / in sober weede yclad,
 720 She tooke her leaue, and forth she went / with visage graue and sad.
 With her the nurce is sent / as brydle of her lust : [Fo. 21]
 With her the mother sendes a mayde, / almost of equall trust.
 Betwixt her teeth the bytte / the Ienet now hath caught :
 724 So warely eke the vyrgin walkes / her mayde perceiuesth nought.
 She gaseth not in churche, / on yong men of the towne :
 Ne wandreth she from place to place, / but straight she kneleth downe
 Vpon an alters step, / where she deuoutly prayes :

- 728 And there vpon her tender knees / the wery lady stayes :
Whilst she doth send her mayde / the certain truth to know,
If fryer Lawrence lasure had, / to heare her shrift, or no.
Out of his shriuing place / he commes with pleasant cheere :
- 732 The shamefast mayde with bashfull brow / to himward draweth neere.
Some great offence (q' he) / you haue committed late :
Perhaps you haue displeasd your frend, / by geuing him a mate.
Then turning to the nurce, / and to the other mayde :
- 736 Goe heare a masse or two quod he, / which straight way shalbe
sayde.
For, her confession heard, / I will vnto you twayne
The charge that I receiud of you, / restore to you agayne.
What, was not Iuliet / trow you, right well apayde ?
- 740 That for this trusty fryre hath chaungde / her yong mistrusting
mayde ?
I dare well say there is / in all Verona none :
But Romeus, with whom she would / so gladly be alone.
Thus to the fryers cell, / they both foorth walked bin :
- 744 He shuts the doore as soone as he / and Iuliet were in.
But Romeus, her frend, / was entred in before :
And there had wayted for his loue, / two howers large and more.
Eche minute seemde an howre, / and euery howre a day :
- 748 Twixt hope he liued and despayre, / of cumming or of stay.
Now wauering hope and feare, / are quite fled out of sight.
For, what he hopde he hath at hande / his pleasant cheefe delight.
And ioyfull Iuliet / is healde of all her smart :
- 752 For now the rest of all her parts, / haue found her straying hart.
Both theyr confessions first / the fryer hath heard them make :
And then to her with lowder voyce / thus fryer Lawrence spake.
Fayre lady Iuliet / my gostly doughter deere :
- 756 As farre as I of Romeus learne / who by you standeth here :
Twixt you it is agreed / that you shalbe his wyfe : [Fo. 22]
And he your spouse in steady truth / till death shall end your life.
Are you both fully bent / to kepe this great behest ?
- 760 And both the louers said it was / theyr onely harts request.
When he did see theyr myndes / in linkes of loue so fast :
When in the prayse of wedlocks state / somme skilfull talke was past.

When he had told at length / the wife what was her due :

764 His duety eke by gostly talke / the youthfull husband knew.

How that the wife in loue / must honor and obay :

What loue and honor he doth owe, / and dette that he must pay.

The woords pronounced were / which holy church of olde

768 Appointed hath for mariage ; / and she a ring of golde

Received of Romeus ; / and then they both arose.

To whom the frier then said, perchaunce / a part you will disclose

Betwixt your selfe alone / the bottome of your hart :

772 Say on at once, for time it is / that hence you should depart.

Then Romeus said to her, / (both loth to part so soone :)

Fayre lady send to me agayne / your nurce this after noone.

Of corde I will bespeake, / a ladder by that time :

776 By which, this night, while other sleepe, / I will your window clime.

Then will we talke of loue, / and of our olde dispayres :

And then with longer lasure had, / dispose our great affaires.

These said, they kisse, and then / part to theyr fathers house :

780 The ioyfull bryde vnto her home, / to his eke goth the spouse.

Contented both, and yet / both vncontented still :

Till night and Venus child, geue leauue / the wedding to fulfill.

The painfull souldiour sore / ybet with wery warre :

784 The merchant eke that nedefull things / doth dred to fetch from farre :

The plowman that for doute / of feerce inuading foes,

Rather to sit in ydle ease / then sowe his tilt hath chose :

Reioyce to heare proclaymd / the tydinges of the peace :

788 Not pleasurd with the sound so much ; / but, when the warres do cease.

Then ceased are the harmes / which cruell warre bringes foorth.

The merchant then may boldly fetch / his wares of precious woorth.

Dredelesse the husband man / doth till his fertile feedl :

792 For welth her mate, not for her selfe, / is peace so precious held.

So louers liue in care, / in dread, and in vnrest :

[Fo. 23]

And dedly warre by striuing thoughts / they kepe within their brest.

But wedlocke is the peace / wherby is freedome wonne,

796 To do a thousand pleasant thinges / that should not els be donne.

The newes of ended warre / these two haue hard with ioy :

But now they long the fruite of peace / with pleasure to enioy.

In stormy wind and waue, / in daunger to be lost :

- 800 Thy stearles ship (O Romeus) / hath been long while betost.
The seas are now appeasd, / and thou by happy starre
Art comme in sight of quiet hauen : / and, now the wrackfull barre
Is hid with swelling tyde, / boldly thou mayst resort
- 804 Vnto thy wedded ladies bed, / thy long desyred port.
God graunt, no follies mist / so dymme thy inward sight,
That thou do misse the chanell, that / doth leade to thy delight.
God graunt no daungers rocke / ylurking in the darke,
- 808 Before thou win the happy port / wracke thy sea beaten barke.
A seruant Romeus had, / of woord and deede so iust :
That with his life (if nede requierd) / his master would him trust,
His faithfulnes had oft / our Romeus proued of olde
- 812 And therfore all that yet was done / vnto his man he tolde.
Who straight as he was charged, / a corden ladder lookes :
To which he hath made fast two strong / and crooked yron hookes.
The bryde to send the nurce / at twylight fayleth not :
- 816 To whom the bridegrome yeuen hath, / the ladder that he got.
And then to watch for him / appointeth her an howre :
For whether Fortune smyle on him, / or if she list to lowre,
He will not misse to comme / to his appoynted place,
- 820 Where wont he was to take by stelth / the view of Iuliets face.
How long these louers thought / the lasting of the day,
Let other judge that woonted are / lyke passions to assay.
For my part, I do gesse / eche howre seemes twenty yere :
- 824 So that I deeme if they might haue / (as of Alcume we heare)
The sunne bond to theyr will, / if they the heauens might gyde :
Black shade of night and doubled darke / should straight all ouer hyde.
Thappointed howre is comme, / he, clad in riche araye,
- 828 Walkes toward his desyred home, / good Fortune gyde his way.
Approching nere the place / from whence his hart had life : [Fo. 24]
So light he wox, he lept the wall, / and there he spyde his wife.
Who in the windowe watcht / the cumming of her lorde :
- 832 Where she so surely had made fast / the ladder made of corde :
That daungerles her spouse / the chaumber window climes,
Where he ere then had wislit himselfe / aboue ten thousand times.
The windowes close are shut, / els looke they for no gest,
- 836 To light the waxen quariers, / the auncient nurce is prest,

- Which Iuliet had before / prepared to be light,
 That she at pleasure might beholde / her husbandes bewty bright.
 A Carchef white as snowe, / ware Iuliet on her hed,
 840 Such as she wonted was to weare, / attyre meete for the bed.
 As soone as she him spyde, / about his necke she clong :
 And by her long and slender armes / a great while there she hong.
 A thousand times she kist, / and him vnkist agayne :
 844 Ne could she speake a woord to him / though would she nere so fayne.
 And like betwixt his armes / to faynt his lady is :
 She fettes a sigh, and clappeth close / her closed mouth to his.
 And ready then to sownde / she looked ruthfully :
 848 That loe, it made him both at once / to liue and eke to dye.
 These piteous painfull panges / were haply ouerpast :
 And she vnto her selfe agayne / returned home at last.
 Then, through her troubled brest, / enen from the farthest part,
 852 An hollow sigh, a messenger / she sendeth from her hart.
 O Romeus, quoth she, / in whome all vertues shyne :
 Welcome thou art into this place / where from these eyes of myne,
 Such teary streames dyd flowe, / that I suppose welny
 856 The source of all my bitter teares / is altogether drye.
 Absence so pynde my heart, / which on thy presence fed :
 And of thy safetie and thy health / so much I stood in dred.
 But now what is decreed / by fatall desteny :
 860 I force it not let Fortune do / and death their woort to me.
 Full recompensd am I / for all my passed harmes,
 In that the Gods haue graunted me / to claspe thee in myne armes.
 The christall teares began / to stand in Romeus eyes,
 864 When he vnto his ladies woordes / gan aunswere in this wise.
 Though cruell Fortune be / so much my dedly foe : [Fo. 25]
 That I ne can by liuely prooфе / cause thee (fayre dame) to knowe
 How much I am by loue / enthralled vnto thee :
 868 Ne yet what mighty powre thou hast / by thy desert, on me.
 Ne tormentes that for thee / I did ere this endure :
 Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) / I may thee well assure.
 The least of many paynes / which of thy absence spong :
 872 More painefully then death it selfe / my tender hart hath wroong.
 Ere this one death had reft / a thousand deatthes away :

- But lyfe prolonged was by hope, / of this desired day.
Which so iust tribute payes / of all my passed mone :
- 876 That I as well contented am / as if my selfe alone
Did from the Occean reigne / vnto the sea of Inde :
Wherfore now let vs wipe away / old cares out of our mynde.
For as the wretched state / is now redrest at last,
- 880 So is it skill behinde our backe / the cursed care to cast.
Since Fortune of her grace / hath place and time assinde
Where we with pleasure may content / our vncontented minde.
In Lethes hyde we deepe / all greefe and all annoy,
- 884 Whilst we do bath in blisse, and fill / our hungry harts with ioye.
And, for the time to comme, / let be our busy care :
So wisely to direct our loue / as no wight els be ware.
Lest eniuious foes by force / despoyle our new delight,
- 888 And vs throwe backe from happy state / to more vnhappy plight.
Fayre Iuliet began / to aunswere what he sayde :
But foorth in hast the olde nurce stept, / and so her aunswere stayde.
Who takes not time (quoth she) / when time well offred is,
- 892 An other time shall seeke for time, / and yet of time shall misse.
And when occasion serues, / who so doth let it slippe,
Is woorthy sure (if I might iudge) / of lashes with a whippe.
Wherfore, if eche of you / hath harmide the other so,
- 896 And eche of you hath been the cause / of others wayled woe,
Loe here a fielde, (she shewd / a fieeldbed ready dight)
Where you may, if you list, in armes, / reuenge your selfe by fight.
Wherto these louers both / gan easely assent,
- 900 And to the place of mylde reuenge / with pleasant cheere they went.
Where they were left alone, / the nurce is gone to rest : [Fo. 26]
How can this be? they restles lye, / ne yet they feele vnrest.
I graunt that I enuie / the blisse they liued in :
- 904 Oh that I might haue found the like, / I wish it for no sin.
But that I might as well / with pen their ioyes depaynt,
As here tofore I haue displayd / their secret hidden playnt.
Of shyuering care and dred, / I haue felt many a fit,
- 908 But Fortune such delight as theyrs / dyd neuuer graunt me yet.
By prooфе no certain truth / can I vnhappy write :
But what I gesse by likelihod, / that dare I to endite.

- The blyndfyld goddesse that / with frowning face doth fraye,
 912 And from theyr seate the mighty kinges / throwes downe with hed-
 long sway :
 Begynneth now to turne, / to these her smyling face,
 Nedes must they tast of great delight, / so much in Fortunes grace
 If Cupid, God of loue, / be God of pleasant sport,
 916 I thinck, O Romeus Mars himselfe / enuies thy happy sort.
 Ne Venus iustly might, / (as I suppose) repent,
 If in thy stead (O Iuliet) / this pleasant time she spent.
 Thus passe they foorth the night / in sport, in ioly game :
 920 The hastines of Phoebus steeds / in great despyte they blame.
 And now the virgins fort / hath warlike Romeus got,
 In which as yet no breache was made / by force of canon shot,
 And now in ease he doth / possesse the hoped place :
 924 How glad was he, speake you that may / your louers parts embrase ?
 The mariage thus made vp, / and both the parties pleasd :
 The nigh approche of dayes retoorne / these seely foles diseasd.
 And for they might no while / in pleasure passe theyr time,
 928 Ne leasure had they much to blame / the hasty mornings crime :
 With frendly kisse in armes / of her his leauue he takes,
 And euery other night to come, / a solemne othe he makes.
 By one selfe meane, and eke / to come at one selfe howre :
 932 And so he doth till Fortune list / to sawse his sweete, with sowre.
 But who is he that can / his present state assure ?
 And say vnto himselfe, thy ioyes / shall yet a day endure.
 So wauering Fortunes whele / her chaunges be so straunge.
 936 And euery wight ythrallled is / by fate vnto her chaunge :
 Who raignes so ouer all, / that eche man hath his part : [Fo. 27]
 (Although not aye perchaunce alike) / of pleasure and of smart.
 For after many ioyes, / some feele but little payne :
 940 And from that little greefe they toorne / to happy ioy againe.
 But other somme there are, / that liuing long in woe,
 At length they be in quiet ease, / but long abide not so ;
 Whose greefe is much increast / by myrrh that went before :
 944 Because the sodayne chaunge of thinges / doth make it seeme the more.
 Of this vnlucky sorte / our Romeus is one,
 For all his hap turnes to mishap, / and all his myrrh to mone.

- And ioyfull Iuliet / an other leafe must toorne :
948 As wont she was (her ioyes bereft) / she must begin to moorne.
The summer of their blisse, / doth last a month or twayne :
But winters blast with spedye foote / doth bring the fall agayne.
Whom glorious fortune erst / had heaued to the skies :
952 By eniuious fortune ouerthrowne / on earth now groueling lyes.
She payd theyr former greefe / with pleasures doubled gayne,
But now for pleasures vsery / ten folde redoubleth payne.
The prince could neuer cause / those housholds so agree,
956 But that some sparcles of their wrath, / as yet remaining bee.
Which lye this while raakd vp, / in ashes pale and ded,
Till tyme do serue that they agayne / in wasting flame may spred.
At holiest times, men say / most heynous crimes are donne,
960 The morowe after Easter day / the mischiefe new begonne.
A band of Capilets / did meete (my hart it rewes)
Within the walles, by Pursers gate, / a band of Montagewes.
The Capilets as cheeze, / a yong man haue chose out :
964 Best exercisd in feates of armes, / and noblest of the rowte,
Our Iuliets vnkles sonne / that cliped was Tibalt :
He was of body tall and strong, / and of his courage halt.
They neede no trumpet sounde / to byd them gene the charge,
968 So lowde he cryde with strayned voyce / and mouth out stretched
large :
Now, now (quod he) my frends, / our selfe so let vs wreake,
That of this dayes reuenge and vs / our childrens heyres may speake.
Now once for all let vs / their swelling pride asswage,
972 Let none of them escape aliue. / Then he with furious rage
And they with him gaue charge, / vpon theyr present foes, [F. 28]
And then forthwith a skymishe great / vpon this fray arose.
For, loe, the Montagewes / thought shame away to flye,
976 And rather then to liue with shame, / with prayse did choose to dye.
The woordes that Tybalt vsd / to styre his folke to yre,
Haue in the brestes of Montagewes / kindled a furious fyre.
With Lyons hartes they fight, / warely themselfe defende :
980 To wound his foe, his present wit / and force eche one doth bend.
This furious fray is long, / on eche side stoutly fought,

That whether part had got the woorst, / full doutfull were the thought.

The noyse hereof anon, / throughout the towne doth flye:

984 And partes are taken on euery side. / both kinreds thether hye.

Here one doth gaspe for breth, / his frend bestrideth him,

And he hath lost a hand, and he / another maymed lim.

His leg is cutte whilst he / strikes at an other full :

988 And whō he would haue thrust quite through / hath cleft his cracked skull.

Theyr valiant harts forbode / theyr foote to gene the grounde,

With vnappauled cheere they tooke / full deepe and doutfull wounde.

Thus foote by foote long while, / and shield to shield set fast :

992 One foe doth make another faynt / but makes him not agast.

And whilst this noyse is ryfe / in euery townes mans eare,

Eke walking with his frendes, the noyse / doth wofull Romeus heare.

With spedy foote he ronnes / vnto the fray apace :

996 With him those fewe that were with him / he leadeth to the place.

They pittie much to see / the slaughter made so greate :

That wetshod they might stand in blood / on eyther side the streate.

Part frendes (sayd he) part frendes, / helpe, frendes to part the fray :

1000 And to the rest, enough (he cryes) / now time it is to staye.

Gods farther wrath you styrre, / beside the hurt you feele :

And with this new vprore confounde / all this our common wele.

But they so busy are / in fight, so egar and fee

1004 That through theyr eares his sage aduise / no leysure had to pearce.

Then lept he in the throng, / to part and barre the blowes

As well of those that were his frendes : / as of his dedly foes.

As soone as Tybalt had / our Romeus espyde :

1008 He threw a thrust at him that would / haue past from side to side.

But Romeus euer went / (douting his foes) well armde : [Fo. 29]

So that the swerd (kept out by mayle) / hath nothing Romeus harmde.

Thou doest me wrong (quoth he) / for I but part the fraye,

1012 Not dread, but other waigthy cause / my hasty hand doth stay.

Thou art the cheefe of thine, / the noblest eke thou art :

Wherfore leauue of thy malice now, / and helpe these folke to parte.

Many are hurt, some slayne, / and some are like to dye.

1016 No, coward, traytor boy (q' he) / straight way I mynd to trye

- Whether thy sugred talke, / and tong so smothely fylde :
Against the force of this my swerd / shall serue thee for a shylde.
And then at Romeus hed, / a blow he strake so hard,
1020 That might haue cloué him to the brayne / but for his cunning ward.
It was but lent to him / that could repay agayne :
And geue him death for interest, / a well forborne gayne :
Right as a forest bore, / that lodged in the thicke,
1024 Pinched with dog, or els with speare / ypricked to the quicke :
His bristles stiffe vpright / vpon his backe doth set,
And in his fomy mouth, his sharp / and crooked tuskes doth whet.
Or as a Lyon wylde, / that rampeth in his rage,
1028 His whelpes bereft, whose fury can / no weaker beast asswage.
Such seemed Romeus, / in euery others sight :
When he him shope, of wrong receaude / tauenge himselfe by fight.
Euen as two thunderboltes, / throwne downe out of the skye,
1032 That through the ayre the massy earth / and seas, haue power to flye :
So met these two, and while / they chaunge a blowe or twayne,
Our Romeus thrust him through the throte. / and so is Tybalt slayne.
Loe here the ende of those / that styrre a dedly stryfe :
1036 Who thyrsteth after others death, / himselfe hath lost his life.
The Capilets are quaylde, / by Tybalts ouert'rowe :
The courage of the Mountagewes, / by Romeus sight doth growe
The townes men waxen strong, / the prince doth send his force ;
1040 The fray hath end, the Capilets / do bring the brethles corce,
Before the prince : and craue / that cruell dedly payne
May be the guerdon of his falt, / that hath their kinsman slaine.
The Montagewes do pleade, / theyr Romeus voyde of falt :
1044 The lookers on do say, the fight / begonne was by Tybalt.
The prince doth pawse, and then / geues sentence in a while, [Fo. 30]
That Romeus, for sleying him / should goe in' o exyle.
His foes would haue him hangde, / or sterue in prison strong :
1048 His frendes do think (but dare not say) / that Romeus hath wrong.
Both housholds straight are charged / on Payne of losing lyfe :
Theyr bloody weapons layd aside / to cease the styrred stryfe.
This common plague is spred, / through all the towne anon :
1052 From side to syde the towne is fild / with murmour and with mone.
For Tybals hasty death, / bewayled was of somme,

- Both for his skill in feates of armes, / and for, in time to come :
 He should (had this not chaunced) / been riche, and of great powre :
 1056 To helpe his frendes, and serue the state, / which hope within an howre
 Was wasted quite, and he / thus yelding vp his breath,
 More then he holpe the towne in lyfe, / hath harmde it by his death.
 And other somme bewayle, / (but ladies most of all)
- 1060 The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt, / that is so late befall,
 (Without his falt) vnto / the seely Romeus,
 For whilste that he from natife land / shall liue exyled thus,
 From heauenly bewties light, / and his welshaped parts :
- 1064 The sight of which, was wont (faire dames) / to glad your youthfull
 harts,
 Shall you be banishd quite : / and tyll he do retoorne
 What hope haue you to ioy ? / what hope to cease to moorne ?
 This Romeus was borne / so much in heauens grace,
- 1068 Of Fortune and of nature so / beloued, that in his face
 (Beside the heauenly bewty glistring ay so bright :
 And seemely grace that wonted so / to glad the seers sight)
 A certaine charme was graued / by natures secret arte :
- 1072 That vertue had to draw to it, / the loue of many a hart.
 So euery one doth wish, / to beare a part of payne :
 That he released of exyle, / might straight retorne agayne.
 But how doth moorne emong / the moorners Iuliet ?
- 1076 How doth she bathe her brest in teares ? / what depe sighes doth
 she fet ?
 How doth she tear her heare ? / her weedes how doth she rent ?
 How fares the louer hearing of / her louers banishment ?
 How wayles she Tibalts death, / whom she had loued so well ?
- 1080 Her hearty grecfe and piteous plaint, / cunning I want to tell
 For deluing depely now / in depth of depe dispayre : [Fa. 31]
 With wretched sorowes cruell sound / she fils the empty ayre.
 And to the lowest hell, / downe falles her heauy crye,
- 1084 And vp vnto the heauens haight / her piteous plaint doth flye.
 The waters and the woods / of sighes and sobs resounde :
 And from the hard resounding rockes / her sorowes do rebounde.
 Eke from her teary eyne, / downe rayned many a showre :
- 1088 That in the garden where she walkd / might water herbe and flowre.

- But when at length she saw / her selfe outraged so :
Vnto her chaumber straight she hide / there, ouerchargd with wo,
Vpon her stately bed, / her painfull parts she threw :
- 1092 And in so wondrous wise began / her sorowes to renewe :
That sure no hart so hard, / (but it of flint had byn :)
But would haue rude the pitious plaint / that she did languishe in.
Then rapt out of her selfe, / whilst she on euery side
- 1096 Did cast her restles eye, at length / the windowe she espide,
Through which she had with ioy / seene Romeus many a time :
Which oft the ventrous knight was wont / for Iuliets sake to clyme.
She cryde, O cursed windowe, / a curst be euery pane,
- 1100 Through which (alas) to sone I raught / the cause of life and bane.
If by thy meane I haue / some slight delight receaued,
Or els such fading pleasure as / by Fortune straight was reaued :
Hast thou not made me pay / a tribute rigorous ?
- 1104 Of heaped greefe, and lasting care ? / and sorowes dolorous ?
That these my tender partes, / which nedefull strength do lacke,
To beare so great vnweldy lode / vpon so weake a backe :
Opprest with waight of cares / and with these sorowes rife :
- 1108 At length must open wide to death, / the gates of lothed lyfe.
That so my very sprite, / may somme where els vnplode
His deadly lode, and free from thrall / may seeke els where abode :
For pleasant quiet ease / and for assured rest,
- 1112 Which I as yet could neuer finde, / but for my more vnrest.
O Romeus, when first / we both acquainted were,
When to thy paynted promises / I lent my listning eare :
Which to the brinkes you fild / with many a solemne othe,
- 1116 And I them iudgde empty of gyle, / and fraughted full of troth :
I thought you rather would / continue our good will, [Fo. 32]
And seeke tappease our fathers strife / which daily groweth still.
I little wend you would / haue sought occasion how
- 1120 By such an heynous act to breake / the peace and eke your vowe
Wherby your bright renoune, / all whole yclipsed is,
And I vnhappy, husbandles, / of cumfort robde, and blisse.
But if you did so much / the blood of Capels thyrst,
- 1124 Why haue you often spared mine ? / myne might haue quencht it
first.

- Since that so many times, / and in so secret place
 (Where you were wont with vele of loue / to hyde your hatreds face).
 My doutfull lyfe hath hapt / by fatall dome to stand,
- 1128 In mercy of your cruell hart, / and of your bloudy hand.
 What? seemd the conquest which / you got of me so small?
 What? seemd it not enough that I / poore wretch, was made your
 thrall ?
 But that you must increase / it with that kinsmans blood,
- 1132 Which for his woorth and loue to me / most in my fauour stood?
 Well, goe hencefoorth els where, / and seeke another whyle,
 Some other as vnhappy as I, / by flattery to begyle.
 And, where I comme, see that / you shonne to shew your face :
- 1136 For your excuse within my hart / shall finde no resting place.
 And I that now too late / my former fault repent
 Will so the rest of wery life / with many teares lament :
 That soone my joyceles corps, / shall yeld vp banishd breath,
- 1140 And where on earth it restles liued, / in earth seeke rest by death.
 These sayde, her tender hart, / by payne oppressed sore :
 Restraynd her teares, and forced her tong / to keepe her talke in store.
 And then as still she was, / as if in sownd she lay :
- 1144 And then agayne, wroth with her selfe, / with feble voyce gan say.
 Ah cruell murthering tong, / murthrer of others fame :
 How durst thou once attempt to tooch / the honor of his name ?
 Whose dedly foes doe yelde / him dewe and earned prayse :
- 1148 For though his fredome be bereft, / his honour not decayes.
 Why blamst thou Romeus / for sleying of Tybalt,
 Since he is gyltles quite of all, / and Tybalt beares the falt ?
 Whether shall he (alas) / poore banishd man, now flye ?
- 1152 What place of succor shall he seeke / beneth the starry skye ?
 Sync e she pursueth him, / and him defames by wrong : [Fo. 33]
 That in distres should be his fort, / and onely rampier strong.
 Receiue the recompence, / O Romeus, of thy wife :
- 1156 Who for she was vnkind her selfe, / doth offer vp her lyfe.
 In flames of yre, in sighes, / in sorow and in ruth :
 So to reuenge the crime she did / commit against thy truth.
 These said, she could no more, / her senses all gan fayle :
- 1160 And dedly panges began straight way / her tender hart assayle.

- Her limmes she stretched forth, / she drew no more her breath,
Who had been there, might well haue seene / the signes of present death.
The nurce that knew no cause, / why she absented her,
- 1164 Did doute lest that some sodain greefe / too much tormented her.
Eche where but where she was / the carefull Beldam sought,
Last, of the chamber where she lay, / she haply her bethought.
Where she with piteous eye, / her nurce childe did beholde :
- 1168 Her limmes stretched out, her vtward parts / as any marble colde.
The nurce supposde that she / had payde to death her det :
And then as she had lost her wittes, / she cryed to Iuliet.
Ah my dere hart (quoth she) / how greeueth me thy death ?
- 1172 Alas what cause hast thou thus soone / to yelde vp liuing breath ?
But while she handled her, / and chafed euery part,
She knew there was some sparke of life / by beating of her hart.
So that a thousand times / she cald vpon her name,
- 1176 There is no way to helpe a traunce, / but she hath tryde the same.
She openeth wide her mouth, / she stoppeth close her nose,
She bendeth downe her brest, she wringes / her fingers and her toes,
And on her bosome colde, / she layeth clothes hot,
- 1180 A warmed and a holesome iuyce / she powreth downe her throte.
At length doth Iuliet / heauie fayntly vp her eyes,
And then she stretcheth forth her arme, / and then her nurce she
spyes.
But when she was awakde / from her vnkindly traunce :
- 1184 Why dost thou trouble me (quoth she) / what draue thee (with
mischaunce)
To come to see my sprite, / forsake my brethles corce ?
Goe hence, and let me dye, if thou / haue on my smart remorse.
For who would see her frend / to liue in dedly payne ?
- 1188 Alas, I see my greefe begoone, / for euer will remayne.
Or who would seeke to liue, / all pleasure being past ? [Fo. 34]
My myrth is donne, my moorning mone / for ay is like to last.
Wherfore since that there is / none other remedy,
- 1192 Comme gentle death, and ryue my hart, / at once, and let me dye.
The nurce with tricling teares, / to witnes inward smart,
With holow sigh fetchd from the depth, / of her appauled hart,
Thus spake to Iuliet, / yclad with ougly care.

- 1196 Good lady myne, I do not know / what makes you thus to fare.
 Ne yet the cause of your / vnmeasurde heanines.
 But of this one I you assure, / for care and sorowes stresse,
 This hower large and more, / I thought (so god me sauе)
- 1200 That my dead corps should wayte on yours, / to your vntimely graue.
 Alas my tender nurce, / and trusty frend (quoth she)
 Art thou so blinde, that with thine eye, / thou canst not easely see
 The lawfull cause I haue, / to sorow and to moorne,
- 1204 Since those the which I hyld most deere / I haue at once forlorne ?
 Her nurce then aunswerd thus, / Me thinkes it sits you yll,
 To fall in these extremities / that may you gyltles spill.
 For when the stormes of care, / and troubles do aryse,
- 1208 Then is the time for men to know, / the foolish from the wise.
 You are accounted wise, / a foole am I your nurce :
 But I see not how in like case / I could be haue me wurse.
 Tibalt your frend is ded, / what, weene you by your teares,
- 1212 To call him backe againe ? thinke you / that he your crying heares ?
 You shall perceue the falt, / (if it be iustly tryde)
 Of his so sodayn death, was in / his rashnes and his prydē.
 Would you that Romeus, / him selfe had wronged so,
- 1216 To suffer himselfe causeles to be / outraged of his foe ?
 To whom in no respect, / he ought a place to geue ?
 Let it suffise to thee fayre dame, / that Romeus doth liue,
 And that there is good hope / that he within a while,
- 1220 With greater glory shalbe calde / home from his hard exile.
 How wel yborne he is, / thy selfe I know canst tell :
 By kindred strong, and well alyed, / of all beloued well.
 With patience arme thy selfe, / for though that Fortunes cryme
- 1224 Without your falt, to both your greefes / depart you for a time.
 I dare say, for amendes / of all your present payne [Fo. 35]
 She will restore your owne to you, / within a month or twayne,
 With such contented ease, / as neuer erst you had :
- 1228 Wherfore reioyce a while in hope, / and be ne more so sad.
 And that I may discharge / your hart of heauy care :
 A certaine way I haue found out, / my paynes ne will I spare.
 To learne his present state, / and what in time to comme

1232 He mindes to doe, which knowne by me, / you shall know all and somme.

But that I dread the whilst / your sorowes will you quell,
Straight would I hye where he doth lurke / to frier Lawrence cell.
But if you gyn eftsones / (as erst you did) to moorne

1236 Wherto goe I, you will be ded / before I thence retoorne.

So I shall spend in wast / my time and busy payne,
So vnto you (your life once lost) / good aunswere commes in vayne.
So shall I ridde my selfe / with this sharpe pointed knife :

1240 So shall you cause your parents deere / wax wery of theyr life.

So shall your Romeus, / (despysing liuely breath,)
With hasty foote (before his tyme) / ronne to vntimely death.
Where if you can a while, / by reason, rage suppresse,

1244 I hope at my retorne to bring / the salue of your distresse.

Now chuse to haue me here / a partner of your payne,
Or promesse me, to feede on hope, / till I retorne agayne.

Her mistres sendes her forth, / and makes a graue behest,

1248 With reasons rayne to rule the thoughts / that rage within her brest.

When hugy heapes of harmes, / are heapd before her eyes,
Then vanish they by hope of scape, / and thus the lady lyes,
Twixt well assured trust. / and doutfull lewd dispayre,

1252 Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts : / now seeme they white and fayre.

As oft in summer tide, / blacke cloudes do dimme the sonne,
And straight againe in clearest skye / his restles steedes do ronne,
So Iuliets wandring mynd / yelowded is with woe,

1256 And by and by her hasty thought / the woes doth ouergoe.

But now is time to tell / whilst she was tossed thus
What windes did drie or hauen did hold / her louer, Romeus.
When he had slayne his foe, / that gan this dedly strife,

1260 And saw the furious fray had ende, / by ending Tybalts life :

He fled the sharpe reuenge / of those that yet did liue, [Fo. 36]
And douting much what penall doome / the troubled prince myght gyue,
He sought some where vnseene, / to lurke a little space,

1264 And trusty Lawrence secret cell, / he thought the surest place.

In doutfull happe ay best, / a trusty frend is tride,
The frendly fryer in this distresse, / doth graunt his frend to hyde.

- A secret place he hath, / well sealed round about,
 1268 The mouth of which, so close is shut, / that none may finde it out.
 But roome there is to walke, / and place to sitte and rest,
 Beside, a bed to sleape vpon, / full soft and trimly drest.
 The flowre is planked so / with mattes, it is so warme,
 1272 That neither wind, nor smoky damps / have powre him ought to
 harme.
 Where he was wont in youth, / his fayre frendes to bestowe,
 There now he hydeth Romeus / whilst forth he goeth to knowe
 Both what is sayd and donne, / and what appoynted payne,
 1276 Is published by trumpets sound. / then home he hyes agayne.
 By this, vnto his cell, / the nurce with spedy pace :
 Was comme the nerest way : she sought, / no ydel resting place.
 The fryer sent home the newes / of Romeus certain helth :
 1280 And promesse made (what so befell) / he should that night by stelth
 Comme to his wonted place / that they in nedefull wise
 Of theyr affayres in time to comme, / might thorowly deuyse.
 Those ioyfull newes, the nurce / brought home with mery ioy :
 1284 And now our Iuliet ioyes to thinke, / she shall her loue enjoye.
 The fryer shuts fast his doore, / and then to him beneth,
 That waytes to heare the doutefull newes / of lyfe or els of death :
 Thy hap quoth he, is good, / daunger of death is none :
 1288 But thou shalt liue, and doe full well, / in spite of spitefull fone.
 This onely Payne for thee / was erst proclaymde aloude,
 A banisht man, thou mayst thee not / within Verona shroude.
 These heauny tydinges heard, / his golden lockes he tare :
 1292 And like a frantike man hath torne / the garmentes that he ware.
 And as the smitten deere, / in brakes is waltring found :
 So waltreth he, and with his brest / doth beate the troden grounde.
 He rises eft, and strikes / his head against the wals,
 1296 He falleth downe againe, and lowde / for hasty death he cals.
 Come spedy death (quoth he) / the readiest leache in loue, [Fo. 37]
 Since nought can els beneth the sunne / the ground of grieve remoue.
 Of lothsome life breake downe / the hated staggering stayes,
 1300 Destroy, destroy at once the lyfe / that faintly yet decayes.
 But you (fayre dame) in whome / dame nature dyd deuise,:
 With cunning hand towoorke,that might / seeme wondrous in our eyes:

- For you I pray the Gods, / your pleasures to increase,
1304 And all mishap, with this my death, / for euermore to cease.
And mighty Ioue with speede, / of iustice bring them lowe,
Whose lofty prydē (without our gylt) / our blisse doth ouerblowe.
And Cupide graunt to those / theyr speedy wrongs redresse,
1308 That shall bewayle my cruell death; / and pity her distresse.
Therewith, a cloude of sighes, / he breathd into the skies :
And two great stremes of bitter teares, / ran from his swollen eyes.
These thinges, the auncient fryre, / with sorow saw, and heard,
1312 Of such begynning eke, the ende, / the wise man greatly feard.
But loe, he was so weake, / by reason of his age,
That he ne could by force, represse / the rigour of his rage.
His wise and frendly woordes, / he speaketh to the ayre :
1316 For Romeus so vexed is, / with care, and with dispayre,
That no aduise can perce, / his close forstoppes eares :
So now the fryer doth take his part, / in shedding ruthfull teares.
With colour pale, and wan, / with armes full hard yfold,
1320 With wofull cheere, his wayling frend, / he standeth to beholde.
And then, our Romeus, / with tender handes ywrong :
With voyce, with plaint made horce, w^t sobs, / and with a foltring tong,
Renewd with nouel mone / the dolours of his hart,
1324 His outward dreery cheere bewrayde, / his store of inward smart,
Fyrst nature did he blame, / the author of his lyfe,
In which his ioyes had been so scant, / and sorowes aye so ryfe :
The time and place of byrth, / he fiersly did reproue,
1328 He cryed out (with open mouth) / against the starres aboue :
The fatall sisters three, / he said, had done him wrong,
The threed that should not haue been sponne / they had drawne
foorth too long.
He wished that he [ne] had / before this time been borne,
1332 Or that as soone as he wan light, / his life he had forlorne.
His nurce he cursed, and / the hand that gaue him pappe, [Fo. 38]
The midwife eke with tender grype / that held him in her lappe :
And then did he complaine, / on Venus cruel sonne
1336 Who led him first vnto the rockes, / which he should warely shonne.
By meane wherof he lost, / both lyfe and libertie,
And dyed a hundred times a day, / and yet could neuer dye.

- Loues troubles lasten long, / the ioyes he geues are short :
- 1340 He forceth not a louers payne, / theyr ernest is his sport.
 A thousand things and more, / I here let passe to write,
 Which vnto loue this wofull man, / dyd speake in great despite.
 On Fortune eke he raylde, / he calde her deafe, and blynde,
- 1344 Vnconstant, fond, deceitfull, rashe, / vntruthfull, and vnyknd.
 And to him self he layd / a great part of the falt :
 For that he slewe, and was not slayne, / in fighting with Tibalt.
 He blamed all the world, / and all he did defye,
- 1348 But Iuliet, for whom he lined / for whom eke would he dye.
 When after raging fits, / appeased was his rage,
 And when his passions (powred forth) / gan partly to asswage,
 So wisely did the fryre / vnto his tale reppye,
- 1352 That he straight cared for his life, / that erst had care to dye.
 Art thou quoth he a man? / thy shape saith, so thou art :
 Thy crying and thy weeping eyes, / denote a womans hart.
 For manly reason is / quite from of thy mynd outchased,
- 1356 And in her stead affections lewd, / and fansies highly placed.
 So that I stoode in doute / this howre (at the least)
 If thou a man, or woman wert, / or els a brutish beast.
 A wise man in the midst / of troubles and distres,
- 1360 Still standes not wayling present harme, / but seeks his harmes redres,
 As when the winter flawes, / with dredfull noyse arise,
 And heauie the fomy swelling waues / vp to the starry skies,
 So that the broosed barke / in cruell seas betost,
- 1364 Dispayreth of the happy hauen / in daunger to be lost.
 The pylate bold at helme, / cryes, mates strike now your sayle :
 And tornes her stemme into the waues, / that strongly her assayle.
 Then driuen hard vpon / the bare and wrackfull shore,
- 1368 In greater daunger to be wract, / then he had been before.
 He seeth his ship full right / against the rocke to ronne, [Fo. 39]
 But yet he dooth what lyeth in him / the perilous rocke to shonne.
 Sometimes the beaten boate, / by cunning gouernment,
- 1372 The ancors lost, the cables broke, / and all the tackle spent,
 The roder smitten of, / and ouer boord the mast,
 Doth win the long desyred porte, / the stormy daunger past.
 But if the master dread, / and ouerprest with woe,

- 1376 Begin to wring his handes, and lets / the gyding rodder goe
The ship rents on the rocke, / or sinketh in the deepe,
And eke the coward drenched is, / So : if thou still be weepe
And seke not how to helpe / the chaunges that do chaunce,
- 1380 Thy cause of sorow shall increase, / thou cause of thy mischaunce.
Other account thee wise, / prooue not thy selfe a foole,
Now put in practise lessons learnd, / of old in wisdomes schoole,
The wise man saith, beware / thou double not thy Payne :
- 1384 For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, / but hardly suffer twayne.
As well we ought to seeke / thinges hurtfull to decrease,
As to endeuer helping thinges / by study to increase.
The prayse of trew fredom, / in wisdomes bondage lyes
- 1388 He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, / although his woords be
wise.
Sickenes the bodies gayle, / greefe, gayle is of the mynd,
If thou canst scape from heauy greefe, / true fredome shalt thou finde.
Fortune can fill nothing, / so full of hearty greefe,
- 1392 But in the same a constant mynd, / Finds solace and releefe.
Vertue is alwayes thrall, / to troubles and annoye,
But wisdome in aduersitie, / findes cause of quiet ioye.
And they most wretched are, / that know no wretchednes :
- 1396 And after great extremity, / mishaps ay waxen lesse.
Like as there is no weale, / but wastes away somtime,
So euery kind of wayled woe, / will weare away in time.
If thou wilt master quite, / the troubles that the spill,
- 1400 Endeuer first by reasons help, / to master wittles will.
A sondry medson hath, / eche sondry faynt disease,
But pacience, a common salue, / to euery wound geues ease.
The world is alway full / of chaunces and of chaunge,
- 1404 Wherfore the chaunge of chaunce must not / seeme to a wise man
straunge.
For tickel Fortune doth, / in chaunging, but her kind,
- [Folio 40]
- But all her chaunges cannot chaunge / a steady constant minde.
Though wauering Fortune toorne / from thee her smyling face,
- 1408 And sorow seeke to set him selfe / in banishd pleasures place,
Yet may thy marred state / be mended in a while,
And she eftsones that frowneth now, / with pleasant cheere shall smyle.

- For as her happy state / no long whyle standeth sure,
 1412 Euen so the heauy plignt she brings, / not alwayes doth endure.
 What nede so many woordes / to thee that art so wyse?
 Thou better canst aduise thy selfe, / then I can thee aduyse.
 Wisdome, I see, is vayne, / if thus in time of neede
 1416 A wise mans wit vnpractised / doth stand him in no steede.
 I know thou hast some cause / of sorow and of care
 But well I wot thou hast no cause / thus frantikly to fare.
 Affections foggy mist / thy febled sight doth blynde ;
 1420 But if that reasons beames agayne / might shine into thy mynde,
 If thou wouldest view thy state / with an indifferent eye,
 I thinke thou wouldest condemne thy plaint, / thy sighing, and thy crye.
 With valiant hand thou madest / thy foe yeld vp his breth,
 1424 Thou hast escapd his swerd and eke / the lawes that threaten death.
 By thy escape thy frendes / are fraughted full of ioy,
 And by his death thy deadly foes / are laden with annoy.
 Wilt thou with trusty frendes / of pleasure take some part ?
 1428 Or els to please thy hatefull foes / be partner of theyr smart ?
 Why cryest thou out on loue ? / why doest thou blame thy fate ?
 Why dost thou so crye after death ? / thy life why dost thou hate ?
 Dost thou repent the choyce / that thou so late didst choose ?
 1432 Loue is thy Lord ; thou oughtst obey / and not thy prince accuse.
 For thou hast found (thou knowst) / great fauour in his sight,
 He graunted thee, at thy request, / thy onely hartes delight.
 So that the Gods enuyde / the blisse thou liuedst in ;
 1436 To geue to such vnthankefull men / is folly and a sin.
 Me thinkes I heare thee say, / the cruell banishment
 Is onely cause of thy vnrest ; / onely thou dost lament
 That from thy natife land / and frendes thou must depart,
 1440 Enforsd to flye from her that hath / the keping of thy hart : [Fo. 41]
 And so opprest with waight / of smart that thou dost feele,
 Thou dost complaine of Cupides brand, / and Fortunes turning wheele.
 Vnto a valiant hart / there is no banishment,
 1444 All countreys are his natvie soyle / beneath the firmament.
 As to the fishe the sea, / as to the fowle the ayre,
 So is like pleasant to the wise / eche place of his repayre.
 Though froward Fortune chase / thee hence into exyle,

- 1448 With doubled honor shall she call / thee home within a whyle.
Admyt thou shouldst abyde / abrode a yere or twayne,
Should so short absence cause so long / and eke so greeuous Payne?
Though thou ne mayst thy frendes / here in Verona see,
- 1452 They are not banisched Mantua, / where safely thou mast be.
Thether they may resort, / though thou resort not hether,
And there in suretie may you talke / of your affayres together
Yea, but this whyle (alas) / thy Iuliet must thou misse,
- 1456 The onely piller of thy helth, / and ancor of thy blisse.
Thy hart thou leauest with her, / when thou dost hence depart,
And in thy brest inclosed bearst / her tender frendly hart.
But if thou rew so much / to leaue the rest behinde,
- 1460 With thought of passed ioyes content / thy vncontented mynde ;
So shall the mone decrease / wherwith thy mynd doth melt,
Compared to the heauenly ioyes / which thou hast often felt.
He is too nyse a weakeling / that shrinketh at a showre,
- 1464 And he vnworthy of the sweete, / that tasteth not the sowre.
Call now againe to mynde / thy first consuming flame ;
How didst thou vainely burne in loue / of an vnlouing dame ?
Hadst thou not welnigh wept / quite out thy swelling eyne ?
- 1468 Did not thy parts, fordoon with Payne, / languishe away and pyne ?
Those greefes and others like / were happily ouerpast,
And thou in hight of Fortunes wheele / well placed at the last :
From whence thou art now falne, / that, raysed vp agayne,
- 1472 With greater ioy a greater while / in pleasure mayst thou raygne.
Compare the present while / with times ypast before,
And thinke that Fortune hath for thee / great pleasure yet in store.
The whilst, this little wrong / receiuē thou paciently,
- 1476 And what of force must nedes be done / that doe thou willingly.
Foly it is to feare / that thou canst not auoyde, [Fo. 42]
And madnes to desire it much / that can not be enioyde.
To gene to Fortune place, / not ay deserueth blame,
- 1480 But skill it is, according to / the times thy selfe to frame.
Whilst to this skilfull lore / he lent his listning eares,
His sighes are stopt, and stopped are / the conduits of his teares.
As blackest cloudes are chaced / by winters nimble winde,
- 1484 So haue his reasons chaced care / out of his carefull mynde.

- As of a morning fowle / ensues an euening fayre,
 So banisht hope returneth home / to banish his despayre.
 Now is affections veale / remoued from his eyes,
- 1488 He seeth the path that he must walke, / and reson makes him wise.
 For very shame the blood / doth flashe in both his cheekeſ,
 He thankes the father for his lore, / and farther ayde he seekes,
 He sayth, that ſkil les youth / for counſell is vnfittie,
- 1492 And anger oft with hastines / are ioind to want of witte ;
 But ſound aduife aboundes / in heddes with horishe heareſ,
 For wiſdom is by practiſe wonne, / and perfect made by yeareſ.
 But aye from thiſ time forth / hiſ ready bending will
- 1496 Shalbe in awe and gouerned / by fryer Lawrence ſkill.
 The gouernor is nowe / right carefull of hiſ charge,
 To whom he doth wiſely diſcoiſe / of hiſ affaires at large.
 He telles him how he ſhall / depart the towne vnknoowne,
- 1500 Both mindfull of hiſ frenedes ſafetie, / and carefull of hiſ owne
 How he ſhall gyde him ſelue, / how he ſhall ſeeke to winne
 The frendſhip of the better ſort, / how warely to crepe in
 The fauour of the Mantuan prince, / and how he may
- 1504 Appearſe the wrath of Escalus, / and wipe the fault away ;
 The choller of hiſ foes / by gentle meaneſ tasswage,
 Or elſ by force and practiſes / to bridle quite theyr rage :
 And laſt he chargeth him / at hiſ appointed howre
- 1508 To goe with manly mery cheere / unto hiſ ladies bowre,
 And there with holeſome woordes / to ſalue her ſorowes ſmart,
 And to reuiue (iſ nede require) / her faint and dying hart.
 The old mans woordes haue filde / with ioy our Romeus brest,
- 1512 And eke the olde wiues talke hath ſet / our Iuliets hart at rest.
 Whereto may I compare / (O louers) thiſ your day ? [Fo. 43]
- Like dayes the painefull mariners / are woonted to assay ;
 For, beat with tempeſt great, / when they at length espye
- 1516 Some little beame of Phoebus light, / that perceſt through the ſkie,
 To cleare the shadowde earth / by clearenes of hiſ face,
 They hope that dreadles they ſhall ronne / the remnant of their race ;
 Yea they auſſure them ſelue, / and quite behynd theyr backe
- 1520 They caſt all doute, and thanke the Gods / for ſcaping of the wracke ;
 But ſtraight the boysterous windes / with greater fury blowe,

- And over boord the broken mast / the stormy blastes doe throwe ;
The heauen large are clad / with cloudes as darke as hell,
1524 And twise as hye the striuing waues / begin to roare and swell ;
With greater daungers dred / the men are vexed more,
In greater perill of their lyfe / then they had been before.
The golden sonne was gonne / to lodge him in the west,
1528 The full moone eke in yonder South / had sent most men to rest ;
When restles Romeus / and restles Iuliet
In woonted sort, by woonted meane, / in Iuliets chaunber met.
And from the windowes top / downe had he leaped scarce,
1532 When she with armes outstretched wide / so hard did him embrace,
That welnigh had the sprite / (not forced by dedly force)
Flowne vnto death, before the time / abandoning the corce,
Thus muet stode they both / the eight part of an howre,
1536 And both would speake, but neither had / of speaking any powre ;
But on his brest her hed / doth ioylesse Iuliet lay,
And on her slender necke his chyn / doth ruthfull Romeus stay.
Their scalding sighes ascende, / and by their cheeke斯 downe fall
1540 Their trickling teares, as christall cleare, / but bitterer farre then gall.
Then he, to end the greefe / which both they lined in,
Did kysse his loue, and wisely thus / hys tale he dyd begin :
My Iuliet, my loue, / my onely hope and care,
1544 To you I purpose not as now / with length of woords declare
The diuersenes and eke / the accidents so straunge
Of frayle vnconstant Fortune, that / delyteth still in chaunge ;
Who in a moment heaues / her frendes vp to the height
1548 Of her swift turning slippery wheele, / then fleetes her frendship
straight.
O wondrous chaunge, euен with / the twinkling of an eye [Fo. 44]
Whom erst her selfe had rashly set / in pleasant place so hye,
The same in great despyte / downe hedlong doth she throwe,
1552 And while she treads, and spurneth at / the lofty state laid lowe,
More sorow doth she shape / within an howers space,
Then pleasure in an hundred yeres ; / so geyson is her grace.
The prooфе wheroft in me / (alas) too plaine apperes,
1556 Whom tenderly my carefull frendes / haue fostered with my feers,
In prosperous high degree, / mayntayned so by fate,

- That (as your selfe did see) my foes / enuyde my noble state.
 One thing there was I did / aboue the rest desire,
 1560 To which as to the soueraigne good / by hope I would aspyre.
 That by our mariage meane / we might within a while
 (To woorke our perfect happines) / our parentes reconcile :
 That safely so we might, / (not stopt by sturdy strife)
- 1564 Vnto the boundes that God hath set, / gyde forth our pleasant lyfe.
 But now (alacke) too soone / my blisse is ouerblowne,
 And vpside downe my purpose and / my enterprise are throwne.
 And driuen from my frendes, / of straungers must I craue,
- 1568 (O graunt it God) from daungers dread / that I may suertie haue.
 For loe, henceforth I must / wander in landes vknownne,
 (So hard I finde the princes doome) / exyled from mine owne.
 Which thing I haue thought good, / to set before your eyes,
- 1572 And to exhort you now to proue / your selfe a woman wise,
 That paciently you beare / my absent long abod,
 For what aboue by fatall doomes / decreed is, that God—
 And more then this to say, / it seemed, he was bent,
- 1576 But Iuliet in dedly greefe, / with brackish teares besprent,
 Brake of his tale begonne, / and whilst his speche he stayde,
 These selfe same wordes, or like to these, / with dreery chere she sayde :
 Why Romeus can it be, / thou hast so hard a hart ?
- 1580 So farre remoued from ruth? so farre / from thinking on my smart?
 To leaue me thus alone / (thou cause of my distresse)
 Beseged with so great a campe / of mortall wretchednesse,
 That euery hower now, / and moment in a day,
- 1584 A thousand times death bragges, as he / would reaue my life away?
 Yet such is my mishap, / (O cruell destenyne) [Fo. 45]
 That still I live, and wish for death, / but yet can neuer dye :
 So that iust cause I haue / to thinke (as seemeth me)
- 1588 That froward Fortune did of late / with cruell death agree
 To lengthen lothed life, / to pleasure in my payne,
 And tryumph in my harme, as in / the greatest hoped gayne.
 And thou the instrument / of Fortunes cruell will,
- 1592 Without whose ayde she can no way / her tyrans lust fulfill :
 Art not a whit ashame / (as farre as I can see)
 To cast me of, when thou hast culd / the better part of me.

- Wherby (alas) to soone, / I, seely wretch, do proue,
1596 That all the auncient sacred lawes / of frendship and of loue
Are quelde and quenched quite, / since he, on whom alway
My cheefe hope and my steady trust / was wonted still to stay,
For whom I am becomme / vnto my selfe a foe,
- 1600 Disdayneth me, his stedfast frend, / and scornes my frendship so.
Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst / of two thinges choose the one,
Either to see thy castaway, / as soone as thou art gone,
Hedlong to throw her selfe / downe from the windowes haight,
- 1604 And so to breake her slender necke / with all the bodies waight,
Or suffer her to be / companion of thy payne,
Where so thou goe (Fortune thee gyde), / till thou retoorne agayne.
So wholy into thine / transformed is my hart,
- 1608 That euen as oft as I do thinke / that thou and I shall part,
So oft (me thinkes) my life / withdrawes it selfe awaye,
Which I retayne to no end els / but to the end I may,
In spite of all thy foes, / thy present partes enioye,
- 1612 And in distres to beare with thee / the halfe of thine annoye.
Wherfore, in humble sort / (Romeus) I make request,
If euer tender pity yet / were lodgde in gentle brest,
O, let it now haue place / to rest within thy hart;
- 1616 Receave me as thy seruant, and / the fellow of thy smart:
Thy absence is my death, / thy sight shal geue me life.
But if perhaps thou stand in dred / to leade me as a wyfe,
Art thou all counsellesse? / canst thou no shift deuise?
- 1620 What letteth but in other weede / I may my selfe disguyse?
What, shall I be the first? / hath none done so ere this, [Fo. 46]
To scape the bondage of theyr frendes? / thy selfe can aunswer, yes.
Or dost thou stand in doute / that I thy wife ne can
- 1624 By seruice pleasure thee as much / as may thy hyred man?
Or is my loyalte / of both accompted lesse?
Perhaps thou fearest lest I for gayne / forsake thee in distresse.
What, hath my bewty now / no powre at all on you,
- 1628 Whose brightnes, force, and praise, somtime / vp to the skyes you blew?
My teares, my frendship and / my pleasures donne of olde,
Shall they be quite forgote in dede? / —When Romeus dyd behold
The wildnes of her looke, / her cooler pale and ded,

- 1632 The woorst of all that might betyde / to her, he gan to dred ;
 And once agayne he dyd / in armes his Iuliet take,
 And kist her with a louing kysse, / And thus to her he spake :
 Ah Iuliet, (quoth he) / the mistres of my hart,
- 1636 For whom (euen now) thy seruant doth / abyde in dedly smart,
 Euen for the happy dayes / which thou desyrest to see,
 And for the feruent frendships sake / that thou dost owe to me,
 At once these fansies vayne / out of thy mynd roote out,
- 1640 Except, perhaps, vnto thy blame, / thou fondly go about
 To hasten forth my death, / and to thine owne to ronne,
 Which Natures law and wisdoms lore / teache euery wight to shonne.
 For, but thou chaunge thy mynde, / (I do foretell the ende)
- 1644 Thou shalt vndoo thy selfe for ay, / and me thy trusty frende.
 For why, thy absence knowne, / thy father wilbe wroth,
 And in his rage no narowly / he will pursue vs both,
 That we shall trye in vayne / to scape away by flight,
- 1648 And vainely seeke a loorking place / to hyde vs from his sight.
 Then we, found out and caught, / quite voyde of strong defence,
 Shall cruelly be punished / for thy departure hence ;
 I as a rauishor, / thou as a careles childe,
- 1652 I as a man who doth defile, / thou as a mayde defilde ;
 Thinking to leade in ease / a long contented life,
 Shall short our dayes by shamefull death : / but, if (my louing wife)
 Thou banish from thy mynde / two foes that counsell hath,
- 1656 (That wont to hinder sound aduise) / rashe hastines and wrath ;
 If thou be bent tobay / the lore of reasons skill, [Fo. 47]
 And wisely by her princely powre / suppresse rebelling will,
 If thou our safetie seeke, / more then thine owne delight,
- 1660 Since suerty standes in parting, and / thy pleasures grove of sight,
 For beare the cause of ioy, / and suffer for a while,
 So shall I safely liue abrode, / and safe torné from exile :
 So shall no slauders blot / thy spotles life destayne,
- 1664 So shall thy kinsmen be vnstyrd, / and I exempt from payne.
 And thinke thou not, that aye / the cause of care shall last ;
 These stormy broyles shall ouerblow, / much like a winters blast.
 For Fortune chaungeth more / then fickel fantasie ;
- 1668 In nothing Fortune constant is / sauе in vnconstancie.

- Her hasty ronning wheele / is of a restles coorse,
That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, / from better to the woorse,
And those that are beneth / she heaueth vp agayne :
1672 So we shall rise to pleasures mount, / out of the pit of payne.
Ere fowre monthes ouerpasse, / such order will I take,
And by my letters and my frendes / such meanes I mynd to make,
That of my wandring race / ended shalbe the toyle,
1676 And I cald home with honor great / vnto my natvie soyle.
But if I be condemd / to wander still in thrall,
I will returne to you (mine owne) / befall what may befall.
And then by strength of frendes, / and with a mighty hand,
1680 From Verone will I cary thee / into a forein lande,
Not in mans weede disguisid, / or as one scarcely knowne,
But as my wife and onely feere, / in garment of thyne owne.
Wherfore represse at once / the passions of thy hart,
1684 And where there is no cause of greefe, / cause hope to heale thy smart.
For of this one thing thou / mayst well assured bee,
That nothing els but onely death / shall sunder me from thee.
The reasons that he made / did seeme of so great waight,
1688 And had with her such force, that she / to him gan aunswer straight:
Deere syr, nought els wish I / but to obey your will ;
But sure where so you go, your hart / with me shall tary still,
As signe and certaine pledge, / tyll here I shall you see,
1692 Of all the powre that ouer you / your selfe did graunt to me ;
And in his stead take myne, / the gage of my good will.— [F. 48]
One promesse craue I at your hand, / that graunt me to fulfill ;
Fayle not to let me haue, / at fryer Lawrence hand,
1696 The tydinges of your health, and how / your doutfull case shall stand
And all the very while / that you shall spend abrode,
Cause me from time to time to knowe / the place of your abode
His eyes did gushe out teares, / a sigh brake from his brest,
1700 When he did graunt and with an othe / did vowe to kepe the hest.
Thus these two louers passe / away the very night,
In Payne and plaint, not (as they wont) / in pleasne and delight.
But now (somewhat too soone) / in farthest East arose
1704 Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre / that Lady Venus chose ;
Whose course appoynted is / with spedye race to ronne,

- A messenger of dawning daye, / and of the rysing sonne.
 Then freshe Aurora with / her pale and siluer glade
 1708 Did clear the skyes, and from the earth / had chased ougly shade.
 When thou ne lookest wide, / ne closely dost thou winke,
 When Phoebus from our hemysphere / in westerne wawe doth sinke.
 What cooler then the heauens / do shew vnto thine eyes,
 1712 The same, (or like) saw Romeus / in farthest Esterne skyes.
 As yet he saw no day, / ne could he call it night,
 With equall force decreasing darke / fought with increasing light.
 Then Romeus in armes / his lady gan to folde,
 1716 With frendly kisse, and ruthfully / she gan her knight beholde.
 With solemne othe they both / theyr sorowfull leaue do take ;
 They sweare no stormy troubles shall / theyr steady frendship shake.
 Then carefull Romeus / agayne to cell retroernes,
 1720 And in her chamber secretly / our ioyles Iuliet moornes.
 Now hugy cloudes of care, / of sorow, and of dread,
 The clearnes of their gladsome harts / hath wholy ouerspread.
 When golden crested Phoebus / bosteth him in skye,
 1724 And vnder earth, to scape reuenge, / his dedly foe doth flye,
 Then hath these louers day / an ende, their night begonne,
 For eche of them to other is / as to the world the sunne.
 The dawning they shall see, / ne sommer any more,
 1728 But blackfaced night with winter rough / (ah) beaten ouer sore.
 The very watch discharged / did hye them home to slepe, [Fo. 49]
 The warders, and the skowtes were chargde / theyr place and coorse
 to keepe,
 And Verone gates awyde / the porters had set open,
 1732 When Romeus had of hys affayres / with frier Lawrence spoken,
 Warely he walked forth, / vnknowne of frend or foe,
 Clad like a merchant venterer, / from top enuen to the toe.
 He spurd apace, and came, / withouten stop or stay,
 1736 To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, / he sent his man away
 With woords of comfort to / his olde afflicted syre ;
 And straight, in mynd to soiorne there, / a lodeinge doth he hyre,
 And with the nobler sort / he doth himselfe acquaint,
 1740 And of his open wrong receaued / the Duke doth heare his plaint.
 He practiseth by frendes / for pardon of exyle ;

- The whilst, he seeketh euyer way / his sorowes to begyle.
But who forgets the cole / that burneth in his brest ?
- 1744 Alas his cares denye his hart / the sweete desyred rest ;
No time findes he of myrth, / he findes no place of ioye,
But euyer thing occasion geues / of sorow and annoye.
For when in toorning skyes / the heauens lampes are light,
- 1748 And from the other hemysphere / fayre Phoebus chaceth night,
When euyer man and beast / hath rest from painfull toyle,
Then in the brest of Romeus / his passions gyn to boyle.
Then doth he wet with teares / the cowche wheron he lyes,
- 1752 And then his sighes the chamber fill, / and out aloude he cryes
Against the restles starres / in rolling skyes that raunge,
Against the fatall sisters three, / and Fortune full of chaunge.
Eche night a thousand times / he calleth for the day,
- 1756 He thinketh Titans restles stedes / of restinges do stay ;
Or that at length they haue / some bayting place found out,
Or (gyded yll) haue lost theyr way / and wandred farre about.
Whyle thus in ydel thoughts / the wery time he spendeth,
- 1760 The night hath end, but not with night / the plaint of night he endeth.
Is he accompanied ? / is he in place alone ?
In cumpany he wayles his harme, / a part he maketh mone :
For if his feeres reioyce, / what cause hath he to ioy,
- 1764 That wanteth still his cheefe delight, / while they theyr loues enioy ?
But if with heauy cheere / they shewe their inward greefe, [F^o. 50]
He wayleth most his wretchednes / that is of wretches cheefe.
When he doth heare abrode / the praise of ladies blowne,
- 1768 Within his thought he scorneth them, / and doth preferre his owne.
When pleasant songes he heares, / wheile others do reioyce,
The melody of Musike doth / styrre vp his mourning voyce.
But if in secret place / he walke some where alone,
- 1772 The place it selfe and secretnes / redoubleth all his mone.
Then speakes he to the beastes, / to fethered fowles and trees,
Vnto the earth, the cloudes, and to / what so beside he sees.
To them he shewth his smart, / as though they reason had,
- 1776 Eche thing may cause his heauines, / but nought may make him glad,
And (wery of the day) / agayne he calleth night,
The sunne he curseth, and the howre / when fyrrst his eyes saw light.

- And as the night and day / their course do enterchaunge,
 1780 So doth our Romeus nightly cares / for cares of day exchaunge.
 In absence of her knight / the lady no way could
 Kepe trewce betwene her greefes and her, / though nere so fayne she
 would ;
 And though with greater payne / she cloked sorowes smart,
 1784 Yet did her paled face disclose / the passions of her hart.
 Her sighing euery howre, / her weeping euery where,
 Her rechiles heede of meate, of slepe, / and wearing of her geare,
 The carefull mother markes ; / then of her health afayde,
 1788 Because the greefes increased still, / thus to her child she sayde :
 Deere daughter, if you shoulde / long languishe in this sort,
 I stand in doute that ouer soone / your sorowes will make short
 Your louing fathers life / and myne, that loue you more
 1792 Then our owne propre breth and life. / Brydel hence forth therfore
 Your greefe and payne, your selfe / on ioy your thought to set,
 For time it is that now you should / our Tybalts death forget.
 Of whom since God hath claymd / the lyfe that was but lent,
 1796 He is in blisse, ne is there cause / why you should thus lament ?
 You can not call him backe / with teares and shrikinges shrill :
 It is a falt thus still to grudge / at Gods appoyned will.
 The seely soule had now / no longer powre to fayne,
 1800 No longer could she hyde her harme, / but aunswerd thus agayne,
 With heauy broken sighes, / with visage pale and ded : [Fo. 51]
 Madame, the last of Tybalts teares / a great while since I shed ;
 Whose spring hath been ere this / so laded out by me,
 1804 That empty quite and moystureles / I gesse it now to be.
 So that my payned hart / by conduites of the eyne
 No more henceforth (as wont it was) / shall gush forth dropping bryne.
 The wofull mother knew / not what her daughter ment,
 1808 And loth to vexe her childe by woordes, / her peace she warely hent.
 But when from howre to howre, / from morow to the morow,
 Still more and more she saw increast / her daughters wonted sorow,
 All meanes she sought of her / and howshold folke to know
 1812 The certaine roote whereon her greefe / and booteless mone doth growe.
 But lo, she hath in vayne / her time and labor lore,
 Wherfore without all measure is / her hart tormented sore.

- And sith her selfe could not / fynd out the cause of care,
1816 She thought it good to tell the syre / how yll his childe did fare.
And when she saw her time, / thus to her feere she sayde :
Syr, if you marke our daughter well, / the countenance of the mayde,
And how she fareth since / that Tybalt vnto death
1820 (Before his time, forst by his foe) / dyd yeld his liuing breath,
Her face shall seeme so chaunged, / her doynges eke so straunge,
That you will greatly wonder at / so great and sodain chaunge.
Not onely she forbeares / her meate, her drinke, and sleepe,
1824 But now she tendeth nothing els / but to lament and weepe.
No greater ioy hath she, / nothing contentes her hart
So much, as in the chaumber close / to shut her selfe apart :
Where she doth so torment / her poore afflicted mynde,
1828 That much in daunger standes her lyfe, / except somme helpe we fynde.
But (out alas) I see / not how it may be founde,
Vnlesse that fyrst we might fynd whence / her sorowes thus
abounde.
For though with busy care / I haue employde my wit,
1832 And vsed all the wayes I knew / to learne the truth of it,
Neither extremitie / ne gentle meanes could boote ;
She hydeth close within her brest / her secret sorowes roote.
This was my fyrst conceite, / that all her ruth arose
1836 Out of her coosin Tybalts death, / late slayne of dedly foes ;
But now my hart doth hold / a new repugnant thought ; [F. 52]
Some greater thing, not Tybalts death, / this chaunge in her hath
wrought.
Her selfe assured me / that many dayes a goe
1840 She shed the last of Tybalts teares ; / which woord amasd me so
That I then could not gesse / what thing els might her greeue :
But now at length I haue bethought / me ; And I doe beleue
The onely crop and roote / of all my daughters payne
1844 Is grudgeing enuies faynt disease : / perhaps she doth disdayne
To see in wedlocke yoke / the most part of her feeres,
Whilst onely she vnmaried / doth lose so many yeres.
And more perchaunce she thinkes / you mynd to kepe her so ;
1848 Wherfore dispayring doth she weare / her selfe away with woe.
Therfore (deere syr) in time / take on your daughter ruth ;

- For why, a brickel thing is glasse, / and frayle is frayllesse youth.
 Ioyne her at once to somme / in linke of mariage,
 1852 That may be meete for our degreee, / and much about her age :
 So shall you banish care / out of your daughters brest,
 So we her parentes, in our age, / shall liue in quiet rest.
 Wherto gan easely / her husband to agree,
 1856 And to the mothers skilfull talke / thus straight way aunswerd he.
 Oft haue I thought (deere wife) / of all these thinges ere this,
 But euermore my mynd me gauie, / it should not be amisse
 By farther leasure had / a husband to prouyde ;
 1860 Scarce saw she yet full xvi. yeres : / too yong to be a bryde.
 But since her state doth stande / on termes so perilous,
 And that a mayden daughter is / a treasour daungerous,
 With so great speede I will / endeouour to procure
 1864 A husband for our daughter yong, / her sickenes faynt to cure,
 That you shall rest content, / (so warely will I choose)
 And she recouer soone enough / the time she seemes to loose.
 The whilst seeke you to learne, / if she in any part
 1868 Already hath (vnware to vs) / fixed her frendly hart ;
 Lest we haue more respect / to honor and to welth,
 Then to our daughters quiet life, / and to her happy helth :
 Whom I do hold as deere / as thapple o myne eye,
 1872 And rather wish in poore estate / and daughterles to dye,
 Then leaue my goodes and her / ythrald to such a one, [Fo. 53.]
 Whose chorlish dealing, (I once dead) / should be her cause of mone.
 This pleasant aunswere heard, / the lady partes agayne,
 1876 And Capilet, the maydens sire, / within a day or twayne,
 Conferreth with his frendes / for mariage of his daughter,
 And many gentlemen there were / with busy care that soughe her ;
 Both, for the mayden was / well shaped, yong and fayre,
 1880 As also well brought vp, and wise ; / her fathers onely heyre.
 Emong the rest was one / inflamde with her desire,
 Who County Paris cliped was ; / an Earle he had to syre.
 Of all the suters him / the father liketh best,
 1884 And easely vnto the Earle / he maketh his behest,
 Both of his owne good will, / and of his frendly ayde,
 To win his wife vnto his will, / and to perswade the mayde.

- The wife dyd ioy to heare / the ioyfull husband say.
- 1888 How happy hap, how meete a match, / he had found out that day ;
 Ne did she seeke to hyde / her ioyes within her hart,
 But straight she hyeth to Iuliet ; / to her she telles, apart,
 What happy talke (by meane / of her) was past no rather
- 1892 Betwene the woing Paris and / her carefull louing father.
 The person of the man, / the fewters of his face,
 His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and / his port, and semely grace,
 With curious wordes she payntes / before her daughters eyes,
- 1896 And then with store of vertues prayse / she heaues him to the skyes.
 She vauntes his race, and gyftes / that Fortune did him geue,
 Wherby (she saith) both she and hers / in great delight shall liue.
 When Iuliet conceiued / her parentes whole entent,
- 1900 Wherto both loue and reasons right / forbod her to assent,
 Within her selfe she thought / rather then be forsworne,
 With horses wilde her tender partes / a sonder should be torne.
 Not now, with bashfull brow, / (in wonted wise) she spake,
- 1904 But with vnwonted boldnes straight / into these woordes she brake :
 Madame, I maruell much, / that you so lauasse are.
 Of me your childe, (your iewel once, / your onely ioy and care,)
 As thus to yelde me vp / at pleasure of another,
- 1908 Before you know if I doe like / or els mislike my louer.
 Doo what you list, but yet / of this assure you still, [Fo. 54]
 If you do as you say you will, / I yelde not there vntill.
 For had I choyse of twayne, / farre rather would I choose
- 1912 My part of all your goodes and eke / my breath and lyfe to lose,
 Then graunt that he possesse / of me the smallest part ;
 First, weary of my painefull life, / my cares shall kill my hart,
 Els will I perce my brest / with sharpe and bloody knife ;
- 1916 And you, my mother, shall becomme / the murdresse of my life,
 In geuing me to him / whom I ne can, ne may,
 Ne ought, to loue : Wherfore, on knees, / deere mother, I you pray,
 To let me liue henceforth, / as I haue liued tofore :
- 1920 Ceasse all your troubles for my sake, / and care for me no more ;
 But suffer Fortune feerce / to worke on me her will,
 In her it lyeth to doe me boote, / in her it lyeth to spill.
 For whilst you for the best / desyre to place me so,

- 1924 You hast away my lingring death, / and double all my woe.
 So deepe this aunswere made / the sorowes downe to sinke
 Into the mothers brest, that she / ne knoweth what to thinke
 Of these her daughters woords, / but all appalde she standes,
- 1928 And vp vnto the heauens she throwes / her wondring head and handes,
 And, nigh besyde her selfe, / her husband hath she sought ;
 She telles him all ; she doth forget / ne yet she hydeth ought.
 The testy old man, wroth, / disdainfull without measure,
- 1932 Sendes forth his folke in haste for her, / and byds them take no leysure :
 Ne on her teares or plaint / at all to haue remorse,
 But (if they can not with her will) / to bring the mayde perforce.
 The message heard, they part, / to fetch that they must fet,
- 1936 And willingly with them walkes forth / obedient Iuliet.
 Arriued in the place, / when she her father saw,
 Of whom (as much as duety would) / the daughter stoode in awe,
 The seruantes sent away / (the mother thought it meete),
- 1940 The wofull daughter all bewept / fell groueling at his feete,
 Which she doth washe with teares / as she thus groueling lyes :
 So fast, and eke so plenteously / distill they from her eyes :
 When she to call for grace / her mouth doth think to open,
- 1944 Muet she is ; for sighes and sobs / her fearefull talke hane broken.
 The syre, whose swelling wroth / her teares could not asswage, [I^{o.} 55]
 With fiery eyen, and skarlet cheekes / thus spake her in his rage,
 Whilst ruthfully stood by / the maydens mother mylde :
- 1948 Listen (quoth he) vnthankfull and / thou disobedient childe ;
 Hast thou so soone let slip / out of thy mynde the woord,
 That thou so often times hast heard / rehearsed at my boord ?
 How much the Romayne youth / of parentes stood in awe,
- 1952 And eke what powre vpon theyr seede / the fathers had by lawe ?
 Whom they not onely might / pledge, alienate, and sell,
 (When so they stoode in neede) but more, / if children did rebell,
 The parentes had the power / of lyfe and sodayn death.
- 1956 What if those goodmen should agayne / receaue the liuyng breth,
 In how straight bondes would they / thy stubberne body bynde ?
 What weapons would they seeke for thee ? / what tormentes would
 they fynde ?
 To chasten (if they saw) / the lewdnes of thy lyfe,

- 1960 Thy great vnthankfulnes to me, / and shamefull sturdy strife?
Such care thy mother had, / so deere thou wert to me,
That I with long and earnest sute / prouided haue for thee
One of the greatest lordes / that wonnes about this towne,
- 1964 And for his many vertues sake / a man of great renoune.
Of whom both thou and I / vnworthy are too much,
So riche ere long he shalbe left, / his fathers welth is such,
Such is the noblenes / and honor of the race
- 1968 From whence his father came : and yet / thou playest in this case
The dainty foole, and stubberne / gyrtle; for want of skill
Thou dost refuse thy offred weale, / and disobay my will.
Euen by his strength I sweare, / that fyrist did geue me lyfe,
- 1972 And gaue me in my youth the strength / to get thee on my wyfe,
On lesse by wensday next / thou bende as I am bent,
And at our castle cald free towne / thou freely doe assent
To Counte Paris sute, / and promise to agree
- 1976 To whatsoeuer then shall passe / twixt him, my wife, and me,
Not onely will I geue / all that I haue away
From thee, to those that shall me loue, / me honor, and obay,
But also too so close / and to so hard a gayle,
- 1980 I shall thee wed, for all thy life, / that sure thou shalt not fayle
A thousand times a day / to wishe for sodayn death, [Fo. 56]
And curse the day and howre when first / thy lunges did geue thee
breath.
Aduide thee well, and say / that thou art warned now,
- 1984 And thinke not that I speake in sport, / or mynd to breake my vowe.
For were it not that I / to Counte Paris gaue
My fayth, which I must kepe vnfalst, / my honor so to sauе,
Ere thou go hence, my selfe / would see thee chastned so,
- 1988 That thou shouldst once for all be taught / thy duetic how to knowe ;
And what reuenge of olde / the angry syres did finde
Against theyr children that rebeld, / and shewd them selfe
vnkinde.
- These sayd, the olde man straight / is gone in hast away ;
- 1992 Ne for his daughters aunswere would / the testy father stay.
And after him his wife / doth follow out of doore,
And there they leaue theyr chidden chylde / kneeling vpon the floore,

- Then she that oft had seene / the fury of her syre,
 1996 Dreading what might come of his rage, / nould farther styrre his yre.
 Vnto her chamber she / withdrew her selfe aparte,
 Where she was wonted to vnlode / the sorowes of her hart.
 There did she not so much / busy her eyes in sleping,
 2000 As ouer prest with restles thoughts / in piteous booteless weping.
 The fast falling of teares / make not her teares decrease,
 Ne, by the powring forth of plaint, / the cause of plaint doth cease.
 So that to thend the mone / and sorow may decaye,
 2004 The best is that she seeke some meane / to take the cause away.
 Her wery bed betime / the wofull wight forsakes,
 And to sainct Frauncis church to masse / her way deuoutly takes.
 The fryer forth is calde ; / she prayes him heare her shrift ;
 2008 Denucion is in so yong yeres / a rare and precious gyft.
 When on her tender knees / the dainty lady kneeles,
 In minde to powre forth all the greefe / that inwardly she feeles,
 With sighes and salted teares / her shryuing doth beginne,
 2012 For she of heaped sorowes hath / to speake, and not of sinne.
 Her voyce with piteous plaint / was made already horce,
 And hasty sobs, when she would speake, / brake of her woordes parforce.
 But as she may, peece meale, / she powreth in his lappe
 2016 The mariage newes, a mischief newe, / prepared by mishappe,
 Her parentes promisse erst / to Counte Paris past, [Fo. 57]
 Her fathers threats she telleth him, / and thus concludes at last :
 Once was I wedded well, / ne will I wed agayne ;
 2020 For since I know I may not be / the wedded wyfe of twayne,
 For I am bound to haue / one God, one fayth, one make,
 My purpose is as soone as I / shall hence my iorney take,
 With these two handes, which ioynde / vnto the heauens I stretch,
 2024 The hasty death which I desire, / vnto my selfe to reache.
 This day (O Romeus) / this day, thy wofull wife
 Will bring the end of all her cares / by ending carefull lyfe.
 So my departed sprite / shall witnes to the skye,
 2028 And eke my blood vnto the earth / beare record, how that I
 Haue kept my fayth vnbroke, / stedfast vnto my frende.
 When this her heauy tale was tolde, / her vowe eke at an ende,
 Her gasing here and there, / her feerce and staring looke,

- 2032 Did witnes that some lewd attempt / her hart had vndertooke.
Whereat the fryer astonde, / and gastfully afayde
Lest she by dede perfourme her woord, / thus much to her he sayde :
Ah lady Iuliet, / what nede the wordes you spake ?
- 2036 I pray you, graunt me one request, / for blessed Maries sake.
Measure somewhat your greefe, / holde here a while your peace,
Whilst I bethinke me of your case, / your plaint and sorowes cease.
Such comfort will I geue / you, ere you part from hence,
- 2040 And for thassaltes of Fortunes yre / prepare so sure defence,
So holesome salue will I / for your afflictions finde,
That you shall hence depart agayne / with well contented mynde.
His wordes haue chased straight / out of her hart despayre,
- 2044 Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts / by hope are waxen fayre.
So fryer Lawrence now / hath left her there alone,
And he out of the church in hast / is to his chaumber gone ;
Where sundry thoughtes within / his carefull head arise ;
- 2048 The old mans foresight diuers doutes / hath set before his eyes.
His conscience one while / condems it for a sinne
To let her take Paris to spouse, / since he himselfe had byn
The chefest cause, that she / vnknowne to father or mother,
- 2052 Not fiue monthes past, in that selfe place / was wedded to another.
An other while an hugy / heape of daungers dred [Fo. 58]
His restles thought hath heaped vp / within his troubled hed.
Euen of it selfe thattempt / he iudgeth perilous ;
- 2056 The execucion eke he demes / so much more dangerous,
That to a womans grace / he must himselfe commit,
That yong is, simple and vnware, / for waigthy affaires vnfitt,
For if she fayle in ought, / the matter published,
- 2060 Both she and Romeus were vndonne, / himselfe eke punished.
When too and fro in mynde / he dyuers thoughts had cast,
With tender pity and with ruth / his hart was wonne at last ;
He thought he rather would / in hasard set his fame,
- 2064 Then suffer such adultery. / resoluing on the same,
Out of his closet straight / he tooke a litele glasse,
And then with double hast retornde / where wofull Iuliet was ;
Whom he hath found weluigh / in traunce, scarce drawing breath,
- 2068 Attending still to heare the newes / of lyfe or els of death.

- Of whom he did enquire / of the appointed day ;
 On wensday next, (quod Iuliet) / so doth my father say,
 I must geue my consent ; / but (as I do remember)
- 2072 The solemne day of mariage is / the tenth day of September.
 Deere daughter, quoth the fryer / of good chere see thou be,
 For loe, sainct Frauncis of his grace / hath shewde a way to me,
 By which I may both thee / and Romeus together
- 2076 Out of the bondage which you feare / assuredly deliuer.
 Euen from the holy font / thy husband haue I knowne,
 And, since he grew in yeres, haue kept / his counsels as myne owne.
 For from his youth he would / vnfold to me his hart,
- 2080 And often haue I cured him / of anguish and of smart ;
 I know that by desert / his frendship I haue wonne,
 And I him holde as dere as if / he were my propre sonne.
 Wherfore my frendly hart / can not abyde that he
- 2084 Should wrongfully in ought be harmde, / if that it lay in me
 To right or to reuenge / the wrong by my advise,
 Or timely to preuent the same / in any other wise.
 And sith thou art his wife, / thee am I bound to loue,
- 2088 For Romeus frindships sake, and seeke / thy anguishe to remoue,
 And dreadfull torments, which / thy hart besegen rounde ; [Fe. 59]
 Wherfore, my daughter, geue good eare / vnto my counsels sounde.
 Forget not what I say, / ne tell it any wight,
- 2092 Not to the nurce thou trustest so, / as Romeus is thy knight ;
 For on this threed doth hang / thy death and eke thy lyfe,
 My fame or shame, his weale or woe / that chose thee to his wyfe.
 Thou art not ignorant, / (because of such renowne
- 2096 As euyer where is spred of me, / but chefely in this towne,)
 That in my youthfull dayes / abrode I trauayled,
 Through euyer lande found out by men, / by men inhabited ;
 So twenty yeres from home, / in landes vnkowne a gest,
- 2100 I neuer gaue my weary limmies / long time of quiet rest,
 But in the desert woodes, / to beastes of cruell kinde,
 Or on the seas to drenching waues, / at pleasure of the winde,
 I haue committed them, / to ruth of rouers hand,
- 2104 And to a thousand daungers more, / by water and by lande.
 But not, in vayne (my childe) / hath all my wandring byn ;

- Beside the great contentednes / my sprete abydeth in,
That by the pleasant thought / of passed thinges doth grow,
2108 One priuate frute more haue I pluckd, / which thou shalt shortly know :
What force the stones, the plants, / and metals haue to woorke,
And diuers other thinges that in / the bowels of earth do loorke,
With care I haue sought out, / with payne I did them proue ;
2112 With them eke can I helpe my selfe / at times of my behoue,
(Although the science be / against the lawes of men)
When sodain daunger forceth me ; / but yet most cheefly when
The worke to doe is least / displeasing vnto God,
2116 Not helping to do any sinne / that wrekefull Ioue forbode.
For since in lyfe no hope / of long abode I haue,
But now am comme vnto the brinke / of my appointed graue,
And that my death drawes nere, / whose stripe I may not shonne,
2120 But shalbe calde to make account / of all that I haue donne,
Now ought I from hence forth / more depely print in mynde
The iudgement of the lord, then when / youthes folly made me blynde,
When loue and fond desyre / were boyling in my brest,
2124 Whence hope and dred by striuing thoughts / had banisched frendly rest.
Knowe therfore, (daughter) that / with other gyftes which I [Fo. 60]
Haue well attained to, by grace / and fauour of the skye,
Long since I did finde out, / and yet the way I knowe,
2128 Of certain rootes, and sauory herbes / to make a kinde of dowe,
Which baked hard, and bet / into a powder fine,
And dronke with conduit water, or / with any kynd of wine,
It doth in halfe an howre / astonne the taker so,
2132 And mastreth all his sences, that / he feeleth weale nor woe :
And so it burieth vp / the sprite and liuing breath,
That eu'en the skilfull leche would say, / that he is slayne by death.
One vertue more it hath, / as meruelous as this ;
2136 The taker, by receiuing it, / at all not greeued is ;
But painlesse as a man / that thinketh nought at all,
Into a swete and quiet slepe / immediately doth fall ;
From which, (according to / the quantitie he taketh)
2140 Longer or shorter is the time / before the sleper waketh ;
And thence (the effect once wrought) / agayne it doth restore
Him that receaued vnto the state / wherin he was before.

- Wherfore, marke well the ende / of this my tale begonne,
- 2144 And therby learne what is by thee / hereafter to be donne.
 Cast of from thee at once / the weede of womanish dread,
 With manly courage arme thy selfe / from heele vnto the head ;
 For onely on the feare / or boldnes of thy brest
- 2148 The happy happe or yll mishappe / of thy affayre doth rest.
 Receiue this vyoll small / and keepe it as thine eye ;
 And on thy mariage day, before / the sunne doe cleare the skye,
 Fill it with water full / vp to the very brim,
- 2152 Then drinke it of, and thou shalt feele / throughout eche vayne and lim
 A pleasant slumber slide, / and quite dispred at length
 On all thy partes, from every part / reue all thy kindly strength ;
 Withouten mouing thus / thy ydle parts shall rest,
- 2156 No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate / within thy hollow brest,
 But thou shalt lye as she / that dyeth in a traunce :
 Thy kinsmen and thy trusty frendes / shall wayle the sodain chaunce ;
 Thy corps then will they bring / to graue in this church yarde,
- 2160 Where thy forefathers long agoe / a costly tombe preparde,
 Both for them selfe and eke / for those that should come after, [Fo. 61]
 Both deepe it is, and long and large, / where thou shall rest, my
 daughter,
 Till I to Mantua sende / for Romeus, thy knight ;
- 2164 Out of the tombe both he and I / will take thee forth that night.
 And when out of thy slepe / thou shalt awake agayne,
 Then mayst thou goe with him from hence; / and, healed of thy payne,
 In Mantua lead with him / vnknowne a pleasant life ;
- 2168 And yet perhaps in time to comme, / when cease shall all the strife,
 And that the peace is made / twixt Romeus and his foes,
 My selfe may finde so fit a time / these secrete to dysclose,
 Both to my prayse, and to / thy tender parentes ioy,
- 2172 That daungerles, without reproche, / thou shalt thy loue enioy.
 When of his skilfull tale / the fryer had made an ende,
 To which our Iuliet so well / her eare and wits dyd bend,
 That she hath heard it all / and hath forgotten nought,
- 2176 Her fainting hart was comforted / with hope and pleasant thought,
 And then to him she said— / Doubte not but that I will
 With stoute and vnappauled hart / your happy hest fulfill.

- Yea, if I wist it were / a venemeus dedly drinke,
- 2180 Rather wold I that through my throte / the certaine bane should sinke,
Then I (not drinking it) / into his handes should fall,
That hath no part of me as yet, / ne ought to haue at all.
Much more I ought with bold / and with a willing hart
- 2184 To greatest daunger yelde my selfe, / and to the dedly smart,
To comme to him on whome / my life doth wholy stay,
That is my onely hartes delight, / and so he shalbe aye.
Then goe (quoth he) my childe, / I pray that God on hye
- 2188 Direct thy foote, and by thy hand / vpon the way thee gye.
God graunt he so confirme / in thee thy present will,
That no inconstant toy thee let / thy promesse to fulfill.
- A thousand thankes and more / our Iuliet gaue the fryer,
- 2192 And homeward to her fathers house / ioyfull she doth retyre ;
And as with stately gate / she passed through the streete,
She saw her mother in the doore, / that with her there would meete,
In mynd to aske if she / her purpose yet did holde,
- 2196 In mynd also, a part twixt them, / her duety to haue tolde ;
Wherfore with pleasant face, / and with vnwonted chere, [Fo. 62]
As soone as she was vnto her / approched sumwhat nere,
Before the mother spake, / thus did she fyrist begin :
- 2200 Madame, at saintc Frauncis churche / haue I this morning byn,
Where I did make abode / a longer while (percase)
Then dewty would ; yet haue I not / been absent from this place
So long a while, whithout / a great and iust cause why ;
- 2204 This frute haue I receaued there ; / my hart, erst lyke to dye,
Is now reviued agayne, / and my afflicted brest,
Released from affliction, / restored is to rest !
For lo, my troubled gost / (alas too sore diseasde)
- 2208 By gostly counsell and aduise / hath fryer Lawrence easde ;
To whome I did at large / discourse my former lyfe,
And in confession did I tell / of all our passed strife ;
Of Counte Paris sute, / and how my lord, my syre,
- 2212 By my vngrate and stubborne stryfe / I styrred vnto yre ;
But lo, the holy fryer / hath by his gostly lore
Made me another woman now / then I had been before.
By strength of argumentes / he charged so my mynde,

- 2216 That (though I sought) no sure defence / my serching thought could finde.
 So forced I was at length / to yelde vp wittles will,
 And promist to be orderd by / the friers praysed skill.
 Wherfore, albeit I / had rashely, long before,
- 2220 The bed and rytes of mariage / for many yeres forswore,
 Yet mother, now behold / your daughter at your will,
 Ready (if you commaunde her ought) / your pleasure to fulfill.
 Wherfore in humble wise, / dere madam, I you pray,
- 2224 To goe vnto my lord and syre, / withouten long delay ;
 Of him fyrist pardon craue / of faultes already past,
 And shew him (if it pleaseth you) / his child is now at last
 Obedient to his iust / and to his skilfull hest,
- 2228 And that I will (god lending life) / on wensday next, be prest
 To wayte on him and you, / vnto thappoynted place,
 Where I will, in your hearing, and / before my fathers face,
 Vnto the Counte geue / my fayth and whole assent,
- 2232 And take him for my lord and spouse ; / thus fully am I bent ;
 And that out of your mynde / I may remoue all doute, [Folio 63]
 Vnto my closet fare I now, / to searche and to choose out
 The brauest garmentes and / the richest iewels there,
- 2236 Which (better him to please) I mynd / on wensday next to weare ;
 For if I did excell / the famous Gretian rape,
 Yet might attyre helpe to amende / my bewty and my shape.
 The simple mother was / rapt in to great delight ;
- 2240 Not halfe a word could she bring forth, / but in this ioyfull plignt
 With nimble foote she ran, / and with vnwonted pace,
 Vnto her pensiue husband, and / to him with pleasant face
 She tolde what she had heard, / and prayseth much the fryer ;
- 2244 And ioyfull teares ranne downe the cheeke / of this gray-berded syer.
 With handes and eyes heaued vp / he thankes God in his hart,
 And then he sayth : This is not (wife) / the friers first desart ;
 Oft hath he shewde to vs / great frendship heretofore,
- 2248 By helping vs at nedefull times / with wisdomes pretious lore.
 In all our common weale / scarce one is to be founde
 But is, for somme good torne, vnto / this holy father bounde.
 Oh that the thyrd part of / my goods (I doe not fayne)

- 2252 But twenty of his passed yeres / might purchase him agayne !
So much in recompence / of frendship would I gene,
So much (in faith) his extreme age / my frendly hart doth greue.
These said, the glad old man / from home goeth straight abrode,
- 2256 And to the stately palace hyeth / where Paris made abode ;
Whom he desyres to be / on wensday next his geast,
At Freetowne, where he myndes to make / for him a costly feast.
But loe, the Earle saith, / such feasting were but lost,
- 2260 And counsels him till mariage time / to spare so great a cost,
For then he knoweth well / the charges wilbe great ;
The whilst, his hart desyreth still / her sight, and not his meate.
He craues of Capilet / that he may straight go see
- 2264 Fayre Iuliet ; wher to he doth / right willingly agree.
The mother, warnde before, / her daughter doth prepare ;
She warneth and she chargeth her / that in no wyse she spare
Her curteous speche, her pleasant / lookes, and comynely grace,
- 2268 But liberally to geue them forth / when Paris commes in place :
Which she as cunningly / could set forth to the shewe, [Fo. 64]
As cunning craftesmen to the sale / do set their wares on rew ;
That ere the County did / out of her sight depart,
- 2272 So secretly vnwares to him / she stale away his hart,
That of his lyfe and death / the wyly wench hath powre.
And now his longing hart thinkes long / for theyr appoynted howre
And with importune sute / the parentes doth he pray
- 2276 The wedlocke knot to knit soone vp, / and hast the mariage day.
The woer hath past forth / the first day in this sort,
And many other more then this, / in pleasure and dispore.
At length the wished time / of long hoped delight
- 2280 (As Paris thought) drew nere ; but nere / approched heauy plight.
Against the bridall day / the parentes did prepare
Such rich attyre, such furniture, / such store of dainty fare,
That they which did behold / the same the night before
- 2284 Did thinke and say, a man could scarcely / wishe for any more.
Nothing did seeme to deere ; / the deerest thinges were bought ;
And (as the written story saith) / in dede there wanted nought,
That longd to his degree, / and honor of his stocke ;
- 2288 But Iuliet, the whilst, her thoughts / within her brest did locke ;

- Euen from the trusty nurce, / whose secretnes was tryde,
 The secret counsell of her hart / the nurce childe seekes to hide.
 For sith, to mocke her dame, / she dyd not sticke to lye,
- 2292 She thought no sinne with shew of truth / to bleare her nurces eye.
 In chamber secretly / the tale she gan renew,
 That at the doore she tolde her dame, / as though it had been trew.
 The flattring nurce did prayse / the fryer for his skill,
- 2296 And said that she had done right well / by wit to order will.
 She setteth foorth at large / the fathers furious rage,
 And eke she prayseth much to her / the second mariage ;
 And County Paris now / she praiseth ten times more,
- 2300 By wrong, then she her selfe by right / had Romeus praysde before.
 Paris shall dwell there still, / Romeus shall not retourne ;
 What shall it boote her life / to languish still and mourne.
 The pleasures past before / she must account as gayne ;
- 2304 But if he doe retorne, what then ? / for one she shall haue twayne.
 The one shall vse her as / his lawfull wedded wyfe, [Fo. 65]
 In wanton loue with equall ioy / the other leade his lyfe ;
 And best shall she be sped / of any townish dame,
- 2308 Of husband and of paramour / to fynde her chaunge of game.
 These wordes and like the nurce / did speake, in hope to please,
 But greatly did these wicked wordes / the ladies mynde disease ;
 But ay she hid her wrath, / and seemed well content,
- 2312 When dayly dyd the naughty nurce / new argumentes inuent.
 But when the bryde perceued / her howre approched nere,
 She sought (the best she could) to fayne, / and temperd so her cheere,
 That by her outward looke / no liuing wight could gesse
- 2316 Her inward woe ; and yet a new / renewde is her distresse.
 Vnto her chaumber doth / the pensiue wight repayre,
 And in her hand a percher light / the nurce beares vp the stayre.
 In Iuliets chamber was / her wonted vse to lye ;
- 2320 Wherfore her mistres, dreading that / she should her work descriye,
 As sone as she began / her pallet to vnfold,
 Thinking to lye that night where she / was wont to lye of olde,
 Doth gently pray her seeke / her lodgeing some where els ;
- 2324 And, lest she crafty should suspect, / a ready reason telles.
 Dere frend (quoth she) you knowe, / to morow is the day

- Of new contract ; wherfore, this night, / my purpose is to pray
Vnto the heauenly myndes / that dwell aboue the skyes,
- 2328 And order all the course of thinges / as they can best deuyse,
That they so smyle vpon / the doynges of To morow,
That all the remant of my lyfe / may be exempt from sorow :
Wherfore, I pray you, leauue / me here alone this night,
- 2332 But see that you to morow comme / before the dawning light,
For you must coorle my heare, / and set on my attyre.
And easely the louing nurse / dyd yelde to her desire,
For she within her hed / dyd cast before no doute ;
- 2336 She little knew the close attempt / her nurce childe went about.
The nurce departed once, / the chamber doore shut close,
Assured that no liuing wight / her doing myght disclose,
She powred forth into / the vyole of the fryer,
- 2340 Water, out of a siluer ewer, / that on the boord stooode by her.
The sleepy mixture made, / fayre Iuliet doth it hyde [Fo. 66]
Vnder her bolster soft, and so / vnto her bed she hyed :
Where diuers nouel thoughts / arise within her hed,
- 2344 And she is so inuironed / about with deadly dred,
That what before she had / resolued vndoubtedly
That same she calleth into doute ; / and lying doutfully
Whilst honest loue did striue / with dred of dedly payne,
- 2348 With handes ywronge, and weeping eyes, / thus gan she to complaine :—
What, is there any one, / beneth the heauens hye,
So much vnfortunate as I ? / so much past hope as I ?
What, am not I my selfe, / of all that yet were borne,
- 2352 The deepest drenched in dispaire, / and most in Fortunes skorne :
For loe the world for me / hath nothing els to finde,
Beside mishap and wretchednes / and anguish of the mynde ;
Since that the cruel cause / of my vnhappines
- 2356 Hath put me to this sodaine plunge, / and brought to such distres,
As (to the end I may / my name and conscience sauē)
I must deuowre the mixed drinke / that by me here I haue,
Whose woorking and whose force / as yet I doe not know.
- 2360 And of this piteous plaint began / another doute to growe :
What doe I knowe (quoth she) / if that this powder shall
Sooner or later then it should / or els not woorke at all ?

- And then my craft descride / as open as the day,
 2364 The peoples tale and laughing stocke / shall I remayne for aye.
 And what know I (quoth she) / if serpentes odious,
 And other beastes and wormes that are / of nature venemous,
 That wonted are to lurke / in darke caues vnder grounde,
 2368 And commonly, as I haue heard, / in dead mens tombes are found,
 Shall harme me, yea or nay, / where I shall lye as ded?—
 Or how shall I that alway haue / in so freshe ayre been bred,
 Endure the lothsome stinke / of such an heaped store
 2372 Of carkases, not yet consumde, / and bones that long before
 Intombed were, where I / my sleping place shall haue,
 Where all my auncesters doe rest, / my kindreds common graue?
 Shall not the fryer and / my Romeus, when they come,
 2376 Fynd me (if I awake before) / ystifled in the tombe?
 And whilst she in these thoughtes / doth dwell somwhat to long,
 The force of her ymagining / anon dyd waxe so strong, [Fo. 67]
 That she surmysde she saw, / out of the hollow vaulte,
 2380 (A griesly thing to looke vpon) / the carkas of Tybalt;
 Right in the selfe same sort / that she few dayes before
 Had seene him in his blood embrewde, / to death eke wounded sore.
 And then when she agayne / within her selfe had wayde
 2384 That quicke she should be buried there, / and by his side be layde,
 All comfortles, for she / shall liuing feare haue none,
 But many a rotten carkas, and / full many a naked bone;
 Her dainty tender partes / gan shewer all for dred,
 2388 Her golden heares did stand vpright / vpon her chillish hed.
 Then pressed with the feare / that she there liued in,
 A sweat as colde as mountaine yse / pearst through her tender skin,
 That with the moysture hath / wet euery part of hers:
 2392 And more besides, she vainely thinkes, / whilst vainely thus she feares,
 A thousand bodies dead / haue compast her about,
 And lest they will dismember her / she greatly standes in dout.
 But when she felt her strength / began to weare away,
 2396 By little and little, and in her hart / her feare increased ay,
 Dreading that weakenes might, / or foolish cowardise,
 Hinder the execution of / the purposde enterprise,
 As she had frantike been, / in hast the glasse she caught,

- 2400 And vp she dranke the mixture quite, / withouten farther thought.
Then on her brest she crost / her armes long and small,
And so, her senses fayling her, / into a traunce did fall.
And when that Phoebus bright / heaued vp his seemely hed,
- 2404 And from the East in open skies / his glistring rayes dispreid,
The nurce vnshut the doore, / for she the key did keepe,
And douting she had slept to long, / she thought to breake her slepe
Fyrst softly dyd she call, / then lowder thus did crye,
- 2408 Lady, you slepe to long, (the Earle) / will rayse you by and by.
But wele away, in vayne / vnto the deafe she calles,
She thinkes to speake to Iuliet, / but speaketh to the walles.
If all the dredfull noyse / that might on earth be found,
- 2412 Or on the roaring seas, or if / the dredfull thunders sound,
Had blowne into her eares, / I thinke they could not make [Fo. 68]
The sleeping wight before the time / by any meanes awake ;
So were the sprites of lyfe / shut vp, and senses thrald ;
- 2416 Wherwith the seely carefull nurce / was wondrously apalde.
She thought to daw her now / as she had donne of olde,
But loe, she found her parts were stiffe / and more then marble colde ;
Neither at mouth nor nose / found she recourse of breth ;
- 2420 Two certaine argumentes were these / of her vntimely death.
Wherfore as one distraught / she to her mother ranne,
With scratched face, and heare betorne, / but no woord speake she can,
At last (with much a doe) / dead (quoth she) is my childe.
- 2424 Now, out alas (the mother cryde) / and as a Tyger wilde,
Whose whelpes, whilst she is gonue / out of her denne to pray,
The hunter gredy of his game / doth kill or cary away ;
So rageing forth she ranne / vnto her Iuliets bed,
- 2428 And there she found her derling and / her onely comfort ded.
Then shriked she out as lowde / as serue her would her breth,
And then (that pity was to heare) / thus cryde she out on death :
Ah cruell death (quoth she) / that thus against all right,
- 2432 Hast ended my felicitie, / and robde my hartes delight,
Do now thy worst to me, / once wreake thy wrath for all,
Euen in despite I crye to thee, / thy vengeance let thou fall.
Wherto stay I (alas) / since Iuliet is gone ?
- 2436 Wherto liue I since she is dead, / except to wayle and mone ?

- Alacke, dere chyld, my teares / for thee shall neuer cease ;
 Euen as my dayes of life increase, / so shall my plaint increase .
 Such store of sorow shall / afflict my tender hart,
 2440 That dedly panges, when they assayle / shall not augment my smart.
 Then gan she so to sobbe, / it seemde her hart would brast ;
 And while she crieth thus, behold, / the father at the last,
 The County Paris, and / of gentilmen a route,
 2444 And ladies of Verona towne / and country round about,
 Both kindreds and alies / thether apace haue preast,
 For by theyr presence there they sought / to honor so the feast ;
 But when the heauy newes / the bydden geastes did heare,
 2448 So much they mournd, that who had seene / theyr countnance and
 theyr cheere,
 Might easely haue iudgde / by that that they had seene, [Fo. 69]
 That day the day of wrath and eke / of pity to haue beene.
 But more then all the rest / the fathers hart was so
 2452 Smit with the heauy newes, and so / shut vp with sodain woe,
 That he ne had the powre / his daughter to bewepe,
 Ne yet to speake, but long is forsd / his teares and plaint to kepe.
 In all the hast he hath / for skilfull leaches sent ;
 2456 And, hearyng of her passed life, / they judge with one assent
 The cause of this her death / was inward care and thought ;
 And then with double force againe / the doubled sorowes wrought.
 If euer there hath been / a lamentable day,
 2460 A day, ruthfull, vnfortunate / and fatall, then I say,
 The same was it in which / through Veron towne was spred
 The wofull newes how Iuliet / was sterued in her bed.
 For so she was bemonde / both of the yong and olde,
 2464 That it might seeme to him that would / the commen plaint behold,
 That all the commen welth / did stand in ieopardy ;
 So vniuersall was the plaint, / so piteous was the crye.
 For lo, beside her shape / and natvie bewties hewe,
 2468 With which, like as she grew in age, / her vertues prayses grewe,
 She was also so wise, / so lowly, and so mylde,
 That, euen from the hory head / vnto the witles childe,
 She wan the hartes of all, / so that there was not one,
 2472 Ne great, ne small, but dyd that day / her wretched state bemone.

Whilst Iuliet slept, and whilst / the other wepen thus,
Our fryer Lawrence hath by this / sent one to Romeus,
A frier of his house, / there neuer was a better,

2476 He trusted him euen as himselfe, / to whom he gaue a letter,
In which he written had / of euery thing at length,
That past twixt Iuliet and him, / and of the powders strength ;
The next night after that, / he willeth him to comme

2480 To helpe to take his Iuliet / out of the hollow toombe,
For by that time, the drinke, / he saith, will cease to woorke,
And for one night his wife and he / within his cell shall loorke ;
Then shall he cary her / to Mantua away,

2484 (Till fickell Fortune fauour him,) / disguisde in mans aray.

Thys letter cloſe he sendes / to Romeus by his brother ; [Fo. 70]
He chargeth him that in no case / he geue it any other.
Apase our frier Iohn / to Mantua him hyes ;

2488 And, for because in Italy / it is a wonted gyse
That friers in the towne / should seeldome walke alone,
But of theyr couent ay should be / accompanide with one
Of his profession, straight / a house he fyndeth out,

2492 In mynde to take some frier with him, / to walke the towne about.
But entred once he might / not issue out agayne,
For that a brother of the house / a day before or twayne
Dyed of the plague, (a sickenes which / they greatly feare and hate)

2496 So were the brethren charged to kepe / within theyr couent gate,
Bard of theyr fellowship / that in the towne do wonne ;
The towne folke eke commaunded are / the fryers house to shonne,
Tyll they that had the care of health / theyr fredome should renew ;
2500 Wheroft, as you shall shortly heare, / a mischeefe great there
grewē.

The fryer by this restraint, / beset with dred and sorow,
Not knowing what the letters held, / differd vntill the morowe ;
And then he thought in tyme / to send to Romeus.

2504 But whilst at Mantua where he was, / these dooinges framed thus,
The towne of Iuliets byrth / was wholy busied
About her obsequies, to see / theyr darlyng buried.
Now is the parentes myrth / quite chaunged into mone,
2508 And now to sorow is retorne / the ioy of euery one ;

- And now the wedding weedes / for mourning weedes they chaunge,
 And Hymene into a Dyrge ; / alas ! it seemeth straunge :
 In steade of mariage gloues, / now funerall gloues they haue,
 2512 And whom they should see maried, / they follow to the graue.
 The feast that should haue been / of pleasure and of ioy,
 Hath every dish and cup fild full / of sorrow and annoye.
- Now throughout Italy / this common vse they haue,
- 2516 That all the best of euery stocke / are earthed in one graue ;
 For euery housshould, if / it be of any fame ;
 Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, / that beares the housshouldes
 name ;
 Wherein (if any of / that kindred hap to dye)
- 2520 They are bestowde ; els in the same / no other corps may lye.
 The Capilets her corps / in such a one dyd lay, [Fo. 71]
 Where Tybalt slayne of Romeus / was layde the other day.
 An other vse there is, / that whosoeuer dyes,
- 2524 Borne to their church with open face / vpon the beere he lyes,
 In wonted weedes attyrd, / not wrapt in winding sheete.
 So, as by chaunce he walked abrode, / our Romeus man dyd meeete
 His maisters wyfe ; the sight / with sorow straight dyd wounde
- 2528 His honest hart ; with teares he sawe / her lodged vnder ground.
 And, for he had been sent / to Verone for a spye,
 The doynges of the Capilets / by wisdome to descrye,
 And for he knew her death / dyd tooch his maister most,
- 2532 (Alas) too soone, with heauy newes / he hyed away in post ;
 And in his house he found / his maister Romeus,
 Where he, besprent with many teares, / began to speake him thus :
 Syr, vnto you of late / is chaunced so great a harme,
- 2536 That sure, except with constancy / you seeke your selfe to arme,
 I feare that strayght you will / brethe out your latter breath,
 And I, most wretched wight, shalbe / thoccasion of your death.
 Know syr, that yesterday, / my lady and your wyfe,
- 2540 I wot not by what sodain grefe, / hath made exchaunge of life ;
 And for because on earth / she found nougnt but vnrest,
 In heauen hath she sought to fynde / a place of quiet rest ;
 And with these weeping eyes / my selfe haue seene her layde,
- 2544 Within the tombe of Capilets : / and here withall he stayde.

- This sodayne message sounde, / sent forth with sighes and teares,
Our Romeus receaued too soone / with open listening eares ;
And therby hath sonke in / such sorow in his hart,
- 2548 That loe, his sprite annoyed sore / with torment and with smart,
Was like to breake out of / his prison house perforce,
And that he might flye after hers, / would leauue the massy corce :
But earnest loue that will / not fayle him till his ende,
- 2552 This fond and sodain fantasy / into his head dyd sende :
That if nere vnto her / he offred up his breath,
That then an hundred thousand parts / more glorious were his death :
Eke should his painfull hart / a great deale more be eased,
- 2556 And more also (he vainely thought) / his lady better pleased.
Wherfore when he his face / hath washt with water cleene, [Fo. 72]
Lest that the staynes of dried teares / might on his cheekes be seene,
And so his sorow should / of euery one be spyde,
- 2560 Which he with all his care dyd seeke / from euery one to hyde,
Straight, wery of the house, / he walketh forth abrode :
His seruant, at the maisters hest, / in chamber styll abode ;
And then fro streate to streate / he wandreth vp and downe
- 2564 To see if he in any place / may fynde, in all the towne,
A salue meete for his sore, / an oyle fitte for his wounde ;
And seeking long (alac too soone) / the thing he sought, he founde.
An Apothecary sate / vnbusied at his doore,
- 2568 Whom by his heauy countenaunce / he gessed to be poore.
And in his shop he saw / his boxes were but fewe,
And in his window (of his wares) / there was so small a shew ;
Wherfore our Romeus / assuredly hath thought,
- 2572 What by no frendship could be got, / with money should be bought ;
For nedye lacke is lyke / the poore man to compell
To sell that which the cities lawe / forbiddeth him to sell.
Then by the hand he drew / the nedye man apart,
- 2576 And with the sight of glittiring gold / inflamed hath his hart :
Take fiftie crownes of gold / (quoth he) I geue them thee,
So that, before I part from hence, / thou straight deliuere me
Somme poyson strong, that may / in lesse then halfe an howre
- 2580 Kill him whose wretched hap shalbe / the potion to deuowre.
The wretch by couetise / is wonne, and doth assent

- To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, / too late, he doth repent.
 In hast he poysone sought, / and closely he it bounde,
- 2584 And then began with whispering voyce / thus in his eare to rounde :
 Fayre syr (quoth he) be sure / this is the speeding gere,
 And more there is then you shall nede / for halfe of that is there
 Will serue, I vnder take, / in lesse then half an howre
- 2588 To kill the strongest man aliue ; / such is the poysons power.
 Then Romeus, somewhat easd / of one part of his care,
 Within his bosome putteth vp / his dere vnthrifte ware.
 Retorning home agayne, / he sent his man away,
- 2592 To Verone towne, and chargeth him / that he, without delay,
 Prouyde both instruments / to open wyde the toombe, [Fo. 73]
 And lightes to shew him Iuliet ; / and stay (till he shall come)
 Nere to the place whereas / his louing wyfe doth rest,
- 2596 And chargeth him not to bewray / the dolours of his brest.
 Peter, these heard, his leauie / doth of his maister take ;
 Betyme he commes to towne, such hast / the paynfull man did make :
 And then with busy care / he seeketh to fulfill,
- 2600 But doth dysclose vnto no wight / his wofull maisters will.
 Would God, he had herein / broken his maisters hest !
 Would God, that to the fryer he had / dysclosed all hys brest !
 But Romeus the whyle / with many a dedly thought
- 2604 Prouoked much, hath caused ynke / and paper to be brought,
 And in few lynes he dyd / of all his loue dyscoorse,
 How by the fryers helpe, and by / the knowledge of the noorse,
 The wedlocke knot was knyt, / and by what meane that night
- 2608 And many moe he dyd enjoy / his happy hartes delight ;
 Where he the poysone bought, / and how his lyfe should ende ;
 And so his wailefull tragedie / the wretched man hath pend.
 The letters closd and sealid, / directed to his syre,
- 2612 He locketh in his purse, and then / a post hors doth he hyre.
 When he approched nere, / he warely lighted downe,
 And euen with the shade of night / he entred Verone towne ;
 Where he hath found his man, / wayting when he should come,
- 2616 With lanterne, and with instruments / to open Iuliets toombe.
 Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, / helpe to remoue the stone,
 And straight when I am gone fro thee, / my Iuliet to bemone,

- See that thou get thee hence, / and on the Payne of death
2620 I charge thee that thou comine not nere / whyle I abyde beneath,
Ne seeke thou not to let / thy masters enterprise,
Which he hath fully purposed / to doe, in any wise.
Take there a letter, which, / as soone as he shall ryse,
2624 Present it in the morning to / my louing fathers eyes ;
Which vnto him perhaps / farre pleasanter shall seeme,
Than eyther I do mynd to say, / or thy grose head can deeme.
- Now Peter, that knew not / the purpose of his hart,
2628 Obediently a little way / withdrew himselfe apart ;
And then our Romeus / (the vault stone set vpright) [Fo. 74]
Descended downe, and in his hand / he bare the candle light.
And then with piteous eye / the body of his wyfe
2632 He gan beholde, who surely was / the organ of his lyfe ;
For whom vnhappy now / he is, but erst was blyst ;
He watred her with teares, and then / a hundred times her kyst ;
And in his folded armes / full straightly he her plight,
2636 But no way could his greedy eyes / be filled with her sight :
His fearfull handes he layd / vpon her stomacke colde,
And them on diuers parts besyde / the wofull wight did hold.
But when he could not fynd / the signes of lyfe he sought,
2640 Out of his cursed box he drewe / the poysen that he bought ;
Wheroft he gredely / deuowrde the greater part,
And then he cryde, with dedly sigh / fetcht from his mourning hart :
Oh Iuliet, of whom / the world vnwoorthy was,
2644 From which, for worldes vnworthines / thy worthy gost dyd
passee,
What death more pleasant could / my hart wish to abyde
Then that which here it suffreth now, / so nere thy frendly syde ?
Or els so glorious tombe / how could my youth haue craued,
2648 As in one selfe same vaulte with thee / haply to be ingraued ?
What Epitaph more worth, / or halfe so excellent,
To consecrate my memorye, / could any man inuent,
As this our mutuell and / our piteous sacrifice
2652 Of lyfe, set light for loue ?—but while / he talketh in this wise,
And thought as yet a while / his dolors to enforce,
His tender hart began to faynt, / prest with the venoms force ;

- Which little and little gan / to ouercomme hys hart,
 2656 And whilst his busy eyne he threwe / about to euery part,
 He saw, hard by the corce / of sleping Iuliet,
 Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was / not all consumed yet.
 To whom (as hauing life) / in this sort speaketh he :
 2660 Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, whereso / thy restles sprite now be,
 With stretched handes to thee / for mercy now I crye,
 For that before thy kindly howre / I forced thee to dye.
 But if with quenched lyfe / not quenched be thine yre,
 2664 But with reuengeing lust as yet / thy hart be set on fyre,
 What more amendes, or cruell / wreke desyrest thou [Fo. 75]
 To see on me, then this which here / is shewd forth to thee now ?
 Who refst by force of armes / from thee thy liuing breath,
 2668 The same with his owne hand (thou seest) / doth poyson himselfe to
 death.
 And for he caused thee / in tombe too soone to lye,
 Too soone also, yonger then thou, / himselfe he layeth by.
 These said, when he gan feele / the poysons force preuayle,
 2672 And little and little mastred lyfe / for aye beganne to fayle,
 Kneeling vpon his knees, / he said with voyce full lowe,—
 Lord Christ, that so to raunsome me / descendedst long agoe
 Out of thy fathers bosome, / and in the virgins wombe
 2676 Didst put on fleshe, Oh let my plaint / out of this hollow toombe,
 Perce through the ayre, and graunt / my sute may fauour finde ;
 Take pity on my sinnefull and / my poore afflicted mynde !
 For well enough I know, / this body is but clay,
 2680 Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, / and subiect to decay.
 Then pressed with extreme greefe / he threw with so great force
 His ouerpresse parts vpon / his ladies wayled corps,
 That now his wekened hart, / weakened with tormentes past,
 2684 Vnable to abyde this pang, / the sharpest and the last,
 Reinayned quite deprived / of sense and kindly strength,
 And so the long imprisond soule / hath freedome wonne at length.
 Ah cruell death, too soone, / too soone was this deuorce,
 2688 Twixt youthfull Romeus heauenly sprite, / and his fayre earthly
 corse.
 The fryer that knew what time / the powder had been taken,

- Knew eke the very instant when / the sleper should awaken ;
But wondring that he could / no kind of aunswer heare,
2692 Of letters which to Romeus / his fellow fryer did beare,
Out of saintc Frauncis church / hymselfe alone dyd fare,
And for the opening of the tombe / meete instrumentes he bare.
Approching nigh the place, / and seeing there the lyght,
2696 Great horror felt he in his hart, / by straunge and sodaine sight ;
Tyll Peter, (Romeus man), / his coward hart made bolde,
When of his masters being there / the certain newes he tolde :
There hath he been (quoth he) / this halfe howre at the least,
2700 And in this time, I dare well say, / his plaint hath still increast.
Then both they entred in, / where they (alas) dyd fynde [Fo. 76]
The bretheles corps of Romeus, / forsaken of the mynde ;
Where they haue made such mone, / as they may best conceue,
2704 That haue with perfect frendship loued, / whose frend feerce death
dyd reue.
But whilst with piteous playnt / they Romeus fate bewepe,
An howre too late fayre Iuliet / awaked out of slepe ;
And much amasde to see / in tombe so great a light,
2708 She wist not if she saw a dreame, / or sprite that walkd by night.
But cumming to her selfe / she knew them, and said thus :
What, fryer Lawrence, is it you ? / where is my Romeus ?
And then the auncient frier, / that greatly stoode in feare
2712 Lest if they lingred ouer long / they should be taken theare,
In few plaine woordes the whole / that was betyde, he tolde,
And with his finger shewd his corps / out stretched, stiffe, and colde ;
And then perswaded her / with pacience to abyde
2716 This sodain great mischaunce, and sayth, / that he will soone prouyde
In somme religious house / for her a quiet place,
Where she may spend the rest of lyfe, / and where in time percase
She may with wisdomes meane / measure her mourning brest,
2720 And vnto her tormented soule / call backe exiled rest.
But loe, as soone as she / had cast her ruthfull eye
On Romens face, that pale and wan / fast by her side dyd lye,
Straight way she dyd vnstop / the conduites of her teares,
2724 And out they gushe ;—with cruell hand / she tare her golden heares.
But when she neither could / her swelling sorow swage,

- Ne yet her tender hart abyde / her sickenes furious rage,
 Falne on his corps she lay / long panting on his face,
- 2728 And then with all her force and strength / the ded corps dyd embrace,
 As though with sighes, with sobs, / with force, and busy Payne,
 She would him rayse, and him restore / from death to lyfe agayne :
 A thousand times she kist / his mouth, as cold as stone,
- 2732 And it vnkist agayne as oft ; / then gan she thus to mone :
 Ah pleasant prop of all / my thoughtes, ah onely ground
 Of all the sweete delights that yet / in all my lyfe I found,
 Did such assured trust / within thy hart repose,
- 2736 That in this place and at this time, / thy churchyaerde thou hast
 chose,
 Betwixt the armes of me, / thy perfect louing make ? [Fo. 77]
- And thus by meanes of me to ende / thy lyfe, and for my sake ?
 Euen in the flowing of / thy youth, when vnto thee
- 2740 Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most) / and pleasant ought to be,
 How could this tender corps / withstand the cruell fight
 Of furious death, that wounts to fray / the stoutest with his sight ?
 How could thy dainty youth / agree with willing hart
- 2744 In this so fowle infected place / (to dwell) where now thou art ?
 Where spitefull Fortune hath / appoynted thee to be
 The dainty foode of greedy woormes / vnworthy sure of thee.
 Alas, alas, alas, / what neded now anew
- 2748 My wonted sorowes, doubled twise, / agayne thus to renewe ?
 Which both the tyme and eke / my patient long abode
 Should now at length haue quenched quite, / and vnder foote haue
 trode ?
 Ah wretch and caytive that / I am, euen when I thought
- 2752 To find my painefull passions salue, / I myst the thing I sought ;
 And to my mortall harme / the fatall knyfe I grounde,
 That gaue to me so deepe, so wyde / so cruell dedly wounde.
 Ah thou, most fortunate / and most vnhappy tombe !
- 2756 For thou shalt beare, from age to age, / witnes in time to come
 Of the most perfect leage / betwixt a payre of louers,
 That were the most vnfortunate / and fortunate of others
 Receaue the latter sigh, / receaue the latter pang,
- 2760 Of the most cruell of cruell slauies / that wrath and death ay wrang.

- And when our Iuliet would / continue still her mone,
The fryer and the seruant fled, / and left her there alone ;
For they a sodayne noyse / fast by the place did heare,
2764 And lest they might be taken there, / greatly they stooode in feare.
When Iuliet saw her selfe / left in the vaulte alone,
That freely she might worke her will, / for let or stay was none
Then once for all she tooke / the cause of all her harmes,
2768 The body dead of Romeus, / and claspd it in her armes ;
Then she with earnest kisse / sufficiently did proue,
That more then by the feare of death, / she was attaint by loue ;
And then past deadly feare, / for lyfe ne had she care,
2772 With hasty hand she did draw out / the dagger that he ware.
O welcome death (quoth she) / end of vnhappines, [Fo. 78]
That also art beginning of / assured happines,
Feare not to darte me nowe, / thy stripe no longer stay,
2776 Prolong no longer now my lyfe, / I hate this long delaye,
For straight my parting sprite, / out of this carkas fled,
At ease shall finde my Romens sprite / emong so many ded.
And thou my louing lord, / Romeus my trusty feer,
2780 If knowledge yet doe rest in thee, / if thou these woordes dost heer,
Receue thou her, whom thou / didst loue so lawfully,
That causd (alas) thy violent death, / although vnwillingly ;
And therfore willingly / offers to thee her gost,
2784 To thend that no wight els but thou / might haue iust cause to boste
Thinioyer of my loue, / which ay I haue reserued
Free from the rest, bound vnto thee, / that hast it well deserved :
That so our parted sprites / from light that we see here,
2788 In place of endlesse light and blisse, / may euer liue yfere.
These said, her ruthlesse hand / through gyrt her valiant hart :
Ah, Ladies, helpe with teares to wayle / the ladies dedly smart !
She grones, she stretcheth out / her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,
2792 And from her corps the sprite doth fleye ; / what should I say ? she
dyes.
The watchemen of the towne / the whilst are passed by,
And through the gates the candel light / within the tombe they spye ;
Wherby they did suppose / inchaunters to be comme,
2796 That with prepared instrumentes / had opend wide the tombe,

- In purpose to abuse / the bodies of the ded,
 Which by theyr science ayde abusde, / do stand them oft in sted.
 Theyr curious harts desire / the trueth herof to know ;
 2800 Then they by certaine steppes descend, / where they do fynd below,
 In clasped armes ywrapt / the husband and the wyfe,
 In whom as yet they seemd to see / somme certaine markes of lyfe.
 But when more curiously / with leysure they did vew,
 2804 The certainty of both theyr deathes / assuredly they knew :
 Then here and there so long / with carefull eye they sought,
 That at the length hidden they found / the murthrers ;—so they
 thought.
 In dongeon depe that night / they lodgde them vnder grounde :
 2808 The next day do they tell the prince / the mischefe that they found.
 The newes was by and by / throughout the towne dyspred, [Fa. 79]
 Both of the takyng of the fryer, / and of the two found ded.
 Thether might you haue seene / whole housholdes forth to ronne,
 2812 For to the tombe where they did heare / this wonder straunge was
 donne,
 The great, the small, the riche, / the poore, the yong, the olde,
 With hasty pace do ronne to see, / but rew when they beholde.
 And that the murtherers / to all men might be knowne,
 2816 Like as the murders brute abrode / through all the towne was
 blowne
 The prince did straight ordaine, / the corses that wer founde
 Should be set forth vpon a stage / hye raysed from the grounde,
 Right in the selfe same fourme, / (shewde forth to all mens sight)
 2820 That in the hollow valt they had / been found that other night ;
 And eke that Romeus man / and fryer Lawrence should
 Be openly examined ; / for els the people would
 Haue murmured, or faynd / there were some wayghty cause
 2824 Why openly they were not calde, / and so conuict by lawes.
 The holy fryer now, / and reuerent by his age,
 In great reproche set to the shew / vpon the open stage,
 (A thing that ill beseemde / a man of siluer heares)
 2828 His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes / with great fast-falling teares :
 Whom straight the dredfull Iudge / commaundeth to declare
 Both, how this murther had been donne, / and who the murthrers are ;

- For that he nere the tombe / was found at howres vnsitte,
2832 And had with hym those yron tooles / for such a purpose fitte.
The frier was of liuely / sprite and free of speche,
The Judges woordes appald him not, / ne were his wittes to seeche.
But with aduisyd heed / a while fyrst did he stay,
2836 And then with bold assured voyce / loude thus gan he say :
My lordes, there is not one / emong you, set togyther,
So that (affection set aside) / by wisdome he consider
My former passed lyfe, / and this my extreme age,
2840 And eke this heauy sight, the wreke / of frantike Fortunes rage,
But that, amased much, / doth wonder at this chaunge,
So great, so sodainly befalne, / vnlooked for, and straunge.
For I, that in the space / of lx. yeres and tenne,
2844 Since first I did begin, to soone, / to leade my lyfe with men,
And with the worldes vaine thinges, / my selfe I did acquaint, [F. 8o]
Was nener yet, in open place, / at any time attaynt
With any cryme, in waight / as heauy as a rushe,
2848 Ne is there any stander by / can make me gylty blushe ;
(Although before the face / of God, I doe confesse
My selfe to be the sinfulst wretch / of all this mighty presse.)
When readiest I am / and likeliest to make
2852 My great accompt, which no man els / for me shall vndertake ;
When wormes, the earth, and death, / doe cyte me euery howre,
Tappare before the iudgement seate / of euerlasting powre,
And falling ripe, I steppe / vpon my graues brinke,
2856 Euen then, am I, most wretched wight, / (as eche of you doth thinke,)
Through my most haynous deede, / with hedlong sway throwne downe.
In greatest daunger of my lyfe, / and domage of renowne.
The spring, whence in your head / this new conceite doth ryse,
2860 And in your hart increaseth still / your vayne and wrong surmise :
May be the hugenes of / these teares of myne, (percase,)
That so abundantly downe fall / by eyther syde my face ;
As though the memory / in scriptures were not kept
2864 That Christ our sauour himselfe / for ruth and pittie wept ;
And more, whoso will reade, / ywritten shall he fynde,
That teares are as true messengers / of mans vngyltie mynde.
Or els, (a liker proofe) / that I am in the cryme,

- 2868 You say these present yrons are, / and the suspected tyme ;
 As though all howres alike / had not been made aboue !
 Did Christ not say, the day had twelue ? / whereby he sought to proue,
 That no respect of howres / ought iustly to be had,
- 2872 But at all times men haue the choyce / of dooing good or bad ;
 Euen as the sprite of God / the hartes of men doth guyde,
 Or as it leaueth them to stray / from Vertues path asyde.
 As for the yrons that / were taken in my hand,
- 2876 As now I deeme, I neede not seeke / to make ye vnderstande
 To what vse yron first / was made, when it began ;
 How of it selfe it helpeth not, / ne yet can helpe a man.
 The thing that hurteth is / the malice of his will,
- 2880 That such indifferent things is wont / to vse and order yll
 Thus much I thought to say, / to cause you so to know [Fo. 8r]
 That neither these my piteous teares, / though nere so fast they flowe,
 Ne yet these yron tooles, / nor the suspected time,
- 2884 Can iustly proue the murther donne, / or damne me of the cryme :
 No one of these hath powre, / ne powre haue all the three,
 To make me other then I am, / how so I seeme to be.
 But sure my conscience, / (if so my gylt deserue,)
- 2888 For an appeacher, witnesse, and / a hangman, eke should serue ;
 For through mine age, whose heares / of long time since were hore,
 And credyt greate that I was in, / with you, in time tofore,
 And eke the soiorne short / that I on earth must make,
- 2892 That euery day and howre do loke / my iourney hence to take,
 My conscience inwardly / should more torment me thrise,
 Then all the outward deadly payne / that all you could deuyse.
 But (God I prayse) I feele / no worme that gnaweth me,
- 2896 And from remorses pricking sting / I ioy that I am free :
 I meane, as touching this, / wherwith you troubled are,
 Wherwith you should be troubled still, / if I my speche should spare.
 But to the end I may / set all your hartes at rest,
- 2900 And plucke out all the scrupuls that / are rooted in your brest,
 Which might perhappes henceforth / increasing more and more,
 Within your conscience also / increase your curelesse sore,
 I sweare by yonder heauens, / whither I hope to clym,
- 2904 And for a witness of my woordes / my hart attesteth him,

- Whose mighty hand doth welde / them in their yvolyent sway,
And on the rolling stormy seas / the heauy earth doth stay :
That I will make a short / and eke a true dyscourse
2908 Of this most wofull Tragedy, / and shew both thend and sourse
Of theyr vnhappy death, / which you perchaunce no lesse
Will wonder at then they (alas) / poore louers in distresse,
Tormented much in mynd, / not forcing liuely breath,
2912 With strong and patient hart dyd yelde / themselfe to cruell death :
Such was the mutuall loue / wherin they burned both,
And of their promyst frendshippes fayth / so stedy was the troth.
And then the auncient frier / began to make dyscourse,
2916 Euen from the first, of Romeus / and Iuliets amours ;
How first by sodayn sight / the one the other chose, [Fo. 82]
And twixt them selfe dyd knitte the knotte / which onely death might
lose ;
And how, within a while, / with hotter loue opprest,
2920 Vnder confessions cloke, to him / them selfe they haue adrest,
And how with solemne othes / they haue protested both,
That they in hart are maried / by promise and by othe ;
And that except he graunt / the rytes of church to geue,
2924 They shalbe forst by earnest loue / in sinnefull state to liue :
Which thing when he had wayde, / and when he vnderstoode
That the agreement twixt them twayn / was lawfull, honest, good,
And all thinges peysed well, / it seemed meeete to bee
2928 For lyke they were of noblenesse, / age, riches, and degree ;
Hoping that so at length / ended myght be the stryfe,
Of Montagewes and Capelets, / that led in hate theyr lyfe,
Thinking to woorke a woorke / well pleasing in Gods sight,
2932 In secret shrift he wedded them ; / and they the selfe same night
Made vp the mariage / in house of Capelet,
As well doth know (if she be askt) / the nurce of Iuliet.
He told how Romeus fled / for reuing Tybalts lyfe,
2936 And how, the whilst, Paris the Earle / was offred to hys wyfe ;
And how the lady dyd / so great a wrong dysdayne,
And how to shrift vnto his church / she came to him agayne ;
And how she fell flat downe / before his feete aground,
2940 And how she sware, her hand / and blody knife should wound

- Her harmeles hart, except / that he some meane dyd fynde
 To dysappoyn特 the Earles attempt ; / and spotles sauе her mynde.
 Wherfore, he doth conclude, / (although that long before)
- 2944 By thought of death and age he had / refusde for euermore
 The hidden artes which he / delighted in, in youth,
 Yet wonne by her importunenes, / and by his inward ruth,
 And fearing lest she would / her cruell vowe dyscharge
- 2948 His closed conscience he had / opened and set at large ;
 And rather did he choose / to suffer for one tyme
 His soule to be spotted somdeale / with small and easy cryme,
 Then that the lady should, / (wery of liuyng breath,)
- 2952 Murther her selfe, and daunger much / her seely soule by death :
 Wherfore his auncient artes / agayne he puttes in vre, [Fo. 83]
 A certaine powder gaue he her, / that made her slepe so sure,
 That they her held for dead ; / and how that frier Iohn
- 2956 With letters sent to Romeus / to Mantua is gone ;
 Of whom he knoweth not / as yet, what is becomme ;
 And how that dead he found his frend / within her kindreds tombe.
 He thinkes with poyson strong, / for care the yong man sterued,
- 2960 Supposing Iuliet dead ; and how / that Iuliet hath carued,
 With Romeus dagger drawne / her hart, and yelded breath,
 Desyrous to accompany / her louer after death ;
 And how they could not sauе / her, so they were afeard,
- 2964 And hidde them selfe, dreding the noyse / of watchmen, that they
 heard.
 And for the proofe of thyss / his tale, he doth desyer
 The Judge to send forthwith / to Mantua for the fryer,
 To learne his cause of stay, / and eke to reade his letter ;
- 2968 And, more beside, to thend that they / might iudge his cause the better,
 He prayeth them depose / the nurce of Iuliet,
 And Romeus man, whom at vnwares / besyde the tombe he met.
 Then Peter, not so much / as erst he was, dysmayd :
- 2972 My lordes, (quoth he) too true is all / that fryer Laurence sayd.
 And when my maister went / into my mystres graue.
 This letter that I offer you, / vnto me then he gaue,
 Which he himselfe dyd write, / as I do vnderstand,
- 2976 And charged me to offer them / vnto his fathers hand.

- The opened packet doth / conteyne in it the same
That erst the skilfull frier said ; / and eke the wretches name
That had at his request / the dedly poyson sold,
2980 The price of it, and why he bought, / his letters playne haue tolde.
The case vnfolded so / and open now it lyes,
That they could wish no better proofe, / saue seeing it with theyr eyes :
So orderly all thinges / were tolde and tryed out,
2984 That in the please there was not one / that stoode at all in doute.
The wyser sort, to councell / called by Escalus,
Haue geuen aduyse, and Escalus / sagely decreeth thus :
The nurse of Iuliet / is banisht in her age,
2988 Because that from the parentes she / dyd hyde the mariage,
Which might have wrought much good / had it in time been knowne,
Where now by her concealing it / a mischeefe great is growne ; [Fo. 84]
And Peter, for he dyd / obey his masters hest,
2992 In woonted freedome had good leauue / to lead his lyfe in rest :
Thapotheccary high / is hanged by the throte,
And for the paynes he tooke with him / the hangman had his cote.
But now what shall betyde / of this gray-bearded syre ?
2996 Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, / that good barefooted fryre ?
Because that many times / he woorthely did serue
The commen welth, and in his lyfe / was neuer found to swerue,
He was discharged quyte, / and no marke of defame
3000 Did seeme to blot or touch at all / the honor of his name.
But of him selfe he went / into an Hermitage,
Two myles from Veron towne, where he / in prayers past forth his age ;
Tyll that from earth to heauen / his heauenly sprite dyd flye :
3004 Fyue yeres he liued an Hermite and / an Hermite dyd he dye.
The straungenes of the chaunce, / when tryed was the truth,
The Montagewes and Capelets / hath moued so to ruth,
That with their emptyed teares / theyr choler and theyr rage
3008 Was emptied quite ; and they, whose wrath / no wisdom could asswage,
Nor threatning of the prince, / ne mynd of murthers donne,
At length, (so mighty loue it would) / by pitye they are wonne.
And lest that length of time / might from our myndes remoue
3112 The memory of so perfect, sound / and so approued loue,
The bodies dead, remoued / from vaulte where they did dye,

In stately tombe, on pillers great / of marble, rayse they hye.

On euery syde aboue / were set, and eke beneath,

3016 Great store of cunning Epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.

And euen at this day / the tombe is to be seene;

So that among the monumentes / that in Verona been,

There is no monument / more worthy of the sight,

3020 Then is the tombe of Iuliet / and Romeus her knight.

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Flete strete within Temble barre, at
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Richard Tottill the xix day of
Nouember, An. do. 1562.
(. . .)

LIST OF VARIOUS READINGS

GATHERED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION, 1562, AND FROM MALONE'S,
COLLIER'S, AND HALLIWELL'S REPRINTS.

116. *booteth*] *bootest* M, C, H.
 118. *sweeter*] *swetter* original, C, H.
 174. *mauger*] *maugre* M, C, H.
 267. *tender hand*] *slender hand* M, C, H.
 269. *hath*] *had* M, C, H.
 305. *so*] *to* M, C, H.
 316. *the oame*] *their or his owne* Ed. conj.
 374. *thattempted*] *that tempted* M, C, H.
 398. *befylde*] *dafylde* M.
 416. *my thought*] *my thoughts* M, C, H. *methought* Ed. conj.
 419. *talk*] Ed. *take* original, M, C, H.
 460. *reueth*] *driveth* M.
louers] *loues* original, C, H.
 463. *doth*] *both* original.
 466. *bowre*] *howre* original.
 476. *Ay*] *In* M.
 557. *bestimes*] *bestimes* M, C, H.
 666. *chat*] *that* original.
 777. *will we*] *we will* C, H.
 856. *all*] om. C, H.
 883. *hyde*] *tyde* Ed. conj.
 919. *Thus*] *This* original, C, H.
 985. *gaspe*] *graspe* M, C, H.
 1003. *and*] om. M.
 1010. *hath*] *had* M, C, H.
 1110. *abode*] *abrode* original, C, H.
 1188. *begone*] *begonne* M.
 1192. *me*] *my* original.
 1205. *sits*] *fits* C, H.
 1258. *louer*] *louer, louer* original.
 1331. *he [ne] had*] Ed. *he had* original, M, C, H.
this time] *his time* M.
 1339. *lasten*] *hasten* M, C, H.
 1344. *Vinconstant*] *Vinconstant* original, C, H.
 1396. *after*] *afther* original, C, H.
 1432. *oughtst*] *oughtest* original. *oughest* C, H.
 1452. *mast*] *mayst* M.
 1561. *That*] *Thol* original, C, H.
 1574. *doomes*] *dome* M.

List of Various Readings.

1592. *tyrans*] *tyrant* C, H.
 1657. *bent*] *bend* original, C, H.
lore] *love* M, C, H.
 1684. *no]* *now* Ed. conj.
 1693. *his]* *hiȝt* original.
 1769. *heares*] *beares* original.
 1782. *trewce*] *treweze* C, H. *trewe* original.
 1799. *had*] *hath* M, C, H.
 1850. *frayllesse*] *skillesse* M.
 1893. *fewters*] *features* M.
 1945. *wroth*] *worth* original.
 1954. *so they*] *they so* C, H.
 1957. *thy*] *the* M, C, H.
 2050. *had*] *hath* M, C, H.
 2059. *she*] *the* original.
 2101. *beastes*] *beaste* original.
 2157. *dyeth*] *lyeth* Ed. conj.
 2159. *Thy*] *The* M, C, H.
 2161. *them selfe*] *himselfe* original, C, H.
 2239. *in to*] *into* M. *in so* Ed. conj.
 2270. *their*] *theyr* M. *theie* original.
 2313. *approched*] *aproched* M. *opprocched* original.
 2314. *temperd*] *tempered* M. *tempted* original, C, H.
 2324. *she*] *the* original, M.
 2339. *She*] *So* M, C, H.
 2351. *not I*] *I not* M, C, H.
 2390. *tender*] *slender* M, C, H.
 2450. *to*] om. original.
 2629. *vpright*] *up upright* M, C, H.
 2736. *thy churchyarde*] *this churchyarde* original.
chose,] *chose?* original, C, H.
 2811. *might you*] *you might* M, C, H.
 2860. *still*] *till* C, H.
 2921. *they*] *thy* C, H.
 2926. *them*] *rhem* M, C.
 2959. *for*] or Ed. conj.
 2971. *as erst*] *as erst as* original. *erst as* C, H.
 3008. *Was*] *Has* M, C, H. [Note. This correction obtained from Mr H. Huth's copy of the ed. 1562. The copy in the Bodleian Library from which Malone (followed by Collier and Halliwell) printed his edition, is defaced in this place, the *s* only of the word remaining distinct.]

“The goodly Hyftory of the true and constant
Loue betweene

RHOMEO AND JULIETTA.”

Translated by William Painter from the French paraphrase,
by Pierre Boaistuau, of Bandello's version of
“Romeo e Giulietta.”

(Reprinted from the second edition [n. d.] of the second
volume of Painter's “Palace of Pleasure,”
collated with the first edition, 1567, and with the Reprints by
Haslewood, Collier, and Halliwell.)

NOTE.

THE passages from Boaistuau quoted immediately below Painter's text are numbered consecutively to the end. The passages in the text with which they are to be compared are comprised between a corresponding number and a star. When no star follows the number in the text it is to be understood that only the single word immediately following the number is referred to. After each quotation from Boaistuau, I have, when possible, noted within brackets the corresponding lines of Brooke's Poem.

The collations of the several editions at the foot of each page are numbered in accordance with the numbers of the lines on that page. Only those editions are noted which differ from the text. *Has.*, *C.*, *Hal.* indicate respectively the editions by Haslewood, Collier, and Halliwell.

P. A. D.

Rhomeo and Iulietta.

¶ The goodly Hystory of the true, and constant Loue betweene RHOMEO
and IULIETT, the one of whom died of Poyson, and the other of
sorrow, and heuineſſe: wherein be compryſed many aduentures
of Loue, and other deuifes touchinge the ſame.

The XXV. Nouell.

I AM ſure that they which measure the Greatneſſe of Goddes
workeſ accordinge to the capacity of their Rude, and ſimble under-
ſtandinge, wyl not lightly adhibite credite unto thys Hiftory, ſo wel
for the variety of ſtraunge Accidents which be therein deſcribed, as
for the noueltie of ſo rare, and perfect amity.¹ ² But they that haue
red *Plinie*, *Valerius Maximus*, *Plutarche*, and divers other Writers, do
12 finde, that in olde time a great number of Men and Women haue
died, ſome of exceilie ioy, ſome of ouermutch ſorrow, and ſome of
other paſſions: and amongs the fame, Loue is not the leaſt,* whych
when it feazeth upon any kynde and gentle Subiect, and findeth no
16 refiſtaunce to ferue for a rampart to ſtay the violence of his courſe, by
little, & little vndermineth, melteth and consumeth the vertues ³ of
natūrall powers, in ſutche wyſe as the ſpyrite yealdinge to the burden,
abandoneth the place of lyfe: Which is verified by the pitifull, and
20 infortunate death of two Louers that ſurrendered their laſt Breath in
one Toumbe at *Verona* a City of *Italy*, wherein repofe yet to thys
day (with great maruell) the Bones, and remnaunteſ of their late

¹ Painter here omits the following paſſage of *Boaſtuau*:—"Si eſt-ce que ie
puis acertener vne fois pour toutes que ie ne inſereray aucune hiftorie fabuleufe
en tout cest œuvre, de laquel ie ne face foy par annales et croniques, ou par
comune approbation de ceux qui l'ont veu, ou par autoritez de quelque fameux
historiograph, Italien ou Latin."

² "Ceux qui ont leu en *Pline*, *Valere*, *Plutarque* & plusieurs autres que
anciennement il s'est retroué grand nombre d'hommes & de femmes qui ſont
morts par vne trop exceilie ioye, ne feront doute qu'on ne puiffe mourir par les
furieufeſ flammes du trop ardent amour."

³ "et"

louing bodies : An hyfstory no leſſe wonderfull than true.⁴ ⁵ If then particular affection * which of good right euery man ought to beare to the place where he was borne, ⁶ doe not deceyue thoſe that trauayle,* ⁴ I thincke ⁷ they will confeſſe wyth me, that few Citties in *Italy*, can ſurpaſſe the ſayd City of *Verona*, aſwell for the Nauigable riuer called *Adijsa*, which paſſeth almoſt through the midſt of the ſame, and thereby a great traſque into *Almaijne*, as alſo for the proſpect ⁸ towards the Fertile Mountaynes, and pleaſant Valeys whych do enuiron the ſame, with a great number of very clere and lyuely Fountaynes, that ſerue for the eaſe and commodity of the place. Omittinge (biſides many other ſingularities) foure Bridges, and an infinite ¹² number of other honourable Antiquities dayly apparaunt vnto thoſe, that be to curious to viewe and looke vpon them. Which places I have ſomewhaſt touched, bycause thys moſt true Hiftoſtry which I purpoſe hereaſter to recite, dependeth thereupon, the memory whereof ¹⁶ to thys day is ſo wel known at *Verona*, as vnneths their blubbred Eyes, be yet dry, that ſaw & beheld that lamentable fight.

When the *Senior Escala* was Lorde of *Verona*, there were two families in the City, of farre greater fame than the reſt, aſwell for ²⁰ riches as Nobility : the one caſted the *Montefches*, and the other the *Capellets* : But lyke as moſt commonly there is diſcorde amonſt theym which be of ſemblable degree in honour, euen ſo there hapned a certayne enmyty betweene them : ⁸ and for ſo muſch as the begining thereof was vnlawfull, and of ill foundation, ſo lykewyſe in proceſſe of time it kindled to ſutche flame, as by diuers and ſundry deuyſes practiſed on both ſides, many lost their lyues.* The Lord *Bartholomeuſ of Escala*, (of whom we haue already ſpoken) being ²⁴ ²⁸ Lord of *Verona*, and ſeeing ſutche diſorder iu his cōmon weale, affayed

⁴ Boaistuau here inserts the title of the ſtory, given above by Painter in an amplified form :—“ *HISTOIRE TROISIEME, De deux amans, dont lvn mourut de venin, l'autre de tristesse.*”

⁵ “ Si l'affection particulière ”

⁶ “ ne vous deçoit ”

⁷ “ vous ”

⁸ “ & combien que l'origine en fust leger & assez malfondé, ſi est-ce que par interuaille de temps il s'enflamma ſi bien qu'en diuerses menées qui ſe drefſerent d'vn part & d'autre, plusieurs y laiſſerent la vie.”

diuers and sundry waies to reconcile thoſe two houses but all in
ayne: for their hatred had taken futch roote, as the fame could not
be moderated by any wyſe counſell or good aduice: betweene whom
4 no other thing could be accorded, but geving ouer Armour and
Weapon for the time, attending ſome other feaſon more conuenient,
and with better leuure to appeafe the reſt. In the time that theſe
thinges were adoing, one of the family of *Montfches* called *Rhomeo*,
8 of the age of .20. or .21. yeares, the comliest and beſt conditioned
Gentleman that was amonges the *Veronian* youth, fell in love with a
young Gentlewoman of *Verona*, and in few dayes was ſo attached
with hir Beauty, and good behauour, as he abādoned all other
12 affaires, & buſines to ſerue, & honour hir. And after many Letters,
Ambaſſades, and preſents, he determined in the ende to ſpeakē vnto
hir, and to diſcloſe hys paſſions,⁹ which he did without any other
practiſe. But* ſhe which was vertuously brought vp, knew how to
16 make him ſo good anſwer to cut of his amorous affections, as he had
no luſt after that time to returne any more, and ſhewed hir ſelfe ſo
aūſtere, and ſharpe of ſpeach, as ſhe vouchſafed not with one looke
to behold him. But how muſtch the young Gentleman ſaw hir whiſt,
20 and ſilent, the more he was inflamed: And after he had continu'd
certayne months in that ſeruice wythout remedy of his grieſe, he
determined in the ende to depart *Verona*, for prooſe if by chaunge of
the place he might alter his affection, ſaying to himſelfe. "What do
24 I meane to loue one that is ſo vnkinde, and thus doth diſdayn me, I
am all hir owne, & yet ſhe flieſt from me. I can no lōger liue,
except hir preſence I doe enioy: and ſhe hath no contented mynde,
but when ſhe is furtheſt from me. I will then from henceforth
28 Eſtraunge my ſelfe from hir, for it may ſo come to paſſe by not be-
holding hir, that thys fire in me which taketh increaſe and nouriſh-
ment by hir fayre Eyes, by little, and little may dy and quençh."

But minding to put in prooſe what he thought, at one iſtant hee was
32 reduced to the contrary, who not knowing whereupon to refolue,

⁹ "ce qu'il fist sans rien practiquer car"

8. *comliest*] faireſt ed. 1.

19. *how muſtch*] the more ed. 1.

10. *ſo*] om. ed. 2, Has., C., Hal.

23. *saying*] and ſayd ed. 1.

11. *Beauty, and*] comely and ed. 1.

passed dayes and nights in marueilous Playnts, and Lamentations.
 For Loue vexed him so neare, and had so well fixed the gentle-
 womans Beauty within the Bowels of his heart, and mynde, as not
 4 able to resist, hee faynted with the charge, and consumed by little,
 and little as the Snow agaynst the Sunne. Whereof hys Parenttes,
 and Kinred did maruayle greatly, bewaylinge hys misfortune, but
 aboue all other one of hys Companyons of riper Age and Counsell
 8 than hee, began shaprly to rebuke him. For the love that he bare
 him was so great as hee felt hys Martirdome, and was pertaker of hys
 passion: which caused him by ofte viewyng his friends disquietnesse
 in amorous panges, to say thus vnto him: “ *Rhomeo I maruell much*
 12 *that thou spendest the best time of thine age, in pursute of a thing,*
 from which thou seest thy self despised and banished, wythout respecte
 either to thy prodigall dispense, to thine honor, to thy teares, or to
 thy myserable lyfe, which be able to moue the most constant to pity.
 16 *Wherfore I pray thee for the Loue of our auncient amity, and for*
 thyne health sake, that thou wilt learn to be thine owne man, and
 not to alyenat thy lyberty to any so ingrate as she is: for so farre as I
 can coniecture by things that are past betwene you, either she is in
 20 *loue wyth some other, or else determineth neuer to loue any. Thou*
 arte yong, rich in goods and fortune, and more excellent in beauty
 than any Gentleman in thy Cty: thou art well learned, and the
 only sonne of the house wherof thou commest. What gryef would
 24 *it bee to thy poore olde Father and other thy parentes, to see the so*
 drowned in this dongeon of Vyce, specially at that age wherein thou
 oughtest rather to put them in some Hope of thy Virtue? Begyn
 then from henceforh to acknowledge thyne Error, wherein thou hast
 28 *hitherto lyued, doe away that amorous vaile or couerture whych*
 blyndeth thyne Eyes and letteth thee to folow the ryghte path,
 wherein thine auncestors haue walked: or else if thou do feele thy
 selfe so subje^tt to thyne owne wyll, yelde thy hearte to some other
 32 *place, and chose some Mistresse accordyng to thy worthynesse, and*
 henceforth doe not sow thy Paynes in a Soyle so barrayne whereof
 thou reapest no Fruy^te: the tyme approacheth when al the Dames of

19. *can*] om. ed. 2, Has., C., Hal.
20. *determineth*] determined ed. 1.

34. *reapest*] receiuest ed. 1.

the Cyty shal assemble, where thou mayst behold sutch one as shall make the forget thy former Gryefs." Thys younge Gentleman attentyuely hearyng all the persuadyng reasons of hys Fryend, began 4 somewhat to moderate that Heate and to acknowledge all the exhortatyons which hee had made to be directed to good purpose. And then determined to put them in proofe, and to be present indifferently at al the feasts and assemblies of the City, without bearing affection 8 more to one Woman than to an other. And continued in thyss manner of lyfe .ii. or .iii. Monthes, thinking by that meanes to quench the sparks of auncient flames. It chaunced thē within few dayes after, about the feast of Chrystmasse, when feasts and bankets most 12 commonly be used, and maskes accordinge to the custome frequented: that *Anthonie Capellet* being the Chief of that Familye, and one of the Principall Lords of the City too, made a banquet, and for the better Solempnization thereof, invited all the Noble men and dames, 16 to which Feast resorted the moste parte of the youth of *Verona*. The family of the *Capellets* (as we haue declared in the beginninge of thyss Hystory) was at variance with the *Monteschés*, which was the cause that none of that family repaired to that Binket, but onelye the yong 20 Gentleman *Rhomeo*, who came in a Maske after supper with certayne other yong Gentlemen. And after they had remained a certayne space with their Vifards on, at length they did put of the same, and *Rhomeo* very shamefast, withdrew himself into a Corner of 24 the Hall: but by reason of the light of the Torches which burned very bright, he was by and by knownen and loked vpon of the whole Company, but specially of the Ladies: for besides his Native Beauty wherewytl Nature had adorned him, they maruelled at his audacity 28 how hee durst presume to enter so secretly into the House of that Famillye which had litle cause to do him any good. Notwithstanding, the *Capellets* dissembling their mallice, either for the honor of the company, or else for respect of his Age, did not misuse him eyther

6-7. prooфе . . . indifferently at] om.
ed. 2.

most Principall Lords of the city, he
made a banquet ed. 1.

13-14. that Anthonie . . . basket] And
because that Anthonie Capellet was the
chief of that Familye and one of the

15. thereof] of the same ed. 1.

16. to which Feast resorted] at what
time ther was ed. 1.

28-29. that Famillye] those ed. 1.

in Worde or Deede. By meanes whereof wyth free liberty he behelde and viewed the Ladies at hys Pleasure, which hee dyd so well, and wyth grace so good, as there was none but did very well
 4 lyke the presence of his person. And after hee had particularly giuen Iudgement vpon the excellency of each one, according to his affection, hee sawe one Gentlewoman amonges the rest of surpasinge Beautye who (aloughue hee had never seene hir tofore) pleased him
 8 aboue the rest, and attributed vnto hir in heart the Chyefest place for all perfection in Beautye. And feastyng hir incessantlye with piteous lookes, the Loue whych hee bare to his first Gentlewoman, was ouercomen with this newe fire, that tooke futch norishement and vigor in
 12 his hart, as he was not able neuer to quench the same but by Death onely: as you may vnderstande by one of the strangest discourses, that euer any mortall man deuised. The yong *Rhomeo* then felyng himselfe thus tossed wyth thys newe Tempest, could not tell what
 16 countenaunce to use, but was so surprised and chaunged with these last flames, as he had almost forgotten himselfe, in futch wife as he had not audacity to enquyre what shee was, and wholly bente himself to feede hys Eyes with hir fighte,¹⁰ wherewyth hee moystened * the
 20 sweete amorous venome, which dyd so empoyson him, as hee ended hys Dayes with a kinde of most cruell Death. The Gentlewoman that dydde put *Rhomeo* to futch payne, was called *Iulieta*, and was the Daughter of *Capellet*, the mayster of the house wher that assembly
 24 was, who as hir Eyes did rolle and wander too and fro, by chaunce espied *Rhomeo*, which vnto hir seemed to be the goodliest personage that euer shee sawe. And Loue (which lay in wayte neuer untill that time) assayling the tender heart of that yong Gentlewoman,
 28 touched hir so at the quicke, as for any resistance she coulde make, was not able to defende his Forces, and then began to set at naught the royalties of the feast, and felt no pleasure in hir heart, but when she had a glimpse by throwing or receiving some fight or looke of
 32 *Rhomeo*. And after they had contented ech others troubled heart with millions of amorous lookes which oftentimes interchangeably

¹⁰ "par lesqueles il humoit" [Painter confounds *humoit* with *humectoit*. See Brooke, 219—he swalloweth downe].

12. *not able*] *able* ed. 1.

25. *personage*] *Gentleman* ed. 1.

encountred and met together, the burning Beames gave sufficient testimony of loues priuy onfettes.

Loue hauing made the heartes breache of thosse two louers, as
4 they two fought meanes to speake together, Fortune offered them a
very meete and apt occasion. A certayne Lord of that Troupe and
Companye tooke *Iulieta* by the Hande ¹¹to Daunce,* wherein shee
behaued hir selfe so well, and wyt so excellent grace, as shee wanne
8 that Daye the prise of Honour from all the Damosels of *Verona*.
Rhomeo, havyng foreseen the Place wherevnto shee mynded to
retire, approched the same, and so dyscretelye vsed the matter, as hee
founde the meanes at hir retурne to sit besyde hir. *Iulieta* when the
12 daunce was finished, returned to the very place where she was set
before, and was placed betwene *Rhomeo* and an other Gentleman
called *Mercutio*, which was a courtlyke Gentleman, very well be-
loued of all men, and by reason of his pleasaunt and curteous
16 behauor was in euery company wel intaryned. *Mercutio* that was
of audacity among Maydens, as a Lyon is among Lambes, feazed
incontynently upon the Hande of *Iulieta*, whosse hands wontedly
were so cold both in Wynter and Sommer as the Mountayne yce,
20 although the fires heat did warm the same. *Rhomeo* whych sat vpon
the left syde of *Iulieta*, seyng that *Mercutio* held hir by the right
hand, toke hir by the other ¹²that he myght not be deceived of his
purpose,* and strayning the same a little, he felte himself so prest wyt
24 that newe fauor, as he remayned mute, not able to aunswyer. But
she perceyvyng by his chaunge of color, that the fault proceded of
the vehemence of Loue, defyryng ¹³to speake vnto hym,* turned hir
selfe towards hym, and wyt tremblyng voyce ioyned with Virginal
28 shamefastnesse, intermedled with a certayn bashfulnesse, sayd to hym :
“ Bleffed be the Houre of your neare approche : ” but mynding to
procede in further talke, loue had so closed vp hir mouth, as she was
not able to end hir Tale.

32 Wherunto the yong Gentleman all rauished with ioy and contenta-

¹¹ "pour la faire danser au bal de la torche" [Brooke, 246].

¹² "afin de ne faillir à son devoir"

¹³ "de l'ouvr parler" [Brooke, 274, 276].

16. *every company*] *all companies* ed. I. 26. *the vehemence of Loue*] *very vehe- met Loue* ed. I.

tion, fighing, asked hir what was the cause of that ryght Fortunate blessing. *Iulietta* somwhat more emboldened, with ptyful loke and smyling countenance, said vnto him: “Syr dō not maruell yf I do
 4 blefse your comminge hither, bicaufe sir *Mercutio* a good tyme wyth frosty hand hath wholly frosen mine, and you of your curtesy have warmed the same agayne.” Wherunto immediatly *Rhomeo* replyed:
 “ Madame if the heauens haue ben so fauorable to employe me to do
 8 you some agreeable seruice, being repaired hither by chance amoung other Gentlemen, I esteeme the same well bestowed, crauing no greater Benefite for satifaction of all my contentations receiued in this World, than to ferue obey and honor you so long as my lyfe doth
 12 laft, as experience shall yeld more ample prooфе when it shall please you to geve further assayе. Moreouer, if you have receiued any Heat by touche of my Hand, you may be well assyred that thosse flames be dead in respect of the lyvely Sparkes & violent fire which sorteth from
 16 your fayne Eyes, which fire hath so fiercely inflamed all the most sensibele parts of my body, as If I be not succored by the fauoure of your good graces, I do attend the time to be consumed to dust,”
 Scarfe had he made an ende of thosse laft Words but the daunce of
 20 the Torche was at an end. Whereby *Iulietta* which wholly burnt in loue, straightly claspyng her Hand wyth his, had no leyture to make other aunswer, but softly thus to say: “ My deare frend, I know not what other assyred wytneſſe you desire of Loue, but that I let you
 24 understand that you be no more your own, that I am yours, beyng ready and dysposedy to obey you so farre as honour shal permitt, beseechyng you for the present tyme to content your selfe wyth thys aunſwere, vnyll ſome other ſeaſon meeter to Communicate more ſecretly
 28 of our Affaires.” *Rhomeo* ſeeing himſelfe preſſed to part of the Company, and for that hee knew not by what meanes he myght ſee hir agayne that was hys Life and Death, demaunded of one of his Friends what ſhee was, who made aunſwer that ſhe was the daughter of
 32 *Capellet*, the lord of the house, and Mayſter of that dayes feaſt (who wroth beyonde meaſure that fortune had ſet him to ſo daūgerous a place, thought it imposſible to bring to end his enterpriſe begon.)

11. *so long*] as long C., Hal.18. *good graces*] divine graces ed. 1.20-21. *in loue*] with loue ed. 1.28. *part of*] part with ed. 1.

Iulietta couetous on the other fide, to know what yong gentlemā he was which had so curteously intertwyned hir that Nyght, and of whome shee felt the new wound in hir heart, called an olde Gentlewoman of honor which had nurssed hir and brought hir vp, vnto whom she sayd leaning vpon hir shoullder: "Mother, what two yong Gentlemen be they which first goe forth with the two Torches before them." Vnto whome the old Gentlewoman told the name of the 4 Houses wherof they came. Then she asked hir againe, what young Gentleman that was which holdeth the visarde in his Hand, wyth the Damaske cloke about him: "It is" (quod she) "*Romeo Montesche*, the sonne of youre Fathers capytall Enimye and deadly foe to all your 8 kinne." But the Mayden at the onely Name of *Montesche* was alto-
gyther amazed, despayrynge for euer to attayne to Husband hir great affectyoned fryend *Rhomeo*, for the auncyent hatreds betweene those 12 two Families. Neverthelesse she knewe so well how to dissemble hir
16 grief and discontented Minde, as the olde Gentlewoman perceiued nothing, who then began to persuade hir to retire into hir Chamber: whom she obeyed: and being in bed, thinking to take hir wonted rest, a great tēpest of diuers thoughtes began to emiron and trouble
20 hir Mynde, in sutch wyse as shee was not able to close hir Eyes, but turninge heere and there, fantasied diuers things in hir thought, sometimes purposed to cut of the whole attempte of that amorous practise, sometimes to continue the same. Thus was the poore puscil vexed
24 with two contraries, the one comforted hir to pursue hir intent, the other proposed the immynente Perill wherevnto vndyscrety hir head-long threwe hir self. And after she had wandred of long time in this amorous Laberinth, she knew not whereupon to resolute, but wept
28 incessantly, and accused hir self, saying: "Ah Caitife and myserable Creature, from whence do rise these vnaccustomed Travayles which I feele in Mynde, prouokynge mee to loose my rest: but infortunate Wretch, what doe I know if that yong Gentleman dōe loue mee as
32 hee sayeth. It may be vnder the vaile of fugred woordes he goeth about to steale away mine honore, to be reuenged of my Parentes whych haue offended his, and by that meanes to my everlastyng reproche to make me the fable of the *Verona* people."

15. *two*] to ed. 2.18. *in bed*] *in hir bed* ed. 1.23. *puscil*] *pucell* ed. 1, Has., C., Hal.

Afterwardes sodainly as she condempned that which she suspected in the beginning, sayd: “ Is it possible that vnder futch beautye and rare comelynesse, dysloyaltye and Treason may haue theyr Syedge 4 and Lodgynge ? If it bee true that the Face is the faythfull Messanger of the Myndes Conceypte, I may bee assured that hee doeth love mee : for I marked so many chaunged Colours in his Face in time of his talke with me, and fawe hym so transported and besides himselfe, as 8 I cannot wyfhe any other more certayne ¹⁴ lucke of Loue,* wherein I wyll persyft immutable to the lafte gaife of Lyfe, ¹⁵ to the intente I may have hym to bee my hufband,* for it maye so come to passe, as this newe aliaunce shall engender a perpetuall peace and Amity 12 betweene hys House and mine.” Arrestinge then vpon this determinyng styll, as she saw *Rhomeo* paifyng before hir Fathers Gate, she shewed hir self with merry Countenance, and followed him so with loke of Eye, vntill she had lost his sight. And continuing this 16 manner of Lyfe for certaine Dayes, *Rhomeo* not able to content himself with lookes, daily did behold and marke the situation of the house, and one day amongs others hee espyed *Iulietta* at hir Chamber Window, boounding vpon a narrow Lane, ryght ouer against which 20 Chamber ¹⁶ he had a Gardein,* which was the cause that *Rhomeo* fearing discouery of their loue, began the day time to passe no more before the Gate, but so soone as the Night with his browne Mantell had couered the Earth, hee walked alone ¹⁷ vp and downe that little 24 streat. And after he had bene there many times, misling the chieffest cause of his comming, *Iulietta* impacient of hir euill, one night repaired to hir window, & perceiued through the bryghtnesse of the Moone hir Friend *Rhomeo* vnder hir Window, no lesse attended for, 28 than hee hymselfe was waighting. Then she secretly with Teares in hir Eyes, & wyth voyce interrupted by sighes, sayd: “ Signior *Rhomeo*, me thinke that you hazarde your person to mutch, and commyt the same into great Daunger, at thys time of the Nyght to protrude your 32 self to the Mercy of them which meane you little good. Who yf

¹⁴ “ augure de son amitié ” [Brooke, 423].

¹⁵ “ moiennant qu'il m'espouse ” [Brooke, 426].

¹⁶ “ y auoit vn iardin ” [Brooke, 451].

¹⁷ “ avec ses armes ” [Brooke, 458].

they had take would haue cut you in pieces, and mine honor (which I esteme dearer than my Lyfe,) hindred and suspected for euer."

"Madame" aunswered *Rhomeo*, "my Lyfe is in the Hand of God,
4 who only can dispose the same: howbeyt yf any Man had foughte
menes to beryeue mee of my Lyfe, I should (in the presence of yon)
haue made him knownen what mine ability had ben to defend the
same. Notwythstantyng Lyfe is not so deare, and of futch estimation
8 wyth me, but that I coulde vouchsafe to sacryfice the same for your
sake: and althoughe my myshappe had bene so greate, as to bee
dyspatched in that Place, yet had I no cause to be forrye therefore,
excepte it had bene by losynge the meanes, and way how to make
12 you vnderstande the good wyll and duety which I beare you, defyrynge
not to conserue the same for anye commodytye that I hope to haue
thereby, nor for anye other respekte, but onelye to Loue, Serue, and
Honor you, so long as breath shal remaine in me." So soone as he
16 had made an end of his talke, loue and pity began to seaze vpon the
heart of *Iulietta*, & leaning hir head vpon hir hand, hauing hir face
all besprent wyth teares, the said vnto *Rhomeo*: "Syr *Rhomeo*, I pray
you not to renue that grief agayne: for the onely¹⁸ Memory of futch
20 inconuenyence, maketh me to counterpose betwene death and Lyfe,
my heart being so vntited with yours, as you cannot receyue the least
Injury in this world, wherein I shall not be so great a Partaker as
your self: befeechyng you for conclusion, that if you desire your owne
24 health and mine, to declare vnto me in fewe Wordes what youre
determinyation is to attaine: for if you couet any other secrete thing
at my Handes, more than myne Honoure can well allowe, you are
maruelously deceiued: but if your desire be godly, and that the
28 frēdship which you protest to beare mee, be founded vpon Virtue,
and to bee concluded by Maryage, receiuing me for your wyse and
lawfull Spouse, you shall have futch part in me, as whereof without
any regard to the obedience and reuerence that I owe to my Parentes,
32 or to the auncient Enimy of oure Famylyes, I wyll make you the

¹⁸ "apprehension" [Brooke, 522].

1. *takē]* taken you ed. 1.

meanes, the same to forgoe, the wayed. 1.

5. *my Lyfe]* my om. ed. 1.

19. *that grief]* those things ed. 1.

8. *wyth me]* vnto me ed. 1.

24. *mine]* mind ed. 1.

11. *losynge . . . way]* loosing of

30. *whereof]* om. ed. 1.

onely Lord and Mayster over me, and of all the thyngys that I poſſeſſe, being preſt and ready in all poyntes to folow your commaundement: But if your intent be otherwyſe, and thinke to reape
 4 the Fruycte of my Virginity, vnder pretense of wanton Amity, you be greatly deceiued, and doe pray you to auoide and ſuffer me from henceforth to lyue in refit amongs myne equals." *Rhomeo* whych looked for none other thyng, holding up his Handes to the Heauens,
 8 wyth incredible ioy and contentation, aunſwered "Madame for ſo mutch as it hath pleafed you to doe me that honour to accepte me for ſutche a one, I accorde and conſent to your requeſt, and do offer vnto you the beſt part of my heart, which ſhall remayn with you for
 12 guage and ſure teſtimony of my ſaying, vntill ſuch time as god ſhall give me leauē to make you the entier owner and poſſeffor of the fame: And to the intent I may begyn mine enterpryſe, to morrow I will to the frier *Laurence* for counſell in the fame, who beſides that
 16 he is my ghostly father, is accuſtomed to giue me iñſtruction in al my other ſecret affaires, and fayle not (if you pleafe) to meeke me agayne in this place at this very hour, to the intent I may gine you to vnderſtand the deuice betwene him and me." Which the lyked very
 20 well, and ended their talke for that time. *Rhomeo* receyuing none other fauour at hir hands for that night, but only Wordes. Thys Fryer *Laurence* of whom hereafter wee ſhall make more ample mention, was an auncient Doctor of Diuinity, of the order of the
 24 Fryers Minors, who beſides the happy profeſſion which he had made in ſtudy of holy writ, was very ſkilful in Philosophy, and a great ſearcher of natures Secrets,¹⁹ and exceeding famous in Magike knowleſe,* and other hidden & ſecret ſciences, which nothing diſminished
 28 his reputation, bicaufe hee did not abuse the fame. And this Frier through his vertue and piety, had ſo well won the citizens hearts of *Verona*, as he was almoſt the Confessor to them all, and of all men generally reuerenced and beloued: And many tymes for his great
 32 prudence was called by the lords of ye City, to the hearing of their weighty cauſes. And amonges other he was greatly fauored by the

¹⁹ "mesmes rénommé d'auoir intelligēce de la Magie" [Brooke, 570].

15. *the frier*] the om. ed. 1.

32-33. *hearing . . . causes*] weightie
affaires of the same ed. 1.

Lorde of *Escale*, that tyme the principall gonoror of *Verona*, and of all the Family of *Monteschis*, and of the *Capellets*, and of many other. The young *Rhomeo* (as we haue already declared) from his tender
4 age, bare a certayne particular amity to Frier *Laurence*, & departed to him his secretes, by meanes whereof so soone as he was gone from *Iulieta*, went straignt to the Fryers *Franciscians*, where frō point to point he discoursed the successe of his loue to that good Father, and
8 the conclusion of mariage betwene him and *Iulieta*, addyng vpon the ende of talke, that hee woulde rather chuse thamefull death, than to fayle hir of his promise. To whom the good Frier after he had debated diuers matters, and proposid al the inconueniences of that
12 secret mariage, exhorted hym to more mature deliberation of the same: notwithstandinge, all the alleged persuasions were not able to reuoke his promyse. Wherefore the Frier vanquished with his stubbornesse, & also forecasting in his mynde yt the mariage might be some
16 meanes of reconciliation of those two houses, in th'end agreed to his request, intreating him, yt he myght haue one dayes respit for leyisure to excogitate what was best to be done. But if *Rhomeo* for his part
20 was carefull to prouide for his affayres, *Iulieta* lykewise did her indeuour. For seeing that shee had none about her to whom shee
might discouer hir paliions, shee deuised to impart the whole to hir Nurſe which lay in her Chamber, appoynted to wayte uppon hir, to whom shee committed the intier secrets of the loue betwene
24 *Rhomeo* and hir. And although the olde Woman in the beginningge
refisted *Iulieta* hir intent, yet in the ende shee knew so wel how to
persuade and win hir, that shee promised in all that shee was able to do,
to be at her cōmaundement. And then shee sent hir with all diligence
28 to speake to *Rhomeo*, and to know of him by what meanes they might
be maried, and that he would do hir to vnderstand the determination
betwene Fryre *Laurence* and him. Whom *Rhomeo* aunswere, how
the first day wherein he had informed Fryre *Laurence* of the matter,
32 the sayde Fryre deferred aunswere vntil the next, which was the very
same, and that it was not past one houre sithens he returned with
finall resolution, and that Frier *Laurence* and he had deuised, that
shee the Saterday following, shoulde crane leave of hir mother to go to

4. *particular*] particle ed. 1.17. *dayes respit*] delayed day ed. 1.7. *that*] *ye* or *yt* ed. 1, doubtful.20-21. *whom she might*] om. ed. 1.

confession, and to repayre to the Church of Saynēt *Francis*, where in
 a certayne Chappell secretly they shold be maried, praying hir in any
 wyfe not to fayle to be there.† Which thinge she brought to passe
 4 with futch discretion, as hir mother agreed to hir request: and
 accompanied onely wthy hir governesse, and a young mayden, she
 repayred thither at the determined day and tyme. And so soone as
 she was entred the Church, she called for the good Doctor Fryer
 8 *Laurence*, vnto whom answere was made that he was in the shriving
 Chappell, and forthwith aduertisement was gieuen him of hir com-
 ming. So soone as Fryer *Laurence* was certified of *Iulietta*, hee went
 into the body of the Church, and willed the olde Woman and yong
 12 mayden to go heare seruice, and that when hee had heard the con-
 fession of *Iulietta*, he would send for them agayn to waite vpon hir.
Iulietta beinge entred a little Cell wthy Frier *Laurence*, he shut fast
 the dore as he was wont to do, where *Rhomeo* & he had bin together
 16 shut fast in, the space of one whole hour before. Then Frier *Laun-*
rence after that he had shriued them, sayd to *Iulietta*: “ Daughter, as
Rhomeo here present hath certified me, you be agreed & contented to
 take him to husband, and he likewise you for his Espouse and Wyfe.
 20 Do you now still persift and continue in that mynde? ” The Louers
 aunswered that they desired none other thing. The Fryer seeing
 theyr conformed & agreeable willes, after he had discoursed some-
 what vpon the commendation of mariage dignity, pronounced the
 24 vsuall woordes of the Church, and she hauing receyued the Ring
 from *Rhomeo*, they rose vp before the Fryer, who sayd vnto them:
 “ If you haue any other thing to conferre together, do the same
 wthy speede: For I purpose that *Rhomeo* shall goe from hence
 28 so secretly as he can.” *Rhomeo* sory to goe from *Iulietta* sayde
 secretly vnto hir, that free shoulde send vnto hym after diner the old
 Woman, and that he would cause to be made a corded Ladder the

† Here Brooke introduces scenes between Romeo and the Nurse and afterwards between the Nurse and Juliet which probably gave the hint for much of Sc. iii. Act I., and Sc. iv. & v. Act. II. of Shakespeare's Play. See Brooke, 631—714.

7. *she called*] *she om.* ed. 1.

13. *to waite vpon hir.*] *om.* ed. 2,

8. *was made*] *were made* Has., C., Hal.

Hal.

17. *after that*] *that after* C., Hal.

same euening, thereby to climbe vp to her Chāber window, where at more leisure they would deuise of their affaires. Things determined betwene them, either of them retyred to their house wt incredible 4 contētation, attending the happy houre for consummation of their mariage. Whē *Rhomeo* was come home to his house, he declared wholly what had passed between him and *Iulieta*, vnto a Seruaunt of his called *Pietro*, whose fidelitie he had so greatly tryed, as he durst 8 haue trusted him with hys lyfe, and commaunded him wyth expedition to prouide a Ladder of Cordes wthy 2. strong Hookes of Iron fastned to both endes, which hee easilly did, because they were match vsed in Italy. *Iulieta* did not forget in the Euening about fие of the Clocke, 12 to send the olde Woman to *Rhomeo*, who hauing prepared all things necessary, caused the Ladder to be deliuered vnto her, and prayed her 20 to require *Iulieta* the same euening not to sayle to bee at the accustomed place.* But if this Iorney seemed long to these two 16 passioned Louers, let other Judge, that haue at other tymes affayed the lyke : for evry minute of an houre seemed to them a Thoufande yeares, so that if they had had power to commaund the Heauens (as *Iosua* did the Sunne) the Earth had incontinently bene shadowed wthy 20 darkeſt Clōudes. The appoynted houre come, *Rhomeo* put on the most sumptuous apparell hee had, and conducted by good fortune neere to the place where his heart tooke lyfe, was so fully determined of hys purpoſe, as easilly hee clymed up the Garden wall. Beinge 24 arriued hard to the Wyndow, he perceyned *Iulieta*, who had already so well fastned the corded Ladder to draw him vp, as without any daunger at all, he entred hir chambre, which was so clere as the day, by reaſon of the Tapers of virgin Wax, which *Iulieta* had caused to 28 be lighted, that ſhe might the better beholde hir *Rhomeo*. *Iulieta* for hir part, was but in hir night kerchief: Who ſo foone as ſhe perceyued him colled him about the Neck, & after ſhe had kiſſed and rekiſſed hym a million of times, began to imbrace hym betwene hir 32 armes, hauing no power to ſpeake vnto him, but by Sighes onely, holding hir mouth cloſe againſt his, and being in this traunce beheld

* “asseurer Juliette que ce soir mesme il ne faudroit au premier ſomme de ſe trouuer au lieu accountumé” [Brooke, 817—819].

him with pitifull eye, which made him to lyne and die together. And afterwards somewhat come to hir selfe, she sayd wt fighes deeply fetched from the bottom of hir heart: “ Ah *Rhomeo*, the exemplar 4 of al vertue & gentlenes, most hartely welcome to this place, wherein for your lacke, & absence, & for feare of your perfon, I haue gushed forth so many Teares as ye spring is almost dry: But now that I hold you betwen my armes, let death & fortune doe what they list. 8 For I count my selfe more than satisfied of all my sorrowes past, by the fauour alone of your prefence:” Whom *Rhomeo* with weeping eye, giuing over silence aunswered: “ Madame for somutch as I neuer receyued so mucht of fortunes grace, as to make you feele by 12 liuely experiance what power you had ouer me, and the torment every minute of the day sustained for your occasion, I do assure you the least grief that vexeth me for your absence, is a thousand times more paynefull than death, which long time or this had cut of the 16 threede of my lyfe, if the hope of this happy Iourney had not bene, which paying mee now the iust Tribute of my weepings past, maketh me better cōtent, and more glad, than if the whole Worlde were at my commaundement, beseeching you (without further memory of 20 auncient grieve) to take aduice in tyme to come how we may content our paſſionate hearts, and to ſort our affayres with ſutche Wyfedomē and discretion, as our enimies without aduantage may let vs continue the remnant of our dayes in rest and quiet.” And as 24 *Iulietta* was about to make anſwre, the Olde woman came in the meane time, & sayd vnto them: “ He that waſteth time in talke, reconuereth the ſame to late. But for ſo mucht²¹ as eyther of you hath endured ſutche muuall paynes,* behold (quoth ſhee) a campe which 28 I haue made ready,” (ſhewing them the Fielde bed which ſhee had prepared and furnished,) ²²whereunto they eaſily agreed, and being then betwene the Sheets in priuy bed, after they had gladded and cheriſhed themſelues with al kinde of delicate embracemēts which 32 loue was able to deuife, *Rhomeo* vnloofing the holy lines of virginity, tooke poſſeſſion of the place, which was not yet besieged wt ſutche ioy

²¹ “que vous anez tant fait endurer de mal l'un à l'autre” [Brooke, 896].

²² “prenez voz armes, & en iouz desormais la vāgeāce” [Brooke, 898].

4. *most hartely*] *you be most hartely*
ed. I. . 27. *quoth*] *quod* ed. I.

and cōtentation as they can judge which haue astayed like delites. Their marriage thus consumate, *Rhomeo* perceyuing the morning make to hasty approch, tooke his leaue, making promise that he
4 would not fayle wythin a day or two to refort agayne to the place by lyke meanes, and semblable time, vntil Fortune had prouided sure occasion vnfearfully to manifeſt their marriage to the whole Worlde. And thus a month or twayne, they continued their ioyful mindes, to
8 their incredible fatiffaction, vntil Lady fortune enuious of their proſperity, turnedhir Wheele to tumble thē into futch a bottomleſſe pit, as they payedhir vſury for their pleasures past, by a certayne moſt cruell and pitifull death, as you ſhal vnderſtand hereafter by the diſ-
12 course that followeth. Now as we haue before declared, the *Capellets* and the *Montefches* were not fo well reconciled by the Lord of *Verona*, but that there reſted in them futch ſparks of auncient diſ-pleaſures, as either partes waited but for ſome light occaſion to draw
16 togetheres, which they did in the Easter holy dayes, (as bloudy men commonly be moſt willingly diſpoſed after a good time to commit ſome nefarious deede) beſides the Gate of *Bourſarie* leading to the olde caſtel of *Verona*, a troupe of *Capellets* rencoūtered with certayne of
20 the *Montefches*, and without other woordes began to ſet vpon them. And the *Capellts* had for Chiefe of their Gloriouſ enterpriſe one called *Thibault* coſin Germayne to *Iulieta*, a yong man ſtrongly made, & of good experieſce in armes, who exhorted his Companions
24 with stout ſtomakes to repreſſe the boldnes of the *Montefches*, that ther might from that time forth no memory of them be left at all.
25 The rumoure of this fray was diſperſed throughout al the corners of *Verona*, that ſuccour might come from all partes of the City to
28 depart the fame.* Whereof *Rhomeo* aduertized, who walked alonges the City with certayne of his Companions, haſted him ſpearidly to the place where the ſlaughter of his Parents and alies were comiſſed: and after he had well aduized and beholden many wounded and hurt
32 on both fides, he ſayd to hys Companions: "My frēds let vs part

²³ "et ſ'augmenta la rumeur de telle sorte par tous les cātons de Veronne qu'il y ſuruenoit du ſecours de toutes parts" [Brooke, 983-4].

25. might] ſhould ed. 1.
26. The] And the ed. 1.

26. diſperſed] increased ed. 1.
27. might] ſhould ed. 1.

them, for they be so flecht one upō an other, as they will all be hewed to pieces before the game be done." And faying so, he thrust himselfe amids the troupe, and did no more but part the blowes on eyther 4 fide, crying upon them aloud. " My freends, no more, it is time henceforth that our quarel cease. For besides ye prouocation of Gods iust wrath, our two families be flaunderous to the whole World, and are the cause that this common wealth doth grow vnto disorder."

8 But they were so egre and furious one agaynst the other, as they gaue no audiēce to *Rhomeo* his councel and bent theymselues too kyll dysmember and teare eche other in pieces. And the fyght was so cruell and outragious betweene them as they which looked on, were 12 amased to see theym endure those blowes, for the grunde was all couered with armes, legges thighes, and bloude, wherein no signe of cowardnes appeared, and mayutayned their feyghte so longe, that none was able to iudge who hadde the better, vntill that *Thibault* 16 Cousin to *Iulietta* inflamed with ire and rage, turned towards *Rhomeo* thinkinge with a foine to runne him through. But he was so wel armed and defended with a priuye coate whiche he wore ordinarily for the doubt he had of the *Capellets*, as the pricke re- 20 bounded: vnto whom *Rhomeo* made answere: " *Thibault* thou maest know by the pacience which I haue had vntill this present tyme, that I came not hether to fyght with thee or thyne, but to seeke peace & attonemente betweene vs, and if thou thinkest that for 24 default of courage I have fayled myne endeour, thou doest greate wronge to my reputacion. And impute thys my suffrance to some other particular respekte, rather than to wante of stomacke. Wherfore abuse mee not but be content with this greate effusion of Bloude 28 and murders already cōmitted, And prouoke mee not I befeech thee to passe the boundes of my good will and mynde." " Ah Traitor " sayd *Thibaulte* " thou thinkest to faue thy selfe by ²⁴the plotte of thy pleasaunt toungue,* but see that thou defende thy selfe, els presently I 32 will make thee feele that thy toungue shal not gard thy corps, nor yet

²⁴ "le plat de ta langue" [Bailler du plat de la langue. *To sooth, smooth, flatter, etc.*—Cotgrave. Brooke, 1017].

1. *they will*] *they om.* ed. 2, Has., C., Hal.

6-7. *and . . . this*] *and cause this* ed. 1. Hal.

7. *doth grow*] *to grow* ed. 1.

17. *foine*] *pricke* ed. 2, Has., C.,

be the Buckler to defende the same from present death." And saying so he gaue him a blow with such furye, as hadde not other warded the same hee had cutte of his heade from his shoulders, and the one 4 was no readyer to lende, but the other incontinentlye was able to paye agayne, for hee being not onelye wroth with the blowe that hee had receiued, but offended with the iniury which the other had don, began to pursue his ennemy with fuche courage and viuacity, as at 8 the third blowe with his swerd hee caused him to fall backewarde starke deade vpon the ground with a pricke vehementlye thrusfe into his throte, whiche hee followed till hys Sworde appeared throughe the hynder parte of the same, by reason wheroft the confliete ceasid.
12 For besides that *Thibault* was the chiefe of his compayne he was also borne of one of the Nobleſt houses within the Cittye, which caused the Poteſtate to affemble his Souldiers with diligēce for the appre-hension and imprisōnment of *Rhomeo*, who feyeng yl fortune at hand,
16 in ſecrete wife conuayed him ſelue to Fryer *Laurence* at the Friers *Francifcaneſ*. And the Fryer vnderſtāndinge of his faſte, kepte him in a certayne ſecret place of his couente vntil fortune did otherwyſe prouyde for his ſafe goinge abroade. The bruite ſpred throughout 20 the city, of this chaunce don vpon the lorde *Thibault*, the *Capellets* in mourning weedes cauſed the deade bodye to be caryed before the ſygnory of *Verona*, ſo well to moue them to pytty, as to demaunde iuſtice for the murder: before whom came alſo the *Montſches*
24 declarayng the innocencey of *Rhomeo*, and the wilfull affauſt of the other. The councell affembled and witneſſes heard on both partes a ſtraight commaundemente was geuen by the Lorde of the City to geeue ouer theire weapons, and touchinge the offence of *Rhomeo*,
28 because he hadde killed the other in his owne defence, he was banished *Verona* for euer. This cōmō misfortune publithed throughout the City, was generally forowed and lamented. Som complayned the death of ye Lorde *Thibault* ſo well for his dexterity in armes as
32 for the hope ²⁵ of his great good ſeruice in time to come,* if hee hadde not bene prevented by futch cruell Death. Other bewailed (ſpecially

²⁵ "qu'on auoit vn iour de luy, & des grands biens qui luy estoient preparez" [Brooke, 1054-56].

the Ladies and Gentlewomen) the overthrow of yong *Rhomeo*, who besides his beauty and good grace wherwith he was enriched, had a certayne naturall allurement, by vertue whereof he drew vnto him the
 4 hearts of eche man, like as the stony Adamante doth the canred iron,
 in futch wife as the whole nation and people of *Verona* lamented his
 mischaunce: But aboue all infortunate *Iulieta*, who aduertised both
 of the death of hir cosin *Thibault*, and of the banishment of hir
 8 husband, made the Ayre found with infinite number of mornefull
 playnts and miserable lamentations. Then feeling hirselfe to mutch
 outraged with extreeme passioun, she went into hir chamber, and ouer-
 come with sorrowe threwe hir selfe vpon hir bed, where she began to
 12 reinforce hir dolor after so straunge fashion, as the most constant
 would haue bene moued to pitty. The like one out of hir wits, she
 gazed heere and there, and by Fortune beholding the Window whereat
Rhomeo was wont to enter into hir chamber, cried out: “ Oh vnhappy
 16 Windowe, Oh entry most vnlucky,²⁶ wherein were wounen the bitter
 toyle of my former mishaps,* if by thy meanes I haue receyued at
 other times some light pleasure or transitory contention, thou now
 makest me pay a tribute so rigorous and paynefull, as my tender body
 20 not able any longer to support the same, shall henceforth open the
 Gate to that lyfe where the ghōſt discharged from this mortal burden,
 ſhal feeke in ſome place els more auſſured reſt. Ah *Rhomeo*, *Rhomeo*
 when acquayntaunce firſt began betweene vs, and I reclined myne
 24 eares vnto thy ſuborneſt promiſſes, confirmed with ſo many othes
 I would neuer haue beleueed that in place of our continued amity,
 and in appeaſing of ye hatred of our houses, thou wouldeſt haue fought
 occaſion to breake the fame by an aſte ſo shamefull, whereby thy
 28 fame ſhall be ſpotted for euer, and I miſerable wretch deſolate of
 Spouse, and Companion. But if thou haddeſt beene ſo gready after
 the *Cappelletts* bloud, wherefore diſdiſt thou ſpare the deare bloud of
 mine owne heart when ſo many tymes, and in futch ſecret place the
 32 fame was at the mercy of thy cruell handes? ²⁷The victory which

²⁶ “ par laquelle furent ourdies les ameres trames de mes premiers malheurs ”
[Brooke, 1100].

²⁷ “ La victoire que vous auiez euë sur moy ne vous ſembloit elle assez glori-

23. *I reclined*] *I om. ed. 2, Has., C.,* 27. *shamefull*] *vituperious and shamefull* ed. 1.
Hal.

thou shouldest haue gotten ouer me, had it not bene glorious inough
for thine ambitious minde, but for more triumphant solempnity to
bee crowned wyth the bloude of my dearest kinsman? * Now get
4 thee hence therefore into some other place to deceiue some other, so
vnhappy as my selfe. Neuer come agayne in place where I am, for
no excuse shall hecreafter take holde to affwage mine offended minde.
In the meane tyme I shall lament the rest of my heauy lyfe, with
8 futch store of teares, as my body ²⁸dried vp from all humidity, shall
shortly search relieve in Earth." * And hauing made an ende of
those hir wordes, hir heart was so grieouously strayned, as shee coulde
neyther weepe nor speake, and stooode so immoueable, as if she had
12 bene in a traunce. Then being somewhat come agayne vnto hirselfe,
with feeble voyce shee sayd: " Ah murderous tongue of other mens
honor, how darest thou so infamously to speake of him whom his
very enimies doe commēd and prayse? How presumest thou to
16 impute the blame vpon *Rhomeo*, whose vnguiltines and innocent
deede euery man alloweth? Where from henceforth shall be hys
refuge? sith she which ought to bee the onely Bulwarke, and assurē
rampire of his distresse, doth pursue and defame him? Receyue,
20 receyue then *Rhomeo* the satissfaction of mine ingratitude by the
sacrifice which I shal make of my proper lyfe, and so the faulte
whiche I have committed agaynst thy loyaltye, shall bee made open
to the Worlde, thou being reuenged and my selfe punished." And
24 thinking to vſe some further talke, all the powers of hir body fayled
hir wyth signes of present death. But the good olde Woman whynch
could not imagine the cause of *Iulieta* hir longe absence, doubted
very mutch that she suffred some passion, and sought hir vp and
28 downe in euery place wythin hir Fathers Pallace, vntill at length
shee founde her lying a long vpon bir Bed, all the outward parts of
hir body so colde as Marble. But the good Oide woman which
thought hir to bee deade, began to cry like one out of hir Wittes,
32 saying: " Ah deare Daughter, and Nourfeschylde, howe mutch doeth

euse, si pour la mieux solenniser elle n'estoit couronnée de sang, du plus cher de
tous mes cousins?" [Brooke, 1129-32].

²⁸ espusé de toute humidité cherchera en brief son refigre en terre"
[Brooke, 1139-40].

24. *further*] furder ed. 1.

29. *a long]* om. C., Hal.

thy death now grieue mee at the very heart?" And as she was feeling all the partes of hir body, shee perceyued some sparke of Lyfe to bee yet within the fame, whych caused hir to call hir many tymes by her name til at length she brought her oute of her founde. Then sayde vnto her: "Why *Iulieta* myne owne deare darelyng, what meane you by this tormoylinge of your selfe? I cannot tel from whence this youre behauour & that immoderate heauines doe proceede, but wel I wot that within this houre I thought to haue accompanied you to the graue." "Alas good mother" aunswered woful *Iulieta* "do you not most euidently perceiue and see what iust cause I haue to forrow and complayne, loofyng at one instante two persons of the world which wer vnto mee most deare?" "Methinke" aunswere the good woman, "that it is not seemely for a Gentlewoman of your degre to fall into such extremetye. For in tyme of tribulation wysedome shouldest most preuaile. And if the lord *Thibault* be deade do you thinke to get him agayn by teares? What is he that doth not accuse his ouermutch presumpcion: woulde you that *Rhomeo* hadd done that wronge to him, and hys house, to suffer himselfe outraged and assayed by one to whom in manhoode and prouesse he is not inferioure? Sufficeth you that *Rhomeo* is alyve, and his affayres in futche estate whoe in tyme may be called home agayne from banishmente, for he is a greate lorde, and as you know well allied and fauored of all men: wherefore arme your selfe from henceforth with pacyence. For albeit that Fortune doth estrange him from you for a tyme, yet sure I am, that hereafter shee will restore him vnto you agayne wyth greater ioye and Contentatyon than before. And to the Ende that wee bee better assured in what state he is, yf you wyll promyse me to gyue ouer your heauynesse, I wyll to Daye knowe of Fryer *Laurence* whether he is gone." To which request *Iulieta* agreed & then the good womā repayred to *S. Frauncis*, wher shee founde Fryer *Laurence* who tolde her that the same nyghte *Rhomeo* would not fayle at hys accustomed houre to vifite *Iulieta*, and there to do hir to vnderstante what he purposyd to doe in tyme to come.†

† Brooke here introduces the scene of Romeo's despair in the Friar's cell. See Brooke, 1285—1510.

6. tormoylinge] *turmoiling* ed. 1.
10. to] *too* ed. 2.

21. whoe] , *who* ed. 1.

This iorney then fared like the voiages of Mariners, who after they haue ben tost by greate and troublous tempest feeyng some Sunne beame pearce the heauens to lyghten the lande, assurē themselues agayne, and thinkinge to haue avoyded shipwracke, and sodaynlye the feas begynne to fwell, the waues do roare, with futch vehemence and noyse, as if they were fallen agayne into greater danger than before. The affigned hour come, *Rhomeo* fayled not accordinge to hys promisē 8²⁹ to bee in his Garden,* where he found his furniture preſt to mount the Chamber of *Iulietta*, who with displayed armes, began ſo strayghtly to imbrace hym, as it ſeemed that the ſoule would haue abandoned hir body. And they two more than a large quarter of an 12 hour were in futch agony, as they were not able to pronounce one word,³⁰ and wetting ech others Face fast closed together, the teares trickeled downe in futch abundance as they ſeemed to be throughly bathed therin,* which *Rhomeo* perceyuing, thinking to ſtay thofe im- 16 moderate teares, ſayd vnto hir: "Myne owne deareſt freend *Iulietta*, I am not now determined to recite the particulars of the ſtraung happenes of frayle and inconſtaunte Fortune, who in a moment hoifteth a man vp to the hyghest degree of hir wheele, and by, and by, in leſſe ſpace 20 than in the twynckeling of an eye, ſhe throweth hym downe agayne ſo lowe, as more misery is prepared for him in one day, than fauour in one hundred yeares: Whych I now proue, & haue experience in my ſelfe, which haue bene nourished delicately amonſt my frends, 24 and maynteyned in futch prosperous ſtate,³¹ as you doe little know,* hoping (for the full perfection of my felicity) by means of our mariage to haue reconciled our Parents, and frends, and to conduct the reſidue of my lyfe,³² according to the ſcope and lot determined by 28 Almighty God: * And neuertheleſſe all myne enterprifes be put backe, and my purpoſes tourned cleane contrary, in futch wiſe as from henceforth I muſt wander lyke a vagabonde through diuers Provinces, and ſequeſtrate my ſelfe from my Frends, wythout assured place

²⁹ "de se rendre au iardin."

³⁰ "Et ayans leurs faces serrées l'vne cōtre l'autre, humoiēt ensemble auecques leurs baisers les grosses larmes, qui tomboiēt de leurs yeux" [Brooke, 1537-42].

³¹ "que vous avez peu cognostre" [—as yourſelfe dyd ſee—Brooke, 1558].

³² "à ſon periode déterminé de dieu" [Brooke, 1564].

of myne abode, whych I desyre to let you weete, to the intent you may be exhorted, in tyme to come, paciently to beare so well myne absence, as that whych it shal please God to appoint." But *Iulieta*,
 4 al ³³ affrighted wyth teares and mortal agonies, would not suffer hym to passe any further, but interruptinge his purpose, sayd vnto hym :
 " *Rhomeo*, how canſt thou be ſo harde hearted and voyde of all pity, to leaue mee heere alone, besieged with ſo manye deadlye myferies ?
 8 There is neyther houre nor Minute, wherein death doth not appeare a thousand tymes before mee, and yet my miſſhappe is futch, as I can not dye, and therefore doe manÿfestlye perceyue, that the fame death preſerveth my lyfe, of purpose to delight in my gryefes, and
 12 tryumphe ouer my euyls. And thou lyke the mynifter and tyrante of hir cruelty, doeft make no conſcience (for ought that I can ſee) hauing atchieued the Summe of thy defyres and pleafures on me, to abandon and forſake me. Whereby I well perceyue, that all the lawes of
 16 Amity are deade and vtterly extinguyſhed, forſomuch as he in whom I had greatest hope and confidence, and for whose ſake I am become an enimy to my ſelf, doth diſdayne and contemne me. No no
Rhomeo, thou muſt fully refolute thy ſelfe vppon one of theſe .ii. points,
 20 either to fee me incontinently throwen down headlong from this high Window after thee : or elſe to ſuffer me to accompany thee into that Countrey or Place whither Fortune ſhall guide thee : for my heart is ſo mucht tranſformed into thine, that ſo ſoone as I ſhall vnderſtande
 24 of thy departure, preſently my lyfe will depart thiſ wofull body : the continuance whereof I doe not deſire for any other purpoſe, but only to delight my ſelfe in thy preſence, and to bee pertaker of thy miſfortunes, And therefore if euer there lodged any pity in the heart of
 28 gentleman, I beſeeche the *Rhomeo* with al humilitie, that it may now finde place in thee, and that thou wilt vouchſafe to receyue me for thy feruaunt, and the faithful companion of thy miſhaps. And if thou thinke that thou canſt not conueniently receyue me in the eſtate and
 32 habite of a Wyfe, who ſhall let me to chaunge myne apparell ? Shall I be the firſt that haue uſed lyke ſhiftes, to eſcape the tyranny of parentes ? Doste thou doubt that my feruice will not bee ſo good

³³ "conſite" [= ſteeped in. Brooke, 1576].

7. alone] lone ed. 2.

26. and to bee] and om. ed. 2, Has., Hal.

vnto thee as that of *Petre* thy seruaunte? Wyll my loyaltye and fidelity be leſſe than his? My beauty which at other tymes thou haſt ſo greatly commended,³⁴ is it not eſteemed of thee? * My teares, my loue, and the aunciente pleasures and delights that you haue taken in mee ſhal they be in obliuyon?" *Rhomeo* ³⁵ ſeing hir in these altera-
tions,* fearing that worſe inconuenience would chaunce, tooke hir agayne betweene hys armes, and kiffing hir amorously, fayd: " *Iulietta*,
the onely miftreſſe of my heart, I pray thee in the Name of God, and
for the feruent Loue whych thou beareſt vnto me, to doe away thoſe
wayne cogitations, excepte thou meane to ſeeke and hazard the
deſtruſion of vs both: for yf thou perſeuer in this purpoſe, there is
no remedye but wee muſte both periſh: for ſo foone as thyne abſence
ſhalbe knownen, thy father will make ſutche earnest purſuite after vs,
that we cannot choſe but be diſcried and taken, and in the ende
cruelly puniſhed, I as a theefe and ſtealer of thee, and thou as a
dyſobedyent Daughter to thy Father: and ſo instead of pleauant and
quiet Lyfe, our Dayes ſhalbe abridged by moſt shamefull Death. But
if thou wylt recline thy ſelfe to reaſon, (the ryght rule of humane
Lyfe,) and for ye tyme abandon our muthal delighs, I will take
ſutche order in the time of my baniſhment, as within three or four
Moonths wythouſe any delay, I ſhalbe reuoked home agayne. But if
it fall out otherwyſe (as I truſt not,) howſoeuer it happen, I wyll come
agayne vnto thee, and with the helpe of my Fryendes wyll fetch thee
from *Verona* by ſtrong Hand, not in Counterfeit Apparell as a
ſtraunger, but lyke my ſpouse and perpetuall companion. In the
meane time quyet your ſelfe, and be ſure that nothing elſe but Death
ſhall diuide and put vs a ſunder." The reaſons of *Rhomeo* ſo muſch
preuailed with *Iulietta*, as ſhee made hym thys aūſweref: " My deare
Fryend, I wyll doe nothing contrary to your wyll and pleauere. And
to what place ſo euer you repaire, my hearte ſhall bee your owne, in
like forte as you haue giuen yours to be mine. In the meane while
I pray you not to faile oftentimes to aduertife me by Frier *Laurence*,

³⁴ "n'aura elle aucun pouuoir ſur vous?" [Brooke, 1627].

³⁵ "la voyant entrer en ſes alteres" [Alteres. *Vehement paſſions of the mind.*
—Cotgrave. Brooke, 1630-31].

3. *is it?*] it is ed. 2, Has., C., Hal. 11. *purpose*] determination ed. 1.

9. *to doe?*] to extirpate and doe ed. 1. 16. *thy?*] hir ed. 1.

in what state your affaires be, and specially of the place of your abode." Thus these two pore louers passed the Night togither, vntil the day began to appeare which did dyuyde them, to their extreame sorrow
 4 and gryef. *Rhomeo* hauinge taken leaue of *Iulieta*, went to *S. Fraunes*, and after he hadde aduertyfed Frier *Laurence* of his affaires, departed from *Verona* in the habit of a Marchaunt straunger, and vsed futch expedytyon, as without hurt he arriued at *Mantua*, (ac-
 8 companied onely wyth *Petre* his Seruaunt, whome hee haftily sente backe agayne to *Verona*, to serue his Father) where he tooke a House: and lyuyng in honorable Companye, assayed certayne Monthes to put away the gryefe whych so tormented him. But duryng the tyme of
 12 his absence, miserable *Iulieta*³⁶ could not so cloke hir sorrow,* but that through the euyll colour of hir Face, hir inwardē passion was discryed. By reasōn whereof hir Mother, who heard hir oftentimes fighing, and incessantly complayning, coulde not forbearē to say vnto hir:
 16 "Daughter if you continue long after thys fort, you wyll haftē the Death of your good Father and me, who loue you so dearely as our owne lyues: wherefore henceforth moderate your heauineſſe, and endeuer your ſelf to be mery: think no more vpon the Death of your
 20 coſin *Thibault*, whome (ſith it pleased God to cal away) do you thinke to reuoke wyth Teares, and ſo withstande his Almightye will?" But the pore Gentlewoman not able to dyſſemblē hir grieſe, ſayd vnto hir: "Madame long time it is ſiſthens the laſt Teares for *Thibault*
 24 were poured forth, and I beleue that the fountayne is ſo well ſoked and dried vp, as no more will ſpryng in that place." The mother which could not tell to what effect thoſe Woords were ſpoken held hir peace, for feare ſhe ſhould trouble hir Daughter: and certayne
 28 Dayes after ſeeing hir to continue in heauineſſe and continuall grieſe, alſaiſed by al meanes poſſible to know, awell of hir, as of other the houſholde Seruauntes, the occaſion of hir sorrow: but al in Vayne: wherwith the pore mother vexed beyonde meaſure, purpoſed to let
 32 the Lord *Antonio* hir Husband to vnderſtand the caſe of hir Daughter.

³⁶ "ne ſceut donner ſi bonnes trefues à ſon dueil" [Brooke, 1782].

3. *dyuyde*] ſeparate ed. 1.

21. *and ſo*] and to ed. 1.

7. *Mantuoa*] Has. *Mantuoa* ed. 1. 30. *hir sorrow*] their sorrow ed. 2,
Mantuona ed. 2. *Mantuoa* C. *Man-* Has., C., Hal.
tua Hal.

31. *purpoſed*] proposed Has., C., Hal.

And vpon a Day seeing him at conuenient leisure, she sayd vnto him : " My Lord, if you haue marked the Countenaunce of our Daughter, and hir kinde of behauior fithens the Death of the Lord
4 *Thilault* hir Cofyn, you shall perceiue so straunge mutation in hir, as it will make you to maruell : for she is not onely contented to forgoe meate, drinke and slepe, but she spendeth her tyme in nothing else then in Weeping and Lamentatyon, delighting to kepe hir selfe
8 folytarye wythin hir Chamber, where she tormenteth hir self so outrageously as yf wee take not heede, hir Lyfe is to be doubted, and not able to knowe the Oryginall of hir Payne, the more difficulte shall bee the remedye: for albeit that I haue sought meanes by all extremity,
12 yet cannot I learne the cause of hir sicknesse. And where I thought in the beginning, that it proceded vpon the Death of hir Cofin, now I doe manifestly perceiue the contrary, specially when she hir self did assure me that she had already wept and shed the last teares for him
16 that she was mynded to doe. And vncertayne whereuppon to resolute, I do thinke verily that she mourneth for some despite, to see the most part of hir Companions maried, and she yet vnprouyded, persuading with hir selfe (it may be) that wee hir Parents do not care for hir.
20 Wherefore deare Husband, I heartely beseech you for our rest and hir quiet, that hereafter ye be carefull to prouyde for hir some maryage worthy of our state :" whereunto the Lord *Antonio*, willingly agreed, saying vnto hir : " Wyfe, I haue many times thought vpon that
24 whereof you speake, notwythstandyng fith as yet she is not attayned to the age of .xviii. yeares, I thought to prouide a hufband at leysure. Neuerthelesse things beinge come to these Termes, and knowing yt Virgins chasfity is a daungerous Treasure,³⁷ I wyll be mindfull of the
28 same to your contentation, and she matched in sutch wyfe, as she shall thynke the tyme hitherto well delayed.* In the meane while marke dyligently whyther she bee in loue wyth any, to the end that we haue not so greate regard to goodes, or to the Nobylty of the

³⁷ "i'y pouruoiray si promptement, que vous aurez occasion de vous en contenter, & elle de recouurer son en bon point, qui se perd à veuë d'oeil" [Painter in his translation of this passage would seem to have consulted Brooke, 1866].

7. *then*] but ed. 1.

18. *hir*] *theyr* ed. 2.

26. *yf*] the ed. 2.

31. *or to the*] to om. C.

house wherein we mean to bestow hir, as to the Lyfe and Health of our Daughter who is to me so deare as I had rather die a Begger without Landes or goods, than to bestow hir vpō one which shall vse
 4 and intreat hir il." Certayne dayes after that the Lorde *Antonio* had bruted the maryage of his daughter, many Gentlemen were suters, so wel for the excellency of hir Beauty, as for hir great Rychesse and reuenuue. But aboue all others the alyaunce of a young Earle named
 8 *Paris*, the Counte of *Lodronne*, lyked the Lord *Antonio*: vnto whom lyberally he gaue his consent, and told his Wyfe the party vpon whom he dyd mean to bestow his Daughter. The mother very ioyful that they had found so honest a Gentleman for theyr Daughter,
 12 caused hir secretly to be called before hir, doyng hir to vnderstande what things had passed betwen hir father & ye Coūte *Paris*, discoursing vnto hir ye beauty & good grace of ye yōg Coūte, the vertues for which he was commended of al men, ioyning therevnto for con-
 16 clusion the great richeſſe and fauor which he had in the goods of fortune, by means whereof she and hir Fryends shoulde liue in eternal honor. But *Iulieta* which had rather to haue ben torne in pieces than to agree to that maryage, answered hir mother with a more
 20 than accustomed stoutnesse: " Madame, I mutch maruel, and therewithal am astouned that you being a Lady discrete and honorable, wil be so liberal ouer your Daughter as to commit hir to the pleasure and wil of an other, before you do know how hir mind is bent: you
 24 may do as it pleaseth you, but of one thing I do wel assure you, that if you bring it to passe, it shal be against my wil. And touching the regard and estimation of Coūte *Paris*, I shal first lose my Lyfe before he shal haue power to touch any part of my body: which
 28 being done, it is you that shal be counted the murderer, by deliuering me into the handes of him, whome I neyther can, wil, or know whiche way to loue. Wherefore I pray you to suffer me henceforth thus to lyue, wythout taking any further care of me, for so mutche as
 32 my cruell fortune hath otherwyse disposed of me."

The dolorous Mother which knewe not what Indgement to fixe vpon hir Daughters aunſwere, lyke a Woman confused and besides hir ſelfe went to ſeeke the Lord *Antonio*, vnto whom without con-
 36 ceylling any part of hir Daughters aunſwer, ſhe dyd him vnderſtand

14. of ye] of that ed. 1.

36. aunſwer] talk ed. 1.

the whole. The good olde man offendyd beyonde measure,
cōmaunded her incontinently by Force to be brought before him, it
of hir own good will she would not come. So foone as she came
4 before hir Father, hir eyes full of tears, fel down at his fete, which she
bathed with the luke warme drops yt distilled from hir Eyes in great
abundance, and thynkyng to open hir mouth to crye him mercy, the
sobbes and fighes many times stopt hir speach, that shee remained
8 dumbe not able to frame a Woorde. But the olde man nothing
moued with his Daughters Teares, sayd vnto hir in great rage : "Come
hither thou vnkynd and dysobedient Daughter, hast thou forgotten
how many tymes thou hast hearde spoken at the Table, of the puif-
12 fance and authoryty our auncyente *Romane* Fathers had ouer their
Chyldren ? vnto whome it was not onelye lawfull to sell, guage, and
otherwyse dyspose them (in theyr necessity) at their pleasure, but also
which is more, they had absolute power ouer their Death and Lyfe ?
16 With what yrons, with what tormentys, with what racks would those
good Fathers chastein and correct thee if they were a liue againe, to
see that ingratitude, misbehauior and disobedience which thou vsest
towards thy Father, who with many prayers and requestes hath
20 prouided one of the greatest Lords of this prouince to be thy husband,
a Gentleman of best renoume, and indued wyth all kynde of Vertues,
of whom thou and I be vnworthy, both for the notable masse of
goods and substance wherewith he is enriched, as also for the Honoure
24 and generositie of the house whereof hee is discended and yet thou
playest the parte of an obstinate and rebellyous Chyld agaynst thy
Fathers will : I take the omnipotency of that Almightye God to wit-
nesse,³³ which hath vouchsafed to bryng thee forth into this world *
28 that if vpon Tuesday nexte thou failest to prepare thy selfe to be at
my Castell of *Villafranco*, where the Counte *Paris* purposeth to
meete vs, and there giue thy consent to that whych thy Mother and
I haue agreed vpon, I will not onely deprive thee of my worldly
32 goodes, but also will make the espouse & marie a pryon so straight
and sharpe, as a thousande times thou shalt curse the Day & tyme
wherin thou waft borne. Wherfore from henceforth take aduisement

³³ "qui m'a fait la grace de te produyre sur terre" [Brooke, 1972].

10. *forgotten*] already *forgotten* ed. 1.

what thou doest, for excepte the promise be kept which I haue made to the Counte *Paris*, I will make the feele how greate ye iust choler of an offended Father is against a Chylde vnkynde." And without 4 staying for other answier of his Daughter, the olde man departed the Chamber, and lefte hir vpon hir knees. *Iulietta* knowing the fury of hir Father, fearing to incurre his indignation, or to prouoke his further wrath, retired for yt day into hir Chāber,³⁹ and contriued yt 8 whole Nyght more in weeping then fleyng.* And the next Morning fayning to goe heare seruice, she went forth with the Woman of hir Chamber to the Fryers, where she caused father *Laurence* to be called vnto hir, and prayed him to heare hir confession. And when 12 she was vpon hir knees before hym, shée began hir Confession wyth Teares, telling him the greate mischyefe that was prepared for hir, by the maryage accorded betweene hir Father, and the Counte *Paris*. And for conclusion said vnto him : "Sir, for so mutch as you know 16 that I can not by Gods Law bee maried twice, and that I haue but one God, one husband and one faith, I am determined when I am from hence, with these two hands which you see ioyned before you, this Day to end my sorowful lyfe, that my soule may beare wytnesse 20 in the Heauens, and my bloude vpon the Earth of my faith and loyalty preserued." Then hauyng ended hir talke, shée looked about hir, and seemed by hir wylde countenaunce, as though shē had deuised some sinister purpose. Wherefore Frier *Laurence*, astonned 24 beyonde measure, fearing least shē would haue executed that which shē was determyned, sayd vnto hir : " Mistresse *Iulietta*, I pray you in the name of god by little and little to moderate youre conceiued grieve, and to content your self whilst you bee heere,⁴⁰ vntill I haue 28 prouided what is best for you to doe,* for before you part from hence, I will giue you futch consolation and remedy for your afflictions, as you shall remaine satysfied and contented." And resolued vpon thys good minde, he speedily wente out of the Churche vnto his chamber, 32 where he began to consider of many things, his conscience beyng

³⁹ "et exerça toute la nuict plus ses yeux à plorer qu'a dormir" [Brooke, 1999].

⁴⁰ "jusques à ce que i'aye pourue à vostre affaire" [Brooke, 2038].

7. *yt day*] that day ed. 1. *the day* 7-8. *yt whole*] the whole ed. 1.
Has., C., Hal.

moued to hinder the marriage betwene the Counte *Paris* and hir, knowing that by his meanes she had espoused an other, and callynge to remembraunce what a daungerous enterprise he had begonne by 4 committynge hymself to the mercy of a symple damofell, and that if shee fayled to bee wyse and secrete, all theyr doyngs shoulde be discried, he defamed, and *Rhomeo* hir spouse punished. Hee then after he had well debated vpon an infinite numbre of deuises, was in 8 the end ouercome with pity, and determined rather to hazarde his honour, than to suffer the Adultery of the Counte *Paris* with *Iulietta*. And being determined herepon, opened his closet, and takynge a vyall in his Hande, retourned agayne to *Iulietta*, whom he founde lyke 12 one that was in a Traunce, wayghtinge for Newes, eyther of Lyfe or Death. Of whome the good olde Father demaunded vpon what Day hir maryage was appoyneted. "The firste Daye of that appoyntment" (quod shee) "is vpon Wednesdaye, whych is the Daye ordeyned 16 for my Consente of Maryage accorded betweene my father and Counte *Paris*, but the Nuptiall Solemnitye is not before the .x. day of September." "Wel then" (quod the religious Father) "be of good cheere daughter, for our Lord God hathe opened a way vnto me 20 both to deliuier you and *Rhomeo* from the prepared thraldom. I haue knowne your husband from his cradle, and hee hath daily committed vnto me the greatest secretes of hys Conscience, and I haue so dearely loued him agayne, as if hee had ben mine owne sonne. Wherefore 24 my heart can not abide that anye man shoulde do him wrong in that specially wherein my Counsell may stande him in stede. And for somutch as you are his wyfe, I ought lykewyse to loue you, and seke meanes to delyuer you frō the martyrdome and Anguish wherewyth 28 I see your heart besieged. Understante then (good Daughter) of a secrete which I purpose to manifest vnto you, and take heede aboue all thinges that you declare it to no liuing creature, for therein confisteth your life and Death. Ye be not ignorant by the common re- 32 port of the Cityzens of this City, and by the same published of me, that I haue traualied throughe all the Prouinces of the habytale Earthe, wherby duryng the continuall tyme of .xx. yeres, I haue

2. *that by]* that om. ed. 2, Has., C., Hal. 7. *an infinite]* an om. ed. 2, Has., C., Hal.

33 *through]* thorough ed. 1.

soughte no rest for my wearied body, but rather haue many times protruſed the ſame to the mercy of brute beaſts in the Wylderneſſe, and many times alſo to the mercileſſe Waues of the Seas, and to the pity of 4 common Pirates, together with a thouſand other Daungers and ſhipwracks vpon Sea and Land. So it is good Daughter that all my wandring Voyages haue not bene altogethers vnprofitable. For beſides the incrediblē conteination receiuēd ordinariily in mind, I haue gathered 8 ſome particular fruyt, whereof by the grace of god you ſhall ſhortly feele ſome expeſience. I haue proued the ſecrete properties of Stones, of Plants, Metals, and other thiſes hydden within the Bowels of the Earth, wherewith I am able to helpe my ſelfe againſte the 12 common Lawe of Men, when neceſſity doth ſerue: ſpecyally in thynges wherein I know mine eternal god to be leaſt offendēd. For as thou knoweſt I beyng approached as it were, euen to the Brymme of my Graue, and that the Tyme draweth neare for yeldynge of myne 16 Accompte before the Audytor of all Audytors, I oughte therefore to haue ſome deepe knowledge and apprehenſion of Gods iudgement more thā I had when the heat of incoſidered youth did boyle within my luſty body. Know you therefore good daughter, that with thoſe 20 graces, and fauours which the heauens prodigally haue beſtowed vpon me, I haue learned and proued of long time the composition of a certayne Paafe, which I make of diuers ſoporiferous ſimples, which beaten afterwards to Pouder, and dronke wyth a quanthyty of Water, 24 within a quarter of an houre after, bringeth the receiuer into ſutche a ſleepe, and burieth ſo deeplye the ſenſes and other ſprites of life, that the cunningeſt Phisitian will iudge the party dead: and beſides that it hath a more maruellous effect, for the perfon which vſeth the ſame 28 feeleth no kinde of griefe, and according to the quantity of the dough, the pacient remayneth in a ſweete ſleepe, but when the operation is wrought & done, hee returneth into his firſt estate. Now then *Iulietta* receiuēd myne iſtruction, and put of all Feminine affeſtion⁴¹ by 32 taking* vpon you a manly ſtomacke, for by the only courage of

⁴¹ “& prends” [Brooke, 2146].

18. incoſidered] coſidered ed. 2.

20-21. heauens . . . I haue] om. ed. 2.

25. ſprites] ſprits ed. 2.

30. wrought] perfect ed. 1.

31. and put] and om. ed. 2, Has.,

C., Hal.

your minde confisfeth the hap or mishap of your affayres. Beholde here I geue you a Vyale which you shall keepe as your owne propre heart, and the night before your mariage, or in the morninge before
4 day, you shal fil the same vp with water, and drink so much as is contayned therein. And then you shall feele a certayne kynde of pleasaunt sleepe,⁴² which incrochinge by litle and litle all the partes of your body,* wil constraine them in futch wyse, as vnmoueable
8 they shal remayne: and by not doing their accustomed dueties, shall loose their naturall feelinges, and you abide in futch extasie the space of .40. houres at the leaft, without any beating of poulse or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that come to see you, as
12 they will judge you to be deade, & accordinge to the custome of our Citty, you shal be caried to the Churchyaerde hard by our Church, where you shal be Intoumbed in the common monument of the
16 *Capellets* your auncestors, & in the meane tyme we will send word to the Lord *Rhomeo* by a speciall mesfanger of the effect of our deuice, who now abideth at *Mantua*. And the night following I am sure he will not fayle to be heere, then he and I together will open the graue, and lift vp your body, and after the operation of the Pouder is past, hee
20 shall conuey you secretly to *Mantua*, vnknowen to all your Parents and frends. Afterwards (it may be) Tyme, the mother of Truth, shall cause concord betwene the offended City of *Verona* and *Rhomeo*. At which time your common cause may be made open to the generall
24 contentacion of all your frends." The words of the good father ended, new ioy surprised the heart of *Iulietta*, who was so attentive to his talke as she forgot no one poynct of hir lesson. Then she sayd unto him: "Father, doubt not at all that my heart shall fayle in perform-
28 aunce of your commaundement: For were it the strongest Poyson, or most pestiferous Venome, rather woulde I thrust it into my body, than to consent to fall in the hands of him, whom I vtterly mislike: With a right strong reason then may I fortifie my selfe, and offer my
32 body to any kinde of mortall daunger, to approch and draw neare to him, vpon whom wholly dependeth my Life and all the solace I haue

⁴² "lequel glissant peu à peu par toutes les parties de ton corps" [Brooke, 2153].

16. the Lord] the om. ed. 2, Has.,
C., Hal.

30. in] into C., Hal.
33. solace] contentation ed. 1.

in this World." " Go your wayes then my daughter" (quod the Frier) " the mighty hand of God keepe you, and hys surpasng power defende you, and confirme that will and good mynde of yours, for the accomplishment of this worke." *Iulietta* departed from Frier *Laurence*, and returned home to hir fathers Pallace about .11. of the clock, where she found hir mother at the Gate attending for hir: ⁴³ And in good deuotion demaunded * if shee continued still in hir former follies? But *Iulietta* with more gladsome cheere than she was wont to vse, ⁴⁴not suffering hir mother to aske agayne,* sayd vnto hir: " Madame I come from *S. Frauncis* Church, where I haue taried longer peraduenture than my duety requireth: How be it not without fruict and great rest to my afflicted conscience, by reason of the godly persuasions of our ghostly Father Frier *Laurence*, vnto whom I haue made a large declaration of my life. And chiefly haue communicated vnto him in confession, that which hath past betwene my Lord my father and you, upon the mariage of Countee *Paris* and me. But the good man hath reconciled me by his holy words, and commendable exhortations, that where I had minde neuer to mary, now I am well disposed to obey your pleasue and commaundement. Wherfore Madame I beseech you to recouer the fauor and good wyll of my father, aske pardon in my behalfe, and say vnto him (if it please you) that by obeying his Fatherly request, I am ready to meeete the Countee *Paris* at *Villafranco*, and there in your presence to accept him for my Lorde and hulband: In assurance whereof, by your pacience, I meane to repayre into my Closet, to make choise of my most pretious Iewels, that I being richly adorned, and decked, may appeare before him more agreeable to his mynde, and pleasure." The good mother rapt with exceeding great ioy, was not able to aunswere a word, but rather made speede to seeke out hir husband the Lord *Antonio*, vnto whom she reported the good will of hir daughter, and how by meanes of Frier *Laurence* hir minde was chaunged. Whereof the good olde man maruellous ioyfull, prayded God in heart, saying: " Wife this is not the firste good turne which we haue receiuied of that holy man,

⁴³ "en bōne deuotion de luy demāder" [Brooke, 2195].

⁴⁴ "sans auoir patience que sa mere l'interrogast" [Brooke, 2199].

vnto whom euery Cittizen of this Common wealth is dearely bounde. I would to God that I had redeemed .20. of his yeares with the third parte of my goods, so grieuous is to me his extreme olde age." The 4 selfe same houre the Lord *Antonio* went to feele the Countee *Paris*, whom hee thought to perswade to goe to *Villafranco*. But the Countee told him agayne, that the charge would be to great, and that better it were to referue that cost to the mariage day, for the better 8 celebration of the same. Notwithstand'g if it were his pleasure, he would himselfe goe visite *Iulieta*: And so they went together. The Mother aduertised of his comming,⁴⁵ caused hir Daughter to make hir selfe ready, and to spare no costly Iewels for adorning of hir beauty 12 agaynst the Countees comming, which she bestowed so well for garnishing of hir Personage,* that before the Countee parted from the house, shee had so stolne away his heart, as he liued not from that time forth, but vpon meditation of hir beauty, and flacked no time for acceleration 16 of the mariage day, ceasing not to be importunate vpon father and mother for th'ende and cōsummation thereof: And thus with ioy inough passed forth this day and many others vntil the day before the mariage, against which time the mother of *Iulieta* did so well prouide, that 20 there wanted nothing to set forth the magnificence and nobility of their house. † *Villafranco* whereof we haue made mention, was a place of pleasure, where the Lord *Antonio* was wont many tymes to recreate himselfe a mile or two from *Verona*, there the Dynner was 24 prepared,⁴⁶ for so mutch as the ordinary solemnity of necessity muste be done at *Verona*.* *Iulieta* perceyuing hir time to approache dysSEMBLED the matter so well as shee coulde: and when tyme forced hir to retire to hir Chamber, hir Woman would haue waited vppon hir, 28 and haue lyen in hir Chambre, as hir custome was: But *Iulieta* sayd vnto hir: "Good and faithfull mother, you know that to morrow is my maryage Day, and for that I would spend the most parte of the Nyght in prayer, I pray you for this time to let me alone, and to

⁴⁵ "fist preparer sa fille, à laquelle elle commanda de n'espagner ses bonnes graces à la venué du Conte, lesquelles elle sceut si bien desployer" [Brooke, 2265—69].

† Brooke in place of these four lines—"Villafranco . . . at Verona"—here introduces the passage in which the Nurse counsels Juliet to marry Paris. Brooke, 2288—2312.

⁴⁶ "combien que les solennitez requises deussent estre faictes à Veronne."

morrow in the Mornyng about .vi. of the clocke come to me agayne to helpe make mee readie." The good olde woman willing to follow hir minde, suffred hir alone, and doubted nothyng of that which s̄le 4 did meane to do. *Iulietta* beinge within hir Chambre hauing an ewer ful of Water stnding vpon the Table filled the viole which the Frier gaue her: and after s̄le had made the mixture, s̄le set it by hir bed fide, and went to Bed. And being layde, new Thoughtes 8 began to affaile hir, with a conceipt of grieuous Death, which brought hir into s̄tch case as s̄le could not tell what to doe, but playning incessantly sayd. "Am not I the most vnhappy and desperat creature, that euer was borne of Woman? for mee there is nothyng left in this 12 wretched Worlde but mishap, misery, and mortall woe, my distresse hath brought me to s̄tch extremity, as to faue mine honor and conscience, I am forced to deuoure the drynke whereof I know not the vertue: but what know I (sayd s̄le) whether the Operatyon of thys 16 Pouder will be to foone or to late, or not correspondent to the due tyme, and that my fault being discouered, I shall remayne a iesting stocke and Fable to the People? What know I moreouer, if the Serpents & other venomous and craulng Wormes, whych commonly 20 frequent the Graues and pittes of the Earth wyll hurt me, thynkyng that I am deade? But howe shall I indure the ftynde of so many carions and Bones of myne auncestors whych rest in the Graue, yf by Fortune I do awake before *Rhomeo* and Fryer *Laurence* doe come to 24 help me?" And as s̄hee was thus plunged in the deepe contemplatyon of thynges, s̄hee thought that s̄hee saw a certayn vision or fanzie of her Cousin *Thibault*, in the very same fort as s̄hee sawe him wounded and imbrued wyth Bloud, and musing how that s̄hee must be 28 buried quick amongs so many dead Carcafes and deadly naked bones, hir tender and delycate body began to shake and tremble and hir yellowe lockes to stare for feare, in s̄tch wyse as fryghtened with terroure a cold fweate beganne to pierce hir ⁴⁷heart, and bedewe the

⁴⁷ "cuir" [skin.—Brooke, 2390. Painter confounds *cuir* with *cuēr*.]

2. *helpe] helpe me* ed. 1.

2. *The] Then* ed. 2.

12. *Worlde] Worm* ed. 2.

16. *will] om.* ed. 2.

17-18. *iesting stocke and]* om. ed. 2,
Has., C., Hal.

30. *fryghtened]* frigted ed. 1.

31. *terroure]* a *terroure* C., Hal. .

refte of al her membres, in futch wife as she thought that ⁴⁸ an hundred thousand Deathes * did stande about hir, haling her on every side, and plucking her in pieces, and feelyng that hir forces dimyfled by ⁴ lyttle and lyttle, fearing that through to great debilyty she was not able to do hir enterpryse, like a furious and insensate Woman, with out further care, gulped vp the Water wythin the Voyal, then crosting her armes vpon her stomacke, the lost at that instante all the powers of her ⁸ Body, restyng in a Traunce. And when the morning lyght began to thrust his head out of his Oryent, hir Chaumber Woman which had lockte hir in with the Key, did open the doore, and thynkyng to awake hir, called her many tymes, and sayde vnto hir: " Mistreſſe, ¹² you fleepe to long, the Counte *Paris* will come to raiſe you." ⁴⁹ The poore olde Woman spake vnto the Wall, and sage a fong vnto the deafe.* For if all the horrible and tempestuous foundes of the world had bene canoned forth out of the greatest bombardes, and founded ¹⁶ through her delycate Eares, her spyrites of Lyfe were ſo fast bounde and ſtopt, as ſhe by no meanes coulde awake, wherewith the pore olde Woman amazed, began to thake hir by the armes and Handes, whych ſhe found ſo colde as marble ſtone. Then putyng Hande vnto her ²⁰ Mouthe, ſodainely perceyued that ſhe was deade, for ſhee perceyued no breath in hir. Wherfore lyke a Woman out of her Wyttes, ſhee ranne to tell hir Mother, who ſo madde as a Tigre bereft of her ⁵⁰ faunes hied hir ſelfe into her Daughters Chaumber, and in that pitiful ²⁴ ſtate beholdynge her Daughter, thynkyng hir to be deade, cried out: " Ah cruell Death, which haſt ended all my ioye and Blyffe, vſe the laſt ſcourge of thy Wrathfull ire agaynſt me, leaſt by ſuffering mee to lyue the reſt of my woefull Dayes, my Torment doe increaſe :" then ²⁸ ſhe began to fetch futch ſtrayning ſighes, as hir heart did ſeeme to cleave in pieces. And as hir cries began to encreaſe, behold the Father, the County *Paris*, and a great troupe of Gentlemen and

⁴⁸ "vne infinité de morts" [A thouſand bodies dead.—Brooke, 2393].

⁴⁹ "La pauure femme chantoit au ſourds" [Brooke, 2409-10. Here again it seems probable that Painter consulted Brooke's poem.]

⁵⁰ "faons" [whelpes, Brooke, 2425].

8. *restyng] and remained* ed. 1.
15. *canoned] cannonised* ed. 2. *can-*
noned Has., C., Hal.

23. *faunes] faunes* Has. *fauns* ed. 1,
C., Hal.
25-26. *the last] thy last* ed. 1.

Ladies, which were come to honour the feaste, hearing no soone tell
 of that which chaunced, were stroke into futch sorrowfull dumpes as
 he which had beheld their Faces would easily have iudged that the
 4 same had ben a day of ire and pity, specially the Lord *Antonio*, whose
 heart was frapped with futch surpaſſing woe, as neither teare nor word
 could iſſue forth, & knowing not what to doe, straight way ſent to
 ſeeke the moſt expert Phiftians of the towne, who after they had
 8 inquired of the life paſt of *Iulietta*, ⁵¹deemed by common reporte,*
 that melancoly was the caufe of that fodayne death, & then their forows
 began to reue a fresh. And if euer day was Lamentable, Piteous,
 Unhappy, and Fatall, truly it was that wherein *Iulietta* hir death was
 12 publifhed in *Verona*: For ſhee was ſo bewayled of great and ſmall,
 that by the cōmon playnts, the Common wealth ſeemed to be in
 daunger, and not without caufe. For beſides hir naturall beauty
 (accompañied with many vertues wherewith nature had enriched hir)
 16 ſhe was elſe ſo humble, wiſe and debonaire, as for that humility and
 curteſie ſhe had ſtollen away the hearts of euery wight, and there was
 none but did lament hir Miſfortune. And whileſt theſe things were
 in this lamented ſtate, Frier *Laurence* with diligēce diſpatched a Frier
 20 of his Couent, named Frier *Anſelme*, whom hee truſted as himſelfe,
 and deliuered him a Letter written with hys owne hande, commaunding
 him expreſſely not to giue the ſame to any other but to *Rhomeo*,
 wherein was conteyned the chaunce which had paſſed betwene him
 24 and *Iulietta*, ſpecially the vertue of the Pouder, ⁵²and commaunded
 him * the nexte enſuinge Nighte to ſpeeđe himſelfe to *Verona*, for
 that the operation of the Pouder that time would take ende, and that
 he ſhould cary wyth him back agayne to *Mantua* his beloued *Iulietta*,
 28 in diſemblaſed apparell, vntill Fortune had otherwife prouided for them.
 The frier made futch haſt as (too late) hee arriued at *Mantua*, within
 a while after. And bicaufe the maner of *Italy* is, that the Frier
 trauyaling abroade ought to take a companion of his Couent to doe
 32 his affaires wythin the City, the Fryer went into his couent, and for
 that he was within, it was not lawfull for him to come oute againe

⁵¹ "iugeren d'vn commun rapport" [they judge with one assent.—Brooke, 2456].

⁵² "et luy mandoit" [he willett him.—Brooke, 2479].

that Day, bicause that certayn Dayes before, one relygious of that couent as it was sayd, dyd dye of the Plague. Wherefore the Magistrates appoynted for the health and visitation of the sick, commaunded
 4 the Warden of the House that no Friers shold wäder abrode the City, or talke with any Citizen, vntill they were licensed by the officers in that behalfe appoynted, which was ye cause of the great mishap, which you shal heare hereafter. The Frier being in this
 8 perplexitye, not able to goe forth, and not knowyng what was contayned in the Letter,⁵³ deferred hys Iorney for that Day.* Whilst things were in thys plught, preparation was made at *Verona*, to doe the obsequies of *Iulieta*. There is a custome also (whych is common
 12 in *Italy*), to laye all the best of one lignage and Familye in one Tombe, wherewpon *Iulieta* was intoumbed in the ordinary Graue of the *Capellettes*, in a Churcheyarde, hard by the Churche of the Fryers, where also the Lord *Thibault* was interred. And hir
 16 Obsequies honorably done, euery man returned: ⁵⁴whereunto *Pietro*, the seruāt of *Rhomeo*, gaue hys assyfāce.* For as we haue before declared, hys Mayster fente hym backe agayne from *Mantua* to
 20 *Verona*, to do his Father seruice, and to aduertise him of that which shold chaunce in hys absence there: who feyng the body of *Iulieta*, inclosed in Toumbe, thinkyng with the rest that shee had bene dead in deede, incontinently tooke poste horse, and with dylygence rode to
 24 *Mantua*, where he founde his Mayster in his wonted house, to whome he sayde, wyth hys Eyes full of Teares: "Syr, there is chaunced vnto you so straunge a matter as if so be you do not arme your selfe with Constancye, I am afryd that I shall be the cruell minyster of your Death, Be it known vnto you fir, that yesterday morning my mis-
 28 tresse *Iulieta* left hir Lyfe in thys Worlde to seeke rest in an other: and wyth these Eyes I saw hir buryed in the Churchyarde of S. *Frauncis*." At the sounde of whych heauye Message, *Rhomeo* begann woefullye to Lamente, as thoughe hys Spyrites gryeuued wyth the

⁵³ "voulut differer pour ce iour" [Brooke, 2502].

⁵⁴ "ausquelles Pierre seruiteur de Rhomeo auoit assisté" [Brooke, 2526-28].

1. *bicause*] for ed. 1.

2. *as it was*] as om. C., Hal.

11. *a custome*] a om. C., Hal.

12. *laye*] place ed. 1, C., Hal.

13. *wherewpon*] whereby ed. 1.

13. *intoumbed*] layde ed. 1.

15. *interred*. *And hir*] interred whose ed. 2. interred, whose Has., C., Hal.

Tormente of hys Paſlion at that iſtant would haue abandoned his Bodye. But ſtrouge Loue which woulde not permittē him to faynt vntyl the extremity, framed a thoughte in hys fantefie, that if it wer 4 poſſyble for him to dye beſides hir, his Death ſhould be more gloriouſ, and ſhee (as he thought) better contented: By reaſon whereof, after hee had wafhed his face for feare to diſcouer his forrowe, hee wente out of his Chamber, and commaunded hys man to tarry behynd 8 him, that he myght walke through out all the Corners of the Citye, to fynde propre remedye (if it were poſſyble) for hys gryefe. And amounges others, beholdynge an Apoticyeres ſhop of lyttle furnyture and leſſe ſtore of Boxes and other thinges requiſite for that ſcyence, 12 thought that the verye pouerty of the mayſter Apothecarye would make hym wyllinge yeld to that which he pretended to demaunde. And after he had taken hym aſide, ſecrety he fayde vnto hym: "Syr, if you be the Mayſter of the Houſe, as I thynke you be, 16 beholde here Fifty Ducates, whych I gyue you to the intent you delyuer me ſome ſtrong and vvolente Poyſon that within a quarter of an houre is able to procure Death vnto hym that ſhall vſe it." The couetous Apothecarye entyſed by gayne, agreed to his request, and 20 fayning to gyue hym ſome other medycine before the Peoples Face, he ſpeedily made ready a ſtrong and cruell Poyſon, afterwards he fayd vnto him softly: "Syr, Lgyue you more than is needefull,⁵⁵ for the one halfe in an houres ſpace is able the deſtroy the ſtrongeſt manne 24 of the world *:" who after he hadde⁵⁶ receyued the poyſon, retourned home, where he commaunded his man to departe with diligence to Verona, and that he ſhould make prouision of candels, a tynder Boxe, and other Inſtrumentes meeſe for the opening of the graue of *Iulietta*, 28 and that aboue all things hee ſhoule not fayle to attende hys comynge beſides the Churcheyardе of *S. Frauncis*,⁵⁷ and vpon Payne of Life to keepe hys intente in ſilēce.* Which Pietro obeied in order

⁵⁵ "car il n'en fault que la moictié pour faire mourir en vne heure le plus robuste homme du monde" [Brooke, 2586-88].

⁵⁶ "ſerré" [putteth up.—Brooke, 2590].

⁵⁷ "& ſur la vie qu'il ne dist à personne ſon desastre" [Brooke, 2596].

14. *he sayde*] *he om.* ed. 2, Has., C., Hal. 23. *in an houres ſpace*] *om.* ed. 2, Has., C., Hal.

as hys maister had requyred, and made therin futch expeditō, as he arriued in good time to *Verona*, taking order for al things that wer cōmaunded him. *Rhomeo* in the meane while beyng solycyted wyth 4 mortall thoughtes caused incke and paper to be broughte vnto hym, and in few words put in wryting all the discourse of his loue, the mariage of him and *Iulietta*, the meane obserued for consummation of the same, the helpe that he had of Frier *Laurence*, the buying of 8 his Poyson, and last of all his death. Afterwardes hauing finished his heauy tragedy, hee closed the letters, and sealed the same with his feale, and directed the Supercription thereof to hys Father: and puttynge the letters into his purfle, he mounted on horsebacke, and 12 vsed futch dylygence, as he arrinned vpon darke Nyght at the Citey of *Verona*, before the gates were shut, where he founde his servante, taryng for hym with a Lanterne and instrumentes as is before sayd, meete for the opening of the grane, vnto whome hee said: “*Pietro*, 16 helpe mee to open this Tombe, and so foone as it is open I commaunde thee vpon payne of thy life, not to come neere mee, nor to stay me from the thing I purpose to doe. Beholde, there is a letter which thou shalft present to morrow in the mornyng to my Father at his 20 vprysing, which peraduenture shall please him better than thou thinkest.” *Pietro*, not able to imagine what was his maisters intent, stode somewhat aloofe to beholde his maisters gestes and Countenance. And when they had opened the Vaulte, *Rhomeo* descended downe two 24 steppes, holdyng the candel in his hand and began to behold wyth pityfull Eye, the body of hir, which was the organ of his lyfe, and washt the same with the teares of his Eyes, and kyſt it tenderly, holdyng it harde betwen his Armes, and not able to satisfie him selfe 28 with hir sight, put hys fearefull handes vpon the colde stomacke of *Iulietta*. And after he had touched her in many places, and not able to feele anye certayne Iudgemente of Lyfe, he drewe the Poyson out of hys Boxe, and swallowyng downe a great quentyte of the same, 32 cryed out: “O *Iulietta*, of whome the Worlde was vnworthye, what Death is it posfyble my Hearte coulde choose oute more agreeable than that whych yt suffereth harde by thee? What Graue more

1. requyred] commaunded hym ed. 25-6. organ . . . Eyes] organ of his

1. Eyes ed. 2, Has., C., IIal.

12 as] that ed. 1.

Gloryous, than to bee buried in thy Tombe? What more woorthy
or excellent Epytaph can bee vowed for Memorye, than the mutuall
and ptyfull Sacryfice of our lyues?" And thinkinge to renue his
4 forrowe, his hearte began to frette through the vyolence of the Poyson,
which by lyttle and lyttle assailed the same, and looking about hym,
espyed the Bodye of the Lorde *Thibault*, lying nexte vnto *Iulietta*,
whych as yet was not altogether putrified, and speakeyng to the Bodye
8 as though it hadde bene alyue, sayde: "In what place so euer thou
arte (O Cousyn *Thibault*) I most heartily do crye the mercy for the
offence whych I haue done by depryuing of thy Lyfe: and yf thy
Ghost doe whyfhe and crye out for Vengeance vpon mee, what
12 greater or more cruell satyffaction canste thou defyre to haue, or
henceforth hooke for, than to see him whych murdered thee, to bee
empoysoned with his owne handes, and buried by thy fide?" Then
endyng hys talk, felyng by lyttle and lyttle that his Lyfe began to
16 fayle, falling prostrate vpon his Knees, wyth feeble voyce hee softly
sayd: "O my Lord God, which to redeeme me didest discend
from the bosom of thy Father, and tookest humane fleshe in the
Wombe of the Vyrgine,⁵⁸ I acknowledge and confesse, that this body
20 of myne is nothing else but Earth and Dust." * Then feazed vpon
wyth desperate sorrow, he fell downe vpon the Body of *Iulietta* with
futch vehemence, as the heart faint and attenuated with too great
torment, not able to beare so hard a vyolence, was abandoned of all
24 his fensē and Naturall powers, in futch forte as the siege of hys soule
fayled him at that instant, and his members stretched forthe, remayned
stiffe and colde. Fryer *Laurence* whych knew the certayne tyme of
the pouders operation, maruelled that he had no answere of the Letter
28 which he sent to *Rhomeo* by his fellowe Fryer *Anselme*, departed from
S. Frauncis and with Instruments for the purpose, determined to
open the Graue to let in aire to *Iulietta*, whych was ready to wake:
and approchynge the place, hee espied a Lyght within, which made
32 him afraide vnyll that *Pietro* whych was hard by, had certyfied hym

⁵⁸ "Je te supplie prendre compassion de cette pauvre ame affligée : car je
cognois bien, que ce corps n'est plus que terre" [Brooke, 2678-80].

4. *through*] thorough ed. 1. torments ed. 2. too great torments Has.
22-23. too great torment] two great C., Hal.

tnat *Rhomeo* was within, and had not ceafed there to Lamente and Complayne the space of halfe an Houre. And when they two were entred the Graue and finding *Rhomeo* without Lyfe, made sutch 4 sorrowe as they can well conceyve whych Loue their dear Fryende wyth lyke perfection. And as they were making theyr cōplaints, *Iulietta* rising out of hir traunce, & beholding light within ye Toumbe, vncertayne wheather it were a dreame or fantasie that appeared before 8 hir eyes, comming agayne to hir selfe, knew Frier *Laurence*, vnto whom she sayd: ⁵⁹ “ Father, I pray thee in the name of GOD to perfouime thy promise, for I am almost deade.”* And then Frier *Laurence* concealing nothing from hir, (bycause he feared to be taken 12 through his to long abode in that place) faythfully rehearsed vnto hir, how he had sent Frier *Anselme* to *Rhomeo* at *Mantua*, from whom as yet hee had receyued no aunswere. Notwithstanding he found *Rhomeo* dead in the graue, whose body he poyncted vnto, lyinge hard 16 by hir, praying hir sith it was so, paciently to beare that sodayne misfortune, and that if it pleased hir, he would conuey hir into some monastery of women where she might in time moderate hir sorrow, and giue rest vnto hir minde. *Iulietta* had no sooner cast eye vpon 20 the deade corps of *Rhomeo*, but ⁶⁰ began to breake the fountainye pipes of gushing teares,* which ran forth in sutch abundance, as not able to support the furor of hir griefe, ⁶¹ she breathed without ceasing vpon his mouth,* and then throwing hir selfe vpon his body, and embracing it very hard, seemed that by force of fighes and sobs, she 24 would haue reuiued, and brought him againe to life, & after she had kissted and rekissed hym a million of times, she cried out: “ Ah the sweete rest of my cares, & the onely port of all my pleasures and 28 pastimes, hadſt thou ſo ſure a hearte to chooſe ⁶² thy Churchyarde * in this place betwene the armes of thy perfect Louer, and to ende the course of thy life for my ſake in the floore of thy Youth when lyfe

⁵⁹ “Pere ie vous prie au nom de Dieu, asseurez moy de vostre parole : car ie suis toute esperdue” [Brooke, 2710].

⁶⁰ “commença à destoupper la bonde à ses larmes” [Brooke, 2723].

⁶¹ “elle halletoit sans cesse sur sa bouche” [Brooke, 2727].

⁶² “ton cymetiere” [Brooke, 2736].

8. *hir eyes*] his eyes Has., C., Hal. C., Hal.

23. *throwen*] throwen ed. 2, Has., 28-9. *in this*] this in C., Hal.

to thee should haue bene most deare & delectable? How had this tender body power to resist the furious Cumbat of death,⁶³ very death it selfe being here present?^{*} How coulde thy tender and delicate youth willingly permit that thou shouldest approch into this filthy and infected place, where from henceforth thou shalt be the pasture of Worms vnworthy of thee? Alas, alas,⁶⁴ by what meanes shall I now renue my playnts,* which time & long pacience ought to haue buried & clearly quenched? Ah I miserable and Caitife wretch, thinkinge to finde remedy for my griefs, haue sharpned the Knife that hath gieuen me this cruell blow, whereof I receiue the cause of mortall wound. Ah, happy and fortunate graue which shalt serue in world to come for witnesse of the most perfect aliaunce⁶⁵ that euer was betwene two most infortunate louers, receyue now the last sobbing fighes, and intertayntment of the most cruell of all the cruell subiects of ire & death."^{*} And as she thought to continue hir complaynts, *Pietro aduertised Frier Laurence* that he heard a noyse besides the citadell, wherewyth being afryd, they speadily departed, fearing to be taken. And then *Iulietta* seeing hir selfe alone, and in full Liberty, tooke agayne *Rhomeo* betwene hir armes, kissing him with futch affeiction, as she seemed to be more attaynted with loue than death, and drawing out the Dagger which *Rhomeo* ware by his fide,⁶⁶ she pricked hir selfe with many blowes against the heart,* fayinge with feeble & pitiful voice: "Ah death the end of sorrow, & beginning of felicity, thou art most hartely welcome: feare not at this time to sharpen thy dart: giue no longer delay of life,⁶⁷ for feare that my sprite trauayle not to finde *Rhomeos* ghost amongs futch nūber of carion corpses.* And thou my deare Lord & loyall husband *Rhomeo*, if there rest in thee any know-

⁶³ "lors qu'elle s'est presentée" [Brooke, 2742].

⁶⁴ "quel besoing m'estoit il maintenant, que les douleurs se renouuellassent en moy" [Brooke, 2747-48].

⁶⁵ "qu'ont les deux plus fortunez amās qui furent oncques. Reçoy maintenant les derniers soupirs, & acces, du plus cruel de tous les cruels subiects d'ire & de mort" [Brooke, 2757-60].

⁶⁶ "se donna de la pointe plusieurs coups au trauers du cuer" [Brooke, 2789].

⁶⁷ "de peur que mon esprit ne trauaille à trouuer celuy de mon Rhomeo, entre tāt de morts" [Brooke, 2777-78].

ledge, receyue hir whom thou haft so faythfully loued, the onely cause of thy violent death, which frankley offreth vp hir soule that none but thou shalt ioy the loue whereof thou haft made so lawfull
4 conquest, and that our soules passing from this light, may eternally lieue together in the place of euerlastynge ioy : ” And when she had ended those wordes shew yelded vp hir ghost. While these thinges thus were done, the garde and watch of the City, by chaunce paffed
8 by, and seeing light within the graue, suspeeted straight that there were some Necromancers which had opened the Toumbe to abuse the deade bodies for ayde of their arte : And desirous to knowe what it ment, went downe into the vaut, where they found *Rhomeo* and
12 *Iulieta*, with their armes imbracing ech others neck, as though there had bene some token of lyfe. And after they had well viewed them at leyfure, they perceyued in what case they were. And then all amazed they sought for ye Theeues which (as they thought) had done
16 the murther, and in the ende founde the good Father Fryer *Laurence*, and *Pietro* the Servaunte of deade *Rhomeo* (whych had hid themselues vnder a stall) whom they caryed to Pryson, & aduertyfed the Lord of
Escala, and the Magistrates of *Verona* of that horrible murder, which
20 by and by was publised throughoute the City. Then flockt together al the Citizens, women and children, leauing their hou ses, to loke vpon that pityful fighte: and to the Ende that in presence of the whole Cytie, the murder shoulde be knowne, the Magistrates ordayne
24 that the two Deade bodies shoulde be erected vpon a stage to the view and sight of the whole World, in futch sorte and manner as they were founde withyn the Graue, and that *Pietro* and Frier *Laurence* shoulde publikely bee examyned, that afterwardes there myght be no mur
28 mure or other pretended cause of ignorauance. And thys good olde Frier beyng vpon the Scaffold, hauynge a whyte Bearde all wet and bathed with Teares, the Judges commaunded him to declare vnto them who were the Authors of that Murder, sitli at vntimely houre
32 hee was apprehended with certayne Irons besides the graue. Fryer *Laurence*, a rounde and franke Man of talke, nothyng moued with that accusation, answered them with stoute and bolde voyce : “ My maisters, there is none of you all (if you haue respect vnto my forepassid Life,

8-9. *there were some]* they were ed. 1. 34. *answered]* sayd vnto ed. 1.14. *perceyued]* knew ed. 1.

and to my aged Yeres, and therewithall haue confideration of this heauy spectacle, whereunto vnhappy fortune hathe presently brought me) but doeth greatly maruell of so sodaine mutation and change
4 vnlooked for, for so mutch as these three score and Ten or twelue
Yeares fithens I came into this Worlde, and began to proue the
vanities thereof, I was neuer suspected, touched, or found guilty of
any crime which was able to make me blushe, or hide my face,
8 although (before God) I doe confess my self to be the greatest and
most abhominable sinner of al the redeemed flocke of Christ. So it
is notwithstanding, that fith I am prest and ready to render mine
acompte, and that Death, the Graue and wormes do dailye summons
12 this wretched Corps of myne to appeare before the Iustyce feate of
God, still wayghtyng and attending to be carried to my hoped Graue,
this is the houre I say, as you likewife may thinke, wherein I am
fallen to the greatest damage and preiudice of my Lyfe and honest
16 porte, and that which hath engendred thys synyster opynyon of
mee, may peraduenture bee these greate Teares which in abundaunce
tryckle downe my Face, as though the holy scriptures do not witnesse,
that Jesuſ Christ moued with humayne pitty, & compassion, did
20 weepe, and pour forth teares, and that many times teares be the fayth-
full messengers of a mans innocency. Or elſe the moſt likely euidence,
and presumption, is the ſuspected hour, which (as the magistrate doth
fay) doth make mee culpable of the murder, as though all houres were
24 not indifferently made equall by God their Creator, who in his owne
person declareth vnto vs that there be twelue houres in the Day,
fthewing thereby that there is no exception of houres nor of Minutes,
but that one may doe eyther good or ill at all times indifferently, as
28 the party is guided or forſaken by the ſprite of God: touching the
Irons which were founde about me, needfull it is not now to let you
vnderſtand for what vſe Iron was first made, and that of it ſelfe it is
not able to increase in man eyther good or euill, if not by the miſ-
32 chieuous minde of hym which doth abuse it. Thus mutch I haue
thought good to tell you, to the intent that neyther teares, nor Iron,
ne yet ſuspected houre, are able to make me guilty of the murder, or
make me otherwyfe than I am, but only the witnesſe of mine owne
36 conſcience, which alone if I were guilty ſhould be the accuſer, the

4. *vnlooked for]* for om. ed. 2, Has. 23. *doth]* doe ed. 1.

witnesse, and the hangman, whych, by reason of mine age and the reputation I haue had amonges you, and the little time that I haue to liue in this World, shoulde more torment me within, than all the
4 mortall paynes that coulde be denised: but (thankes be to myne eternall God) I feele no Worme that gnaweth, nor any remorse that pricketh me touching that fact, for which I see you all troubled and amazed. And to set your harts at rest, and to remoue
8 the doubts which hereafter may torment your consciences, I sweare vnto you by all the heauenly parts wherein I hope to be, that forthwith I will disclose from first to last the entire discourse of this pitifull Tragedy, whych peraduenture shall drieue you into no lesse wondre
12 and amaze, than those two poore passionate Louers were strong and pacient, to expone themselues to the mercy of death, for the feruent and indissoluble loue betwene them." Then the Fatherly Frier began to repeate the beginning of the loue betwene *Iulietta*, and
16 *Rhomeo*, which by certayne space of time confirmed, was prosecuted by wordes at the first, then by mutual promise of mariage,⁶⁸ vñknown to the world.* And as within few dayes after, the two Louers feelinge themselues sharptned & incited with stronger onset, repaire vnto
20 him vnder colour of confession, protesting by othe that they were both maried, and that if he woulde not solemnize that mariage in the face of the Church, they shoulde be constrainyd to offend God to live in disordred lust. In consideration whereof, and specially seeing
24 their alliance to be good, and conformable in dignity, richeſſe and Nobility on both fides, hoping by that meanes perchaunce to reconcile the *Montesches*, and *Capellets*,⁶⁹ and that by doing futch an acceptable worke to God,* he gaue the ye churches blessing in a certayne
28 Chappel of ye friers church whereof ye night following they did conſumate ye mariage fruictis in the Pallace of the *Capellets*. For testimony of which copulation, ye womā of *Iulietaes Chāber* was able to depose: Adding moreouer, ye murder of *Thibault*, which was Cousin
32 to *Iulietta*: By reason whereof the banishment of *Rhomeo* did followe, and howe in the absence of the sayd *Rhomeo*, the mariage being kept

⁶⁸ "sans qu'il en sceust rien."

⁶⁹ "et faire œuvre agreeable à Dieu" [Brooke, 293].

24. *conformable*] *comfortable* ed. 2, 26. *acceptable*] *exceptable* ed. 2.
Has., C., Hal.

secret betwene them, a new Matrimony was intreated wyth the Countee *Paris*, which mislikid by *Iulietta*, she fell prostrate at his feete in a Chappell of *S. Frauncis* Church, with full determination to haue killed hirself with hir owne hands, if he gaue hir not councell how she shold avoyde the mariage agreed betwene hir father & the Countee *Paris*. For cōclusion, he sayd, that although he was resolued by reasoun of his age, and nearenesse of 8 death to abhorre all secret Sciences, wherein in his younger yeares he had delight, notwithstanding, preffed with importunity, and moued with pitty, fearing least *Iulietta* shold do some cruelty agaynst hir selfe, he strayned his conscience, and chose rather with some little 12 fault to grieue his minde, than to suffer the young Gentlewoman to destroy hir body, and hazarde the daunger of hir soule. And therefore he opened some part of his auncient cunning, and gaue her a certayne Pouder to make hir sleepe, by meanes whereof she was 16 thought to be deade. Then he tolde them how he had sent Frier *Anselme* to cary letters to *Rhomeo* of their enterprize, whereof hitherto he had no aunswere. Then briefly he concluded how he found *Rhomeo* dead within the graue, who as it is most likely ⁷⁰ did impoyson 20 himselfe, or was otherwise smothered or suffocated with sorow by findinge *Iulietta* in that state, thinking shhee had bene dead.* Then he tolde them how *Iulietta* did kill hirselfe with the Dagger of *Rhomeo* to beare him company after his death, and how it was impossiblie for them to saue hir for the noyse of the watch which forced theym to flee from thence. And for more ample approbation of his saying, he humbly besought the Lord of *Verona* & the Magistrats to send to Mantua for Frier *Anselme* to know the cause of his slack 28 turne, that the contēt of the letter sent to *Rhomeo* might be seene. To examine the Woman of the Chamber of *Iulietta*, and *Pietro* the servaunt of *Rhomeo*, who not attending for furder request, sayd vnto them : " My Lordes when *Rhomeo* entred the graue, he gaue me this 32 Pacquet, written as I suppose with his owne hand, who gaue me exprefse commaundement to deliuer it to his father." The Pacquet ⁷⁰ "s'estoit empoisonné ou estouffé. Esmeu de iuste dueil qu'il auoit de trouuer Iulliette en cest estat la pensant morte" [Brooke, 2959-60].

2. *fell*] fell downe ed. 1.33. *it]* them ed. 1.11. *strayned*] stained ed. 1.

opened, they founde the whole effect of this story, specially the Apothecaries name, which fold him the Poyson, the price, and the cause wherefore he vsed it, and all appeared to be so cleare and
4 evident, as there rested nothing for further verification of the same,
but their presence at the doing of the particulers thereof, for the
whole was so well declared in order, as they were out of doubt that
the same was true. And then the Lord *Bartholomew* of *Escala*,
8⁷¹ after he had debated with the Magistrates of these euent, decreed
that the Woman of *Iulietta* hir Chamber should bee banithed, because
shee did conceale that priuy mariage from the Father of *Rhomeo*,
which if it had beene knowne in tyme, had bred to the whole City
12 an vniversall benefit. *Pietro* because he obeyed hys Maysters com-
maundement, and kept cloſe hys lawfull secrets, according to the well
conditioned nature of a trusſy seruaunt, was fet at liberty. The
Poticary taken, racket, and founde guilty, was hanged. The good
16 olde man Frier *Laurence*, as well for respeſt of his auncient seruice
which he had done to the comon wealth of *Verona*, as alſo for his
vertuous life (for the which hee was ſpecially recommended) was let
goe in peace, without any note of Infamy. Notwithſtanding by reaſon
20 of his age, he voluntarily gaue ouer the World, and cloſed himſelfe in
an Hermitage, two miles from *Verona*, where he liued .5. or .6.
yeares, and ſpent hys tyme in cōtinuall prayer, vntill he was called out
of this transitory worlde, into the bliſfull ſtate of euerlaſting joy. And
24 for the compaſſion of ſo ſtrouge an infortune, the *Montefches*, and
Capellets poured forth ſutche abundaunce of teares, as with the fame
they did euacuate their auncient grudge and choler, whereby they
were then reconciled. And they which coulde not bee brought to
28 attonement by any wiſedome or humayne councell, were in the ende
vanquished and made frends by pity. And to immortalize the
memory of ſo intier and perfect amity, the Lord of *Verona* ordayneſt,
that the two bodies of thoſe miraclous Louers ſhould be fast in-
32 toūbed in the graue where they ended their lyues,⁷² in which place
was erected a high marble Piller,* honoured with an infinite

⁷¹ "qui commandait de ce temps là à Veronne."

⁷² "qui fut erigé sur une haulte colonne de marbre" [Brooke, 3014].

number of excellent *Epytaphes*, which to this day be
appaunt, with futch noble memory, as amongs
all the rare excellencies, wherewith that City
is furnished, there is none more Famous
than the Monument of *Rhomeo*
and *Iulietta*.

3. *that City]* the City ed. 1.

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